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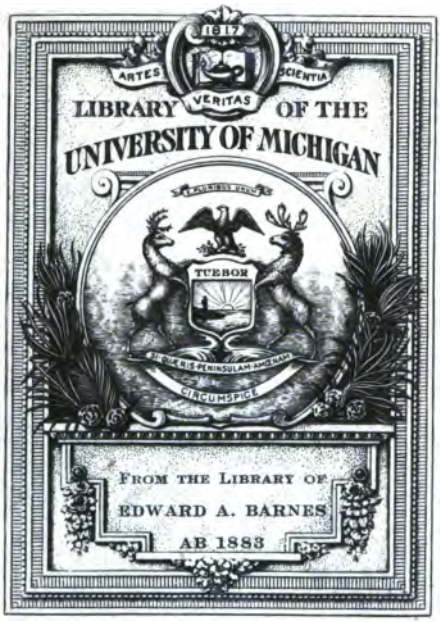

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CAMOENS:

HIS LIFE AND HIS LUSIADS.

A COMMENTARY

BY

Sir RICHARD F. BURTON
(TRANSLATOR OF THE LUSIADS).

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOLUME I.

LONDON:
BERNARD QUARITCH,
15 PICCADILLY, W.
1881.

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2 Vols., Fcap. 8vo.

THE LUSIADS.

ENGLISHED

BY RICHARD F. BURTON.

London:

BERNARD QUARITCH, 15 Piccadilly, W.

GERALD MASSEY TO RICHARD F. BURTON.

"*Englished by Richard Burton.*" And well done,
As it was well worth doing; for this is one
Of those old Poets, who are always new,
That share eternity with all that's true,
And of their own abounding spirit do give
Substance to Earth's dead Shadows; and make men live
Who in action merely did but flit and pass;
Now fixed for ever in thought's reflecting-glass.
This is the Poet of weary wanderers
In perilous lands; and wide-sea Voyagers,
And climbers fall'n and broken on the stairs.
A man of men; a master of affairs,
Whose own life-story is, in touching ruth,
Poem more potent than all feignëd truth.
His Epic trails a glory in the wake
Of *Gama*, *Raleigh*, *Frobisher*, and *Drake*.
The poem of Discovery! sacred to
Discoverers, and their deeds of derring-do,
Is fitly rendered, in The Traveller's land,
By one o' the foremost of the fearless band.

GERALD MASSEY.

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PREFACE.

CONTRARY to custom I have begun with my translation of the Poem, and have ended with what usually comes first, the Commentary. "Camoens: his Life and his Lusiads," an Introduction now converted to a postscript, is necessary for the full comprehension of an Epic upwards of three centuries old; and the following synopsis of the Portuguese Odyssey shows its *raison d'être*:—

Canto I.	The Voyage, in	...	stanzas	106,	lines 848
„ II.	„	„ ...	„	113,	„ 904
„ III.	Historical	„ ...	„	143,	„ 1144
„ IV.	„	„ „ ...	„	104,	„ 832
„ V.	The Voyage and geographical			100,	„ 800
„ VI.	„	„ ...	„	99,	„ 792
„ VII.	Geographico-historical		„	87,	„ 696
„ VIII.	Historical	„ ...	„	99,	„ 792
„ IX.	Romantic	„ ...	„	95,	„ 760
„ X.	Geographico-ethnographico-historical	...	„	156,	„ 1248
	Totals	...	...	1,102	8,816

The text of the Poem is immediately followed by the 79 *Estancias desprezadas*, or Rejected stanzas, omitted by Camoens, which were printed from manuscripts after

his death. Of these 632 lines many were "despised" for special reasons, and not a few deserve translation: they have been presented to the public for the first time.

My Commentary falls naturally into five Chapters, viz.:—

Chap. I. Biographical; with three Sections: § 1. Essay on the Life of Camoens; § 2. Camoens the Man; and, § 3. Camoens the Poet.

Chap. II. Bibliographical; with five Sections: § 1. On translating The Lusiads; § 2. English translators, with specimens; § 3. Notices of English translators; § 4. Minor, partial and miscellaneous English translations; and, § 5. The present version.

Chap. III. Historical and Chronological; with four sections: § 1. Portugal before the reign of D. Joam II.; § 2. D.D. Joam III. and Manoel; § 3. The reign of D. Joam III.; and, § 4. The Annals of his Country till the death of Camoens.

Chap. IV. Geographical; with four sections: § 1. Preliminary; § 2. The Voyage of Da Gama; § 3. The Travels and Campaigns of Camoens in the nearer East; and, § 4. In the further East. I make no apology for the length of this topographical essay; the subject has been much neglected by modern commentators.

Chap. V. Annotative: I have here placed explicatory and philological details which illustrate the text.

The Appendix consists of three tables borrowed from various sources. No. 1. Editions of the works of Camoens; § 2. Tables of Translations of the *Obras* (works), especially The Lusiads; and, § 3. Contents of The Lusiads, which may serve as an index of subjects.

I venture to draw the attention of my readers to "The Reviewer Reviewed," the Postscript ending vol. ii. The chastisement therein administered to certain criticasters is severe; but they have drawn it down upon themselves.

In conclusion I have to thank Messrs. WYMAN & SONS for the care and trouble they have taken in printing the Commentary.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

TRIESTE, *Dec.* 1, 1880.

CHAPTER I.

(BIOGRAPHICAL.)

§ 1. Essay on the Life of Camoens.

THE "Epic Life" of Luis de Camoens is, I have said, one of the most romantic and adventurous of an age of adventure and romance. Opening with the fairest and brightest promise; exposed in manhood to the extremes of vicissitude, to intense enjoyment and "terrible abysses"; lapsing about middle age into the weariness of baffled hope; and ending, comparatively early, in the deepest glooms of disappointment, distress, and destitution, the Student, the Soldier, the Traveller, the Patriot, the Poet, the mighty Man of Genius, thus crowded into a single career the efforts, the purposes, the events of half-a-dozen. Moreover, I have observed that the writings of this same Epic Life bore the "effluence from noble deeds, like a breeze that wafteth health from salubrious places." Considered in such light the Portuguese may be looked upon as unique: never was such a spirit so maltreated by Fortune.

The Poet's biography has not been neglected,—after a fashion. Hardly an edition or a translation of The

Lusiads has come forth without a "Life," or a "Sketch of the Life." But all are meagre in the extreme: they follow like a flock of sheep: they reflect one another like a band of Chinamen. Hitherto our English authority has been Mr. John Adamson,[1] a conscientious student, who based his "Memoirs" upon the *Ensaio* (Essay) of the "Philo-Camoens," D. José Maria de Sousa Botelho. Progress, however, has been made since 1820. Contemporary and early documents have seen the light, leading to a more careful and critical study of the Poet. The life-labour of the learned Visconde de Juromenha,[2] till lately so little known to

[1] F.S.A. I save space by calling him Adam. The youngest son of Lieut. (R.N.) Cuthbert Adamson, born at Gateshead, Sept. 13, 1787, he was sent (1803) to Lisbon, where a brother, B. M. Adamson, was in trade. He began publishing on Portuguese literature in 1808; returned to England during the French occupation; married (1812); became Under-Sheriff of Newcastle; and (after twenty-five years' service—1811–1836) Secretary to the Great Northern Railway. His "Memoirs, &c., of Luis de Camoens" (2 vols. 8vo. large paper, Longmans, MDCCCXX.) was highly appreciated. The copperplates are good; and many have been reproduced without acknowledgment, especially the "fancy portrait" of D. Ignez de Castro. His "Camoensian Library" of some 120 volumes was burnt; but he saved his iconographic collection, about 300 portraits, medals, and illustrations. Adam. received sundry orders and diplomas of learned Societies; and died Sept. 27, 1855 (Juromenha i. 277).

[2] Here called "Jur." *The Obras de Camões* are contained in 7 vols. large 8vo. (Lisboa: Imprensa Nacional, 1860–80); the last was to be published for the Tercentenary festival. Amongst the many critiques on a late translation, only *The Athenæum* referred

the English literati, must now be our guide. His "Life," modestly termed *Ensaio biographico*, has been condensed in these pages; and nothing material has, it is hoped, been omitted. My compendium will thus note all the novelties, and will serve as an *aide-mémoire* to those who, not unfamiliar with the subject, honour me by reading my translation.

Neither the birth-year nor the death-year of Camoens is yet determined. Despite the claims of many rivals, Lisbon gave birth to her son in 1524, when his kinsman and hero, Vasco da Gama, died, or in 1525: the month and the day are still unknown. In one document he is called Luis Vaaz (or Vaz), after his father; such was then the general custom of Europe. The former date has been accepted since the *Cartorio* or *Registo da Casa da India* (the India-

to this great edition. The *Ensaio* (vol. i.) settles sundry disputed points; and the terminal notes are especially valuable. The text "of The Lusiads" (vol. vi. p. 9) is from the so-called Second Edition of 1572: my version has carefully followed its punctuation, both in the accepted and in the "rejected" stanzas.

It is regrettable that the fine volumes have not more finish. The pages all want headings; indices are deficient; the lists of contents are meagre, and the tables are scattered about the work. References are neglected; for instance, the notes upon the Redondilhas (vol. iv.) give no numeral directions to the text. The thing of all things wanted, a Concordance of Camoens, is absent; and vol. vii. will, I hear, return to subjects before treated. This is, perhaps, inevitable in a work which has occupied a score of years; but such flaws prevent its being final; and, at least, call for a reprint with revision.

house Register), was examined (in A.D. 1643) by the Arch-biographer and Commentator-in-Chief, Manoel de Faria y Sousa.[1] Contemporary authorities (Corrêa, &c.) threw it back to A.D. 1517. The noble and accredited family of Caamaños (Camanos, Camanhos, Camoẽs), was called, they say, after the Camão-bird, the Porphyrion or Porphyrio of Aristophanes, Pliny, Juvenal, and "Theagenes and Chariclea." This Phœnicopter (flamingo) become a phœnix, was the hereditary duenna of the house, whose scutcheon shows a kind of dragon rising from Promethean rocks. The Camoens who produced warriors and bards, suggesting hereditary genius,[2] date from the days of the semi-mythical Don Pelayo; they distinguished themselves in the wars of the twelfth century; they owned seventeen parishes called "The *Camoeiras*"; and their castled house stood near Cape Finisterre of Gallicia, the Promontorium Nerium (of the Nerii), or Artabrum (of the Artabri). Thus our Poet was originally of Gallego strain, and Fanshawe says truly :—

> SPAINE *gaue me* noble *Birth:* Coimbra, *Arts,*
> LISBON, *a* high-plac't loue, and Courtly *parts;*

[1] "F. y S." noticed in chap. i. § 3. He found that the poet was twenty-five years old in 1550, and consequently was born at the end of 1524, or in early 1525.

[2] Vasco Fernandez (Pires) de Camoens was one of the best poets of the fourteenth century; and to him are attributed the two "Gallego" Sonnets (ccxc. and ccxci.) printed among those of our Poet.

ending with a quaint allusion to the Poet's sorrows :—

My Country (Nothing—yes) Immortal Prayse
(So did I, Her) Beasts cannot browze on Bayes.

I subjoin for purposes of comparison the dates of the great neo-Latin Poets and Poems who followed the *Conteurs* of Le gaye Saber :—

1. Poema del Cid Campeador ; attributed to the twelfth century. Provençal (of Provence or Provincia Romanorum) was the first Romance-language grammatically studied ; and its influence is shown in these once-oral ballads, celebrating the exploits of D. Ruy (Rodrigo) Diaz de Bivar (near Burgos) ; the "Lord Champion," who took Valentia from the Moors. The hero is a chivalrous and picturesque figure ; and the unknown welder of the fragments has produced a national poem which admirably reflects Spanish and mediæval feeling.[1]
2. Dante, nat. 1265, ob. 1321. The Editio Princeps of "La Commedia" (Divina in Edit. of A.D. 1516), was printed by Joh. Numeister of Foligno (?) in 1472. An argument precedes each canto.
3. Petrarch, nat. 1304 ; laurelled April 8, 1341 ; ob. 1374 ; Edit. Princ. Sonnets, &c. 1470 ; "Vindelinus" (de Spira), Venice. It need hardly be noticed that the poet of the *Rime*, Chaucer, and Boccaccio were contemporaries.
4. Ariosto, nat. 1474 ; printed "Orlando Furioso" 1516 ; ob. 1533.
5. Luis de Camoens, nat. 1524 (?), the birth-year of lucky

[1] A fragment of 3,744 lines fragmentarily translated by Frere, Lockhart, Southey, and Dennis. The last version of "Myo" (my) "Cid" by John Ormsby, is also incomplete, no one can say why. The metre of "Hiawatha" would well suit the recitative and the more prosaic parts.

Ronsard, who hated Rabelais: began "The Lusiads" in 1543 (?); printed Edit. Prin. in 1572; and ob. 1579–1580.

6. Tasso, nat. March 11, 1544; finished the *Gerusalemme Liberata* in 1575 (Edit. Prin. 4°, Bellini, Ferrara, 1581); imprisoned 1580, ob. April 25, 1595. After his death began the reign of false taste, culminating in Metastasio (1698–1780).[1]

Luis de Camoens was the last scion of a cadet branch of the Camaños who, in his time, had seen better days. His father, Simam Vaaz, was an *escudeiro* (esquire) or *Cavalleiro fidalgo*, a "Knight-gentleman," that is of noble blood but untitled, like most of the proudest Portuguese and Polish families. In 1550, when he became surety for his son at the India-house, he lodged in the Lisbon *Mouraria*, the Ghetto for Moslems and Gypsies. He then retired to Coimbra,[2] whence he was sent (June 15,

[1] The "Fadir," Chaucer, nat. 1340–1345 (not 1328), ob. Oct. 25, 1400; thus was contemporary with the Protagonist and Theologic father of Luther, John Wyclif, or Wycliffe, whose monumental work was finished in 1380, and printed in 1731. Jur. supposes that our poet may have been read by Camoens, comparing the Isle of Venus with the Assembly of Foules:—

"The bylder oak, and eke the hardie asshe," &c.

But the forest is a poetical *lieu commun*, from which derivation cannot be argued. Our admirable Spenser, poetic sire of Milton, whose style in sweetness, picturesqueness, and polish so much resembles Camoens, especially in the Episodes, was born in 1552, published in 1590, the three first books of the "Faerie Queene," and the second three in 1596 ("Hamlet" having appeared in the meantime), and died Jan. 16, 1599.

[2] On the hilly right bank of the Mondego River, which rises in

1553) under arrest for trial at the Capital, the charge being that he had forcibly entered the Convent of the Sisters of St. Anne (Franciscans). In 1556 he was again at Coimbra; and in 1563 he was Procurator for the Dominican College, S. Thomas. The mother of the "Arch-poet," Anna de Sá de Macedo, outlived him. Being "very old and poor," she received in 1582, as Juromenha proves, a pension of six crowns (6$ 765 reis), increased to 15$000 by Philip II. of Spain (1585). Camoens, like Cicero, never mentions his parents: hence some have erroneously concluded that he was an orphan; and others that his father was drowned at Goa. He may have done filial devoir in poems now lost or missing.

The suckling "Apollo Portuguez," as he is called on the medal of Talbot, Baro de Dillon,[1] is supposed to have written a fine pedantic Sonnet (No. xxi.) between his eleventh and fifteenth years. An "honourable poor student," he entered Coimbra, where his paternal uncle, Prior Bento de Camoens, was the first Chancellor of the

the Serra d'Estrella, and debouches at Buarcos, Lower Beira. Important under the Romans, the Goths, and the Moors, "Conimbrica" became the Capital of the first Portuguese King, D. Afonso Henriques (1140–85). Here D. Diniz (Denys or Dionysius) transferred, in 1308, the "Schools" (University) of Lisbon, founded in 1284–90. D. Afonso IV. (1325–57) restored them to "Ulysséa;" and in 1537, shortly before Camoens matriculated, definitively established them at Coimbra. Finally, in 1772, the great Marquis de Pombal personally presided over the re-organization of the Portuguese University.

[1] Adam. vol. ii., title-page and p. 5. A detailed account of the medal, dated 1782, is given by Jur. i. 433.

reformed University. Many make him matriculate in his twelfth year: Adamson prefers his fourteenth, and the Bishop of Viseu, followed by Juromenha (i. 25), his fifteenth=1539. The schools were then famous for *belles lettres;* the best principals and professors were invited from Spain, France, and Germany; and even Britain, at that time brought so low in literature, contributed (1547) George Buchanan. Coimbrans love to dwell upon the fact that students of the two chief colleges, Santo Agostinho and Sam Joam Baptista, held it a disgrace to converse in any language but Greek and Latin.

Biography in those days was still a babe; frail and feeble as we find her in Modern Persia and Arabia. Camoens does not appear to have been a conspicuous figure at the Portuguese Oxford-cum-Cambridge: in his ardent imagination, poetical æstus, and lust for travel and adventure, the staid "Dons" and inveterate Classicists must have seen little beyond "lawlessness" and "eccentricity." Yet he never forgot the

> *Doces, e claras agoas do Mondego,* &c.
> (Mondego's waters, sweet and chrystal-clear.)
> Sonnet cxxxiii.

And he has immortalised the pretty little stream in scores of lines. The position of his uncle who, in 1539, became General of the Order of the Holy Cross, must have suggested the Church; but the Poet gives the best of objections to the ecclesiastical profession (Jur. i. 17). He was unwilling to swell the number of priestly drones,

who regarded more the goods of life than the cure of souls :—

> Of other care they little reckoning make
> Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast.
>
> (*Lycidas.*)

The grand old Jesuit of the Loyola and Xavier type was, even then, passing away to appear no more.

Aged eighteen or nineteen (1542–43) in the *ivresse sans vin* of young poets, from Homer to Victor Hugo, Camoens exchanged Coimbra for Lisbon (Mondego Sonnets cxi. and cxxxiii.). His birth admitted him into courtly society.[1] His genius won for him such powerful friends as the Duke of Bragança and his brother Dom Constantino; the Duke of Aveiro; the Marquesses of Villa Real and Cascaes; the Counts of Redondo and Sortelha; the young Antonio de Noronha; and, chiefest of all, the literary Count of Vimioso, D. Manuel de Portugal,—his "Mæcenas" (Ode vi). There is no reason for assuming with a modern biographer, that any "slight rankled in his proud spirit, and embittered his feelings against nobles and courtiers": he loved many of the former; but the latter were "antipathetic" to his nature as to that of Dante. Gil Vicente, the "Plautus of Portugal" was dead. It is uncertain whether the amiable Sá de Miranda who, like philanthropic John Howard, hated only his own son, ever met Camoens;

[1] Where Mickle (Life, p. cxv.) and Adam. (i. 65) translate *à côrte* by "at Court" we should understand "in the Capital": in the Brazil Rio de Janeiro is *a Côrte:* in Luso-India, Goa.

but Bernardim Ribeiro, despite his retired life at Cintra, became our Poet's firm friend and "Ennius."[1]

Like many other courts, that of D. Joam, "the Pious," was by no means a safe place for hot youth. Gil Vicente called it a dangerous sea wherein many fished. Sá de Miranda held it an economic error to congregate all the scions of the aristocracy in one city. Not the least of many perils arose from the bevy of brilliant dames and damsels who formed Catherine of Austria's entourage :—

> *Bellas estrellas, e hum sol no meio.*
> (Fair stars that circled round a central sun.)
> Sonnet cccix.

D. Maria, the Princess, and D. Leonor de Noronha wrote and translated Latin; D. Francisca de Aragam was a "pearl of perfection"; the two Sigéas, Angela and Luiza, were as famous for Greek and Hebrew: Joanna Vaz was a star of the first magnitude in classics; and Paula Vicente, daughter of "Plautus," was the best of ballet-mistresses. Such were the Cintran Naiads "sung by the Poet" (Canto iii. 56), who was far better affected towards maids of honour than was the father of Gulliver.

Here "Liso" or "Niso," bad anagrams of "Luis,"[2]

[1] Chapter i. § 3, Sá de Miranda was born in 1495 and died in 1558: his plays were printed in 1595.

[2] It was the taste of an Age which produced Jan Cul (Calvin) Alcofribas Nasier, alias Rabie læsus (Rabelais); Long se desavoye (Louise de Savoye), and Nature quite (Jean Turquet). Presently it fell into contempt; and was finally expelled by Addison in the *Spectator*.

saw and loved "Natercia," a similar poetic perversion of Caterina. The first who notices the affair is Pedro de Mariz who, in the biographical sketch (A.D. 1613) prefixed to his Edition of The Lusiads, calls the subject only a *Dama do Paço* (Dame of the Palace). In the manuscript title of Eclogue xv., discovered by Faria y Sousa, she is entitled D. Catherina, *Dama da Rainha* (of the Queen). Her identity is still doubtful, there being two of the same name and surname. Adamson, Camillo Castello Branco, and many others, make her the daughter of D. Alvaro de Sousa, Conde de Castanheira, the powerful minister of D. Joam III. She married Ruy P. de M. Borges and died young (Sonn. xix. and ccxxx.), in 1551. Juromenha and Theophilo Braga decide that *the* Caterina was daughter of D. Antonio de Lima, the Mórdomo-mór (chief Steward) to the Infante D. Duarte. The question has not been set at rest by the following acrostics, "Luis" and "Caterjna de Atajde," first printed by Juromenha (i. 32.):—

MOTE.	MOTTO.
Lume desta vida	Light that be Life to me
Veja-me esse lume	View me this kindly light;
Jà que se presume	I see with clearest sight
Sem o ver perdida.	Sans Light I lost shall be.

VOLTA.	COMMENT.
Concedei luz tal	Come send such Light to shine,
Aquem vos cegaste,	Aid him thou smotest blind;
Toda me tiraste	Thy Love nought left in mind
Essa só me val;	Except that Light of thine;
Rasão he querida	Reason, Love! fain would send
Jà vir do alto cume	In ruth from lofty height,—
Norte de tal lume	North-pole of lovely Light,—
Alma taõ perdida.	Aid a lost Soul to tend.
Desatando hide	Deign loose, till all untied,
Esta treva oscura	Each knot of gloom obscure,
Aurora onde pura	Aurora! where the pure
Toda luz reside:	True heavenly lights abide:
Ay que atada a vida	Ah! why thus bound should life
Jà com esse lume	Immersed in this thy light,
Deixa o seu queixume	Dumb with despair of Sprite
Estima-se por perdida?	End, lost in gloom profound?

The first meeting is said to have taken place in a church and on a Good Friday (Sonnet lxxvii.). Perhaps the Poet may only repeat Petrarch and Laura in the Church of Sainte Claire of Avignon (April 6, 1327):—

Era 'l giorno ch'al sol si scoloraro, &c.
('Twas on the blessed morning when the sun, &c.)
MACGREGOR, Sonnet iii.

Juromenha would also rely on Sonnet ccciiii. But in Sonnet cxlvii. Camoens reproaches Natercia with ill-faith

suggesting a marriage. However that may be, the maiden Caterina became the Poet's Beatrice, Fiammetta (Maria d'Aquino ?), Laura, Catherine de Vaucel, Sofronia (Eleanor of Este ?), Ginevra (Malatesta), and Theodora, the happiness and agony of his life (Canzon i., Elegy iii.). She was still about the Palace in 1556; and she died there, probably when the *grand poète malheureux* was returning from China, or had reached Goa after his fourth exile (1558). Her epitaph was written by Pedro de Andrade Caminha;[1] and her lover's poetry has raised her among the immortals. The blow wrung from the bereaved a cry as bitter as aught of Job:—

SONNET CCCXXXIX.

O dia em que nasci moura e pereça,[2]

(The Poet, probably writing from India, curses the hour of his birth.)

Die an eternal death my natal Day,
  May Time the hapless date unknow, unlearn,
  May it ne'er return; and if it need return,
May black eclipse the bright sun overlay:

May all his splendours fail Sol's brightest ray,
  Earth! show relapse to Chaos' reign forlorn,
  Æther! rain blood; all monster-births be born
And may the mother cast her child away.

[1] Given in Jur. i. 34; and praising the *Fermossima e rara Catherina.*

[2] This masterpiece was first edited from a MS. of Luiz Franco by Jur. (i. 128, and vol. of Sonnets, p. 170). He reads, however, the first line:—

O dia, hora em que nasci moura e pereça,

Then shall the peoples in amazed distress
With cheeks all tears and bosoms horror-rife
Expect a shatterèd world eftsoons to sight.

Fon race! on similar fancies lay no stress;
This was the day that brought to light a Life
The most unhappiest Life e'er brought to light.[1]

Wooing and winning *Damas do Paço* had, in those days, especial dangers: the dungeon and, in two cases, death were the penalties. Niso was too young, too enamoured and, perhaps, too childishly proud of his conquest to be prudent;[1] and—*miserum est deprensi.* It is debated whether he fought a duel about his *dame souverraine*, or was detected in a stolen interview. At any rate he was sent out of harm's way to the Ribatejo or Upper Tagus. Banishment number one! The majority fix upon Santarem as his exile-place: Juromenha prefers Punhete (*Pugna Tagi*) now Constancia, the fair townlet seen from the railway-bridge at the Zezere-Tagus confluence, where, he says, the legend still lingers. Fresh from college, Camoens could not fail to compare his fate with that of a brother victim of Love:—

[1] There is a curious similarity between the imprecation and that of the Turkish poet, Fazli, which begins:—

Fall, fall, O Dome of Heaven on high;
Die in your azure vault, O Light!
Ye four-fold Elements parted lie
Knot of the Pleiads fly from sight! &c.

[2] Almeno (Camoens) confesses want of caution in Eclogue iii.

O Sulmonense Ovidio desterrado, &c.
(The banisht Ovid of Sulmonian strain, &c.)
Elegy iii.

In this pretty Pontus he also wrote Eclogues (especially No. v.), a Comedy (No. i. ?), Sonnets (lxxvii. and cxxiii.), and Canzons (vii. viii.[1] and xv.) in laud of his Lesbia; and here, possibly, he began The Lusiads. But apparently he learnt no prudence. His banishment ended about 1546; he repeated his offence, whatever it may have been, and Natercia's powerful family procured his second exile,—this time to a surer place, African Ceita, or Ceuta (Elegy ii. Canzon xii.). The ship was attacked by Moorish pirates, "Sallee (Salá) rovers," in the Gibraltar Straits (the autobiographical Canzon xi.); and the tradition is that Camoens there lost his right eye[2] by a splinter. Whereupon, as his Rimas (lyrics) show, fair dames diverted themselves by dubbing the disfigured one *Diabo* and *Cara sem olhos* (eye-less face). Their sisters of Germany treated the gallant Frauenlob very differently.

It is not known what rank Camoens held during his three years in Africa (1546–49), probably none. He fought gallantly against the *Almogarravias* (Razzias) of the Maroccans; and doubtless witnessed the lion-hunts which he describes so vividly (Canto iv. 34). His second elegy is addressed to a noble confidant, gene-

[1] These are so similar in theme that F. y S. believes the Poet to have recast No. i. into No. ii.

[2] Fanshaw and others blind his left eye.

rally held to be D. Antonio de Noronha, also banished from Lisbon by his father for some love-affair. This brave youth was speared in ambush at Ceuta by the Moors (1553); and his death is pathetically deplored by the glorious Luis (Sonnets xii. and ccxxix. Eclogue i., &c. &c.). Juromenha (i. 51) objects with reason that D. Antonio, born in 1546 and killed at the age of twenty-two, was hardly old enough for such confidences.

Camoens, who had now "baptized his sword" and "washed his spear," could charge the white shield of a *cavalleiro donzel* (maiden knight), with a Phœnix rising from its ashes. After the Campaign he returned (1549) poor as a poet to Lisbon. Alluding to his hard life the "wicked Garçam," who died in prison under despotic Pombal, says :—

> Writeth not Lusiad Epicks he, who daily gaily dines
> Off Flanders-cloth, with dainty dish bespread, and fine old wines.

Necessity and, doubtless, "sweet Honor" and the hope of seeing service, persuaded the *escudeiro de 25 annos* (squire of twenty-five) to take the shilling (=2$400) and to enlist for India in 1550. He was delayed for three years in Lisbon: the cause, till lately unknown, is explained by a *Carta de perdam* or Official pardon (Jur. i. 166). During the festival of Corpus Christi, the Poet had drawn in defence of two masks, whom he recognised as his friends; and in the street-brawl had wounded one Gonçalo Borges, a servant of the Palace. His confinement in the Tronco-jail did not last long; the hurt in

the neck was of little consequence; and the swordsman was pardoned the more readily as he had volunteered for the East.

On a Palm Sunday (March 24, 1553), eleven days after leaving jail, Camoens, then nearing his thirtieth year, embarked from Lisbon,—his third exile. The Captain-General, Fernam Alvares Cabral, with whom our Poet had probably campaigned in Africa, gave him a passage on board the *Capitaina* (flag-ship) "Sam Bento," lost with her Commander on the return voyage.[1] Of the five keel composing the squadron, one was burnt in port: the passage was long and stormy; and the mid-winter months between March and September enabled the Poet to lay in a store of nautical experience, and to conceive "Adamastor."

As is generally the case, Camoens landed with pleasure in India. He had bidden a fierce and classical farewell[2] to his fatherland, where "Sins worth three days of Purgatory had cost him three thousand (*i.e.* eight years and eight days) of biting tongues, envy, hatred, and malice." He was well received by the splendid Queen-City, Goa, a member of his family having been favourably known to the Colony. He wrote home (*Carta* No. i.) that he was "more venerated than Mercian bulls, and was leading a life tranquil as the cell of a friar-preacher:"—was this ironical? After the passing excitement of being

[1] The loss is alluded to in the "Rejected Stanzas," and elsewhere.

[2] Noticed in chap. i. § 2.

second in a duel, he became utterly tired of Goa and the Goanese, describing her as *a mai dos vilões ruijs, e madrasta de homẽes honrados* (the fond mother of villains, and the stepmother of honest men). He also sang of his arrival :—

A essa desejada, e longa terra,
De todo o pobre honrado sepultura.
(To this desirèd and far distant land,
Of every honoured Poor the sepulture.)

Elegy i.

About six weeks after landing, he joined the expedition sent (Nov. 1553), by D. Afonso de Noronha to aid the Cochin Rajah who had been plundered by him of Pimenta. He relates the capture of the Island with charming simplicity, ending :—

Fomos tomar-lha, e succedeo-nos bem.
(We went to take her, and we did right well.[1])

On return, Camoens accompanied (Feb. 1554) the son of the same Viceroy, D. Fernando de Menezes, with an Armada of 1,200 men to the "Strait of Meca" or mouth of the Red Sea. This expedition coasted along N. Eastern Africa, the "dry, hard, and sterile mounts," Felix and Guardafui;[2] ran up the Eastern shore of Arabia; landed at Dofar where the Arabs were defeated

[1] Elegy i. translated for the first time, but perverted from *Terza Rima* to alternate rhymed Alexandrines, by Mr. R. F. Duff; "The Lusiad of Camoens" (pp. xxxi-xxxvii). See chap. ii. § 3.

[2] Canzon x. which is full of pathos, or rather nostalgia. The Poet's wanderings in W. Asia are noticed with more detail in the Geographical Chapter (No. iv. § 3).

in force, and captured the important harbour of Maskat. Here, according to Juromenha, the Poet remained with the experienced Captain Manoel de Vasconcellos. It is, however, generally believed that he passed the cool season[1] (N. East Monsoon) between October and May 1554–5 at Hormuz Island in the Persian Gulf, where D. Fernando lay awaiting the galleons of Basrah (Bussorah).

The Poet returned with the Armada to "Goa the Golden," where Francisco Barreto had become Governor-General by a death-vacancy. This official (June 16, 1555—Sept. 8, 1558) is favourably spoken of by his contemporaries; he was loved by the lieges; and he died fighting in a manner, says Joam dos Santos, of which no man need be ashamed. Yet there was undoubtedly bad blood between the Governor and the Poet; and it is supposed to have arisen during the festivities that followed the appointment. The scenes of drunkenness and of low debauchery made Camoens pen his first Satire; a diversion by which many an "Anglo-Indian Officer" has, since those days, come to notable grief. Caricature and epigram are dangerous diversions in the confined air of a Garrison-colony.

It is doubtful whether the famous *Disparates na India*, ("Follies in," or "Vagaries of," India[2]) was written on

[1] The Indo-Portuguese apply *inverno* (winter) to the S. West monsoon, our summer, June—October. The rains, however, do not extend to the Persian Gulf.

[2] See chap. i. § 3. Adam. (i. 131-37) has printed the offending lines.

this or on a subsequent occasion. Severim and Faria y Sousa, followed by most biographers, consider it the cause of Camoens' exile, number four and last. Juromenha (i. 71) believes that it was composed after his return from Macáo. Possibly the Poet must not be charged with the skit called *Jogo de Canas* (the cane-sport).[1] But he certainly produced the "marvellous Redondillas" (i.) and the Zion-Sonnets (cxciv. ccxxxvii. ccxxxviii. and ccxxxix.) which under the Allegory of Babel (Babylon) and Siam (Zion), contrast Goa with Lisbon, Paradise with its Antipodes. In another satirical piece (*O Labyrinto*) he complains loudly of the dreary world around him. In fact he lashed Vice with the "Scourge of Juvenal and the bitterness of Byron"; and he did not spare the disorderly sex feminine of Goanese gentility (*fidalguia*).[2] What more was wanted to infuriate petty colonial tetchiness and official self-sufficiency?

In March, 1556, Camoens was ordered to China, where the Portuguese community had become considerable. The city of Liampó alone contained some 1,200 souls, who were "safe as if they lived between Sanctarem and Lisbon"; and who continued so till

[1] This tilting with bamboos, the Arab's *La'ab el Jerid* (palm-branch play) is the whole tactic of Oriental Cavalry. It is still kept up in Madeira and the Cape Verds. Jur. prints this *Satyra do Torneo* in pp. 244–8, vol. v.

[2] The *Foro de Fidalgo*, or patent of gentle birth, not the title, constitutes, or rather constituted, nobility in Portugal; where, as in England, titles have lately been lavished with a careless hand, and the "middle-class noble" has become an institution.

1542, when their piracies and manifold villanies compelled the Chinese to cast them out. The Poet was appointed *Provedor dos defuntos e ausentes*, or "commissary for (the effects of) the defunct and absent," a better post, by the by, than that conferred upon him, who

> —was set to gauge
> Beer-barrels for his bread, half-famish'd Burns.

Most biographers consider this the *desterro* (expatriation) *par excellence* to which Camoens often alludes.[1] Juromenha holds the terms to have been used in the sense figurative; and shrewdly observes that so lucrative an appointment, which allowed the Poet to raise himself from the slough of poverty, was the strangest of punishments. But we have seen the ill-feeling between him and Barreto: Love is myopic; Hate is lynx-eyed; the enemy never sleeps; and happy the man whose friends do him one benefit to a dozen injuries worked by his foes. The way in which the episode ended tells its own tale.

After a voyage of 30–40 days, Camoens reached Lampacao, then a Portuguese station; here he may have met *en route* for Goa Fernan' Mendes Pinto,[2] the

[1] Canto viii. 79, 80; Cançam xi.; and paraphrase of *Super flumina Babylonis* (Psalm 136) which Lope de Vega called "Marvellous Redondillas."

[2] The voyages and adventures of this "liar of the first magnitude" (Congreve) were "done into English" by H. C(ogan), 1692. A pistol is termed in "Yokohama-pidgin," Tanega-Shima (Seed

traveller whose *Peregrinaçam* won him the proud title of "Prince of Liars." This worthy had been seized by the Chinese after robbing the treasure-tombs of the seventeen kings; and, when cast loose by the Tartars, he returned to Malacca. Some time after May our Poet set out again with the squadron of six ships commanded by the Capitão-Mór (Commodore) Francisco Martins. Macáo was also Portuguese, occupied in 1537: the Europeans forged a tale concerning the defeat of a Chinese buccaneer, whose stronghold was ceded in gratitude to the "Foreign Fiends." The truth is, that they held it *ad nutum* of the Emperor, paying an annual ground-rent of 500 taels.[1] Here the Commissary continued his Lusiads, and escaped society by retiring to a cave, still called the "Gruta de Camões."[2] Possibly during this period he visited Malay-land and the Moluccas, Ternate, and Tidore (Canto x. 132); but here, as will be seen, opinions differ.

The "profitable appointment" ended (Jan.–Feb., 1558) after about two years, the normal term of office being

island), because Pinto and his brother pirates landed from Macáo about 1542, at the south-western island of that name, lying off the Kiu-Shiu coast. A curious survival!

[1] Each seven shillings. "The Chinese," by Sir John F. Davis (i. 27).

[2] "Camoens' Grotto," in the "Cassa" garden, an estate situated in the highest part of the Isthmus connecting Macáo with the Continent, is sketched by Sir W. Ouseley (Orient. Coll. i. 126); copied in wood by Adam. (i. 149), and described by every tourist. During the Tercentenary of 1880 it was proposed to buy the Cavern from the present owner.

three.[1] D. Joam III. hearing of the official corruption which disgraced his splendid Eastern Empire, had issued stringent orders severely to repress all such abuses; and in 1545 he had sent out the rigidly honest D. Joam de Castro. The Poet's unfriends at Head-Quarters prevailed, and he was recalled by Francisco Barreto, who issued the "unjust command":—

Será o injusto mando executado,
Naquelle, cuja lyra sonorosa
Será mais afamada, que ditosa.
(When shall be dealt the Doom unjust and sore,
On him whose high sonorous Lyre shall claim
Such want of Fortune, and such wealth of Fame.)
Canto x. 128.

During the return-voyage Camoens' ship was lost at the mouth of the "Me com rio" (River Me-Kong), an accident which supplied him with that pathetic stanza. He tarried several months in Cambodia, or Gambogeland, possibly mourning Natercia's early death: she could not have passed her thirtieth year, supposing her to have been fifteen in 1544. Reaching Goa before the end of Barreto's Government, he was thrown into jail for malversation of office, or what poor Theodore Hook called a "disease of the chest." Early in September (1558), arrived the virtuous D. Constantino de Bragança (Stanza ii.), who had known the Poet at home; the

[1] José da Fonseca ("Fons."), who revised *Os Lusiadas* (1 vol. 8vo., Paris, Baudry, 1846), founding his text on the *Quinhentistas*, incorrectly says *Cinco annos* (Vida xii.), and is followed by Storck (Leben. xii.).

latter, after clearing his honour by a public trial, was set at liberty. He accompanied this Viceroy on his expedition to Daman, and subsequently (1559) D. Alvaro da Silveira to the Arabian Coast, where he might have witnessed his friend's untimely end at the hands of the cut-throat Turks in El-Bahrayn Island.

The next Governor-General (Sept. 7 1559) was another old acquaintance, D. Francisco Coutinho, Conde de Redondo (Sonn. lxxxv: Ode viii.), who found the Poet once more in jail, the work of some calumniator. Again proved innocent and about to be set free, he was arrested by one Miguel Rodrigues Coutinho. Juromenha tells us that this man had distinguished himself in the wars, and was the first to enter the dangerous stockade of Diu—petty spite must explain his meanness. The debtor thereupon wrote a burlesque memorial satirising his persecutor under the nick-name of "*Fios seccos*" or dry threads.[1]

Que Diabo ha tão damnado,
Que não tema a cutilada
Dos Fios Seccos da espada,
Do fero Miguel armado?

[1] The epithet is supposed to ridicule the creditor's avarice, But it also means the blunt edges of swords; and hence the *double entendre* in the Redondilha:—

Dos Fios Seccos da espada, &c.
(Of the dread fox of Fios Seccos);

I use "fox" in the Shakesperian sense.

(What De'il, what damnèd Sprite,
That feareth not the shocks
Of Fios Seccos' fox,
Of Miguel fere in fight?)

The Viceroy laughed and ordered the author to be set at liberty.

Camoens left his prison when D. Francisco (Dec. 1562) sailed for Calicut, to concert terms of peace with its Rajah, the "Samorim." At Cochin, whence the galleys were to be despatched for Lisbon, grave disturbances broke out. Some fifty officers and men were killed in duels, and amongst them was a personal friend of the Poet, D. Tello de Menezes, whose death he feelingly lamented (Elegy xx.). Camoens, about this time gave a celebrated banquet to his friends, serving them with jocose *trovas* (copies of verses). He enjoyed the friendship of the Viceroy, and used it well by forwarding the interests of the good old naturalist, Garcia de Horta,[1] and of his intimate friend, Hector de Silveira —"Portingall Hector" (Canto x. 60), noble soul, soldier, poet, and pauper, like himself.

Camoens, during the vice-royalty of D. Francisco, joined various expeditions, of which nothing is known. Juromenha explains the Poet's silence during the last years, supposed to have been spent at Goa, by another voyage to the far East, and makes him visit Malay-land, the Moluccas, Tidore, Ternate, and Timor. Such de-

[1] In 1563 Horta published at Goa his *Colloquios dos simples e drogas da India;* he is noticed in Ode viii.

scriptions as Ternate, "Lancing wavy flames" (Canto x. 132); and Sumatra, "Exhaling tremulous fire" (Canto x. 135), seem to have been drawn from life.

In September, 1562, the Viceroy, D. Antam[1] de Noronha, with whom the Poet had carried arms in Ceuta, reached Goa, and despatched the ship waiting to convey D. Leoniz Pereira to his captaincy in Malacca, which he defended so stoutly in 1568. This warm friend of our Poet (Sonnet ccxxviii. Elegy iv.) was a writer as well as a warrior; and he might easily have passed him on to Nipon (Japan). Juromenha supposes that Camoens hence brought back his faithful Javan—unhappily all here is conjecture.

Early in 1567, the kindly Viceroy gave the Poet another lucrative employment. He became *Alcaide mór* (High Bailiff or Governor), *Provedor dos Defuntos* and *Védor das Obras* (Inspector of Public Works), at the wealthy factory of Chaul (Jur. i. 90). But he never had the talent of success; of Self-Policy, as Bacon has it. When Fortune smiled upon him, he began to cry like a child for home (Sonnets cxxxix. and cccxxxvi.). The profoundest melancholy gathered on his once joyous temper. *Saudades*[2] overwhelmed him. He had lost all his best

[1] Antam, from Saint Anthony of Thebes; not Antonio, Saint Anthony of Lisbon-Padua.

[2] This word, like *Soledade*, is the Latin *Solitas* for *Solitudo*, which in Portuguese became *Solidam*. In the secondary tense, neither it nor its congeners *Saudoso*, &c., has any English equivalent. It is the Πόθος, the *desiderium*, the *sehnsucht*, a mixture of melancholy and longing; our poets supply it by "pining thought,"

friends, including Joam Lopes Leitam, the Jesuit Gonçalo da Silveira (Canto x. 93), and the Viceroy Coutinho (Feb. 1564). The idea of dying in India became intolerable; his spirit was broken. Sixteen years of wayfare and warfare in his gorgeous tropical exile had done their work. He must go home.

It is probable that Camoens, with his peculiar alacrity for building Castles in Spain (*Meus castellos de vento*), hoped great things from the young King, D. Sebastiam, to whom he would offer his epos, the work of an average generation. He accepted a passage offered to him by a kinsman of his former enemy, one Pedro Barreto, who, by the death of Fernam Martins Freire, became (1567) Captain-Governor of Mozambique. Whatever Francisco may have been, Pedro assuredly was one of those who court and labour for future infamy. Camoens, now become a manner of parasite, a menial, spent a winter finishing and polishing his Poem; and when he attempted to quit Mozambique, he was thrown into jail for debt. The ignoble Governor had advanced him two hundred cruzados, or crowns.[1] Happily for the prisoner, the ship Santa Clara, in which D. Antam de Noronha had died, touched at the port, carrying the historian, Diogo do Couto,[2] the veteran Hector da Silveira, and eleven other

or by the cumbrous "after-yearning." A Brazilian poet, Domingos Caldas Barboza, answers the question *Que é Saudade?* in a pretty fragment published in "*Le Brésil Littéraire*" (Ferd. Wolf, part ii. pp. 88-9. Berlin, Asher, 1863).

[1] The Cruzado, a gold coin with a cross, was then worth 3s. 9d.

[2] Born at Lisbon, 1542; died at Goa, 1616; he was Keeper of

"messmates and friends." They collected the £25, *for which sum were simultaneously sold the person of Camoens and the honour of Pedro Barreto.* This phrase is used by Faria y Sousa, and repeated by every biographer; none, indeed, should forget to cast, as he passes, a stone upon the Caitiff's grave. Juromenha (i. 93 and 498) throws doubt upon the arrest, because, forsooth, it is not confirmed by document. As if such negative proof on such a point as this suffices to stultify all the Commentators! But the learned Editor has always a good word for the Poet's enemies and persecutors. Although he praises Camoens liberally, he lacks sympathy, and the "Life" reads like a Wordsworthian view of Burns. In places the bias becomes remarkable; it sets the last workman in personal opposition to the Arch-Commentator, Faria y Sousa, who falls into the other extreme.

At some time in November, 1569, Camoens left Mozambique, on board the Santa Clara, or the Santa Fé (?). He occupied himself during the voyage with writing the *Parnaso* (or *Parnasso*) de Luis de Camoens.

the Archives of India, and his best-known work is his continuation of "The Decades." He mentions Camoens (Dec. viii. 1, 28); and, according to M. de Severim F., he wrote a Commentary on The Lusiads. For this work, which never appeared, we have the authority of a letter, dated 1611. Besides the two "Messmates" mentioned in the text, the others on board were, D. Joam Pereira, D. Pedro da Guerra, Ayres de Sousa de Santarem, Manoel de Mello, Gaspar de Brito, Fernam Gomes da Gran, Lourenço Vaz Pegado, Antonio Cabral, Luiz da Veiga, Duarte de Abreu, and Antonio Ferram.

The work, highly praised by Couto (*loc. cit.*) never appeared in print; it was stolen, probably in Portugal. Faria y Sousa tells us (Jur. i. 498) how, when a child, he destroyed one of the manuscript copies.

The Poet's return home was singularly unhappy. The brave Hector da Silveira died within sight of Cintra Peaks. The ship, condemned to quarantine (April, 1570), landed her passengers at Cascaes Bay, below Lisbon; the infected Capital did not open her harbour till the ensuing June. The plague, known as the *Peste Grande*, had raged since 1569, and had numbered (said the popular census) its 50,000 victims. The court of D. Joam III., "with its great glory, and some miseries," had passed away. Camoens, who was not given to flattering kings, wrote a magnificent eulogium of the deceased in the Amœbæan Sonnet (lix.) beginning:—

Quem jaz no grão sepulchro, que descreve, &c.
(Who lies in lordly Tomb that doth indite, &c.)
Nobis.

The strong rule had been exchanged for the regency of a decrepit Priest, in charge of a hare-brained and fanatic young Soldier-King, who splendidly fêted the massacres of St. Bartholomew. The Court had fled to Almeirim. The world of Lisbon had no room for the Poet, who returned a pauper from the land whence so many had brought back fabulous riches. The literati showed only jealousy. Falcam de Resende (1577) expressly declares that he was neglected by the Court. His own testimony shows (Canto x. 154) that he was per-

sonally unknown to the King, who thought of nothing but war, sport, and love. He was "sent from Herod to Pilate." The Frenchman Ronsard received the "Order of Christ;" and a buffoon, the "Cross of S. Thiago," whereof Camoens was not thought worthy. Had he condescended to flatter the *parti prêtre*, especially the Jesuits, it would doubtless have been otherwise. But he was an honest man, true to himself; and honesty is *not* the best policy—except when practised as policy.

In early 1572, the year famous, or infamous, for the sacrifice to Saint Bartholomew (August 24), appeared the Editio Princeps of the immortal Lusiads,[1] a marking point in Portuguese History. It was not still-born, for even the Inquisition did not dare to lay hands on the author.

A second edition, some have supposed, was called for in the same year, "a circumstance," says Faria y Sousa, "accounted rare in the world, and which had never before happened in Portugal." But there is reason to assume that the second was a mutilated issue, printed in 1584. At any rate, the work secured for the author (July 28, 1572), a yearly pension of fifteen milreis (£3. 8s.), which, assuming money to be then six times its present worth, would represent some £20 in our day.[2] But the pittance, besides being saddled with conditions,

[1] Further details are given in Chapter i. § 3.

[2] Snr. Tito de Noronha (*A primeira Edição dos Lusiadas*, Lisbon, Chardron, 1880) makes the 15$000 now represent 64$700, an increase of more than four times.

was irregularly paid; and the annuitant is represented to have said that he would pray the King to administer to the administrator 15,000 lashes—as many stripes as reis.

Yet Juromenha, who, by the by, here stands alone, judges from two Sonnets[1] that Camoens accompanied the Court, and was well received. He seriously adopts (i. 105) the fiction proposed in the *Camões* (a poem of the learned Visconde de Almeida-Garrett (Paris, 1825); and pictures the Poet at Cintra, reading out parts of his Epic, in presence of his Sovereign. Finally he looks upon the niggardly pension as an earnest of future favours, which, in consequence of national disasters, never came.

Portugal, indeed, had rarely seen more miserable years than the seven between 1571 and 1579. In 1572 a storm destroyed a fleet fitted out to assist Tasso's admirer, the detestable Charles IX., by operating against the Turks and Lutherans. In early '73, floods injured Lisbon; and the Queen-mother, D. Catharina, who had stoutly opposed D. Sebastiam's African projects, died. Both '74 and '75 were hunger-years, followed by an epidemic; there was an earthquake on June 7 ('75); and the bull-fights on the Feast of St. John are described as the last merry-makings of Lusitania. The year ended with deluges of rain, when the saying was, *Nadando vem*

[1] Nos. lix. and lxiv. Jur. 113. They appear utterly irrelevant; the former is the Epitaph and Eulogium of D. Joam, probably written soon after 1557; the latter is addressed to the Viceroy, D. Luis de Ataide (1568-1571).

a fome à Portugal (Famine cometh swimming into Portugal). In '77 a comet excited all manner of superstition; and an Italian astrologer, Bellemene di Revore, predicted the destruction of the King and his Army, which was fulfilled in '78.

After publishing his poem, Camoens, as far as we can learn, spent the rest of his life at Lisbon, "in the knowledge of many and in the society of few." His father was probably dead. As Tasso, leaving the Hospital and Madhouse of St. Anne, found a last refuge in the Monastery of Sant 'Onofrio, so his *colto e buon Luigi* passed his latter days with the Religious of S. Domingos. Perhaps these were the only men, save the Licentiate Corrêa[1] and a knot of personal friends, who could understand him. Like the Pride of Bergamo, he "bore within him a germ of irresistible unhappiness;" and the last insult to his genius came from his hopeful King.

The Poet appears, from the conclusion of his Lusiads,

[1] Manoel Correia, or Corrêa, curate of S. Sebastiam, in the Mouraria, and Synodal Examiner to the Archbishoprick, was a literato and licentiate (licensed to plead—a barrister), who corresponded with Justus Lipsius. Camoens had requested this friend to annotate his Epic; hence *Os Lusiadas Commentados, pelo Licenciado M. Corrêa* (small 4to, Pedro Crasbeeck, Lisbon, 1613, reprinted in 1720; the former rare, and sold by Quaritch for £2. 10s., imperfect). His reason for writing was that "much misinformation had been given," probably alluding to the Edition of 1584–85, with notes by many authors. He reports conversations with Camoens (*e.g.* on Canto i. 1; v. 6 and 40; viii. 81; ix. 21; x. 19, &c.). But he was not a regular biographer, as we find in Adam. i. 19, a passage contradicting ii. 296–99.

to have planned another Epos, a "Sebastianade," upon the coming conquest of Marocco. According to some, when the war was imminent, he began the song of triumph, so soon to become a threnody—a dirge. D. Sebastiam may have taken umbrage at the mention of Actæon (Canto ix. 26), or he may have been swayed by the advice of his uncle-guardian, the Cardinal. At any rate, when embarking for his grand conquest in Africa, he carried with him, as Poet-laureate and Homer, the courtly Diogo Bernardes, who survived a long captivity to purloin sundry productions of his great contemporary, and to address a sonnet to his memory.[1]

Juromenha justly remarks that the Poet, now aged and reduced to crutches (*muletas*), was unfit for such a campaign. He produces, however (p. 116-17), the novel assertion that D. Sebastiam, during his first raid (1574) was supported by the trusty sword which had done such good service in Asia and Africa. His only grounds appear to be that the Soldier-poet would have liked the work; that the *Livro da Fazenda* (Treasury documents) shows a gap in paying the pension, *ergo* the absence of the pensioner (?); and, lastly, that the Elegy (xix.) addressed to the young Governor of Tangier, D. Pedro da Silva, appears to have been written upon the spot.

[1] It is given by Jur. i. 205. This Tityrus died in Lisbon (1596) and was buried in the same church as Camoens. Strangford makes the "Singer of the Lima" a man of "poor and despicable abilities." But he showed far more of the knave than the fool.

And now the infirmities of advancing age began hurrying to the grave one who was "singularly gifted by Heaven and abused by man, the terror of common poets throughout Europe." After eight wretched years spent in Lisbon, Camoens found himself isolated. The accomplished Infanta, D. Maria, daughter of D. Manoel, was dead (March, 1578: Sonn. lxxxiii.). His Mæcenas, D. Manoel de Portugal, was absent on an embassy to Rome. The family of his hero and kinsman, whom he had sung so nobly, ignobly neglected him (Canto v. 99). Another Belisarius, he became like the heroic Pacheco, dependent for daily bread upon public charity. According to some, he was occasionally supplied with victuals by one Barbara, a Mulatta.[1] All agree that his Javanese Antonio (*O meu Iáo*), begged food for him during the night-time.[2] This faithful slave predeceased his master, who must have felt a bitterer pang than any grief could deal after the death of Natercia. The last drop of gall in his earthly cup was the fatal field of Alcacerquivir (August 4, 1578). The King was slain, the army was destroyed; Philip II. of Spain was assembling a force of 80,000 men, under the redoubtable Duke of Alba; and over city and country hung the shadow of the last calamity—national death.

[1] Vida p. lviii. *Obras completas de Luis de Camões*, &c., by J. V. Barreto Feio and J. G. Monteiro ("F. and M."), 3 vols. 8vo, Hamburg, Langhoff, 1834.

[2] Mickle makes Camoens beg with his own hand upon the Alcantara bridge; but no one knows whence he derived this detail.

Camoens died, as he said,[1] "not only in his fatherland, but with his fatherland." The year is still uncertain; 1579 and 1580 having equal claims. On June 10, in his 55th or 56th year, unmarried, and the last of his line, he ended his fitful fever, after a "life that had been distributed in pieces about the world" (Canzon x.). Death was in one sense a boon; it spared him the blow of seeing his proud and beloved Portugal reduced to the rank of a second-rate Province, an event which, happening shortly afterwards, began the "Sixty years' captivity" (Augt. 25, 1580-1640).

The "Maro of Portugal" breathed his last—again like his hero Pacheco—in a hospital; and it is not known whether his mother was present at his death-bed. Fr. José Indio, Carmelite of the Guadalaxara Convent, is our authority for the fact. On the margin of a copy of The Lusiads, which he bequeathed to his Order,[2] he wrote: "What grief to see so great a genius thus unfortunate! I saw him die in the hospital of Lisbon, without a sheet (*savana*) wherewith to cover himself, after triumphing in the East Indies, and voyaging 5,500 leagues by sea." A contemporary, D. Alvia de Castro, writing in 1621, or some 40 years after the event, also declares that Camoens died, miserably destitute, in a hospital of Lisbon city.

[1] Letter to the patriotic D. Francisco de Almeida, who was then organising defence against Spain.

[2] According to Adam. and Mr. Duff, this "celebrated copy of The Lusiads was in the possession of the late Lord Holland" (Biographical Notice, xxvii.). So Jur. i. xvii.

The Friar F. de Santo Agostinho de Macedo maintained that Camoens departed life in his own house. Juromenha (i. 148–9) also casts doubt upon the received account, and supposes that Camoens may have breathed his last, as one of its brotherhood, in the Albergaria (Almonry) of Santa Anna, because it was his mother's Saint-name.[1] An inscription, commemorating the event, was placed, a few years ago, upon Nos. 52 and 54 of the *Calçada de Santa Maria*, en the left side ascending from the Rocio Square en route to the Bull Circus, and to the hospital of S. José. It is a mere cottage with two stories; those who promoted the "Tercentenary" (June, '80) proposed purchase, but the owner asked a fancy price.[2]

Even the Poet's winding-sheet was an alms-gift from the establishment of D. Francisco de Portugal. According

[1] This Editor has apparently changed his mind, and now holds, with Senhor Minhava, that the house in Santa Anna Street "was beyond doubt the humble abode of the poet." So, at least, says (The *Athenæum*, May 22, '80) my valued correspondent, Mr. Matthew Lewtas, of No. 26, Rua Nova di Carmo, who continues making important contributions to Portuguese literature in the London journal.

[2] As M. Lewtas observes (The *Athenæum*, Nov. 1, 1879) it seems rather late in the day to buy the cottage-home of the Prince of Portuguese Poets. But it was only in 1847, when an American speculator proposed to transport bodily to the United States the house in which Shakespeare was born, that the literati of England collected the funds necessary to keep it. Meanwhile, Newton's Observatory was torn down and turned into chapel-pews. "We cannot," says Mr. Lewtas, "complain of Portuguese backwardness; and may apply their proverb, *Cá e lá mas fadas ha* (Here and there bad fairies are)." This proverb is quoted from the Poet's Carta i.

to Pedro de Mariz, the first biographer[1] (1613), Camoens was "poorly and plebeianly buried," to the left of the principal entrance of, and near the lower choir of, the Chapel of Santa Anna, belonging to the Franciscan nuns, and used at that time as a parish-church (*freguezia*). Its patronage belonged to the Shoemakers of the S. Crispim Fraternity, in the Padaria, or Baker's Quarter.

For sixteen years no memorial marked the ignoble grave of him who had dowered his country with the crowning glory of The Lusiads; a man who had created *une littérature toute entière* (Schlegel); the poet-encyclopædist who gave birth to a national compendium of belles-lettres, ranging from epigram to epic. The poor nuns probably looked upon him as a "profane" poet, who had little claim on their hospitality. In 1598, a "personal friend and a distinguished cavalier," D. Gonçalo Coutinho, of the house of Marialva, came to the rescue, bought the grave in perpetuity, from the Crispins; and marked the place with a marble slab, bearing for inscription:—

AQUI JAZ LUIS DE CAMÕES
PRINCIPE
DOS POETAS DO SEO TEMPO.
MORREO NO ANNO DE 1579.
ESTA CAMPA LHE MANDOU POER D. GONÇALO COUTINHO
NA QUAL SE NÃO ENTERRARÁ NINGUEM.

[1] Mariz was a librarian of the Coimbra schools, who printed with Corrêa's Commentary (1613) a life of the Poet, in the form of a letter "To the Lovers of Poetry." The biography was found neither

(Here lieth Luis de Camoens, Prince of the Poets of his time. He died in the year 1579. This tomb (stone) was placed for him by order of D. Gonçalo Coutinho, and none shall be buried therein.)

The epigraph is wrongly given by most biographers, who add, *viveu pobre e miseravelmente* (he lived poorly and miserably), while others end with *e assim morreu* (and he died in the same way. We must no longer moralise on this brave *résumé.* Juromenha (i. 150-51) blames Faria y Sousa for the mistake, and for neglecting to visit the grave.

This "simple but expressive epitaph" was followed, at the order of Gonçalves da Camara, whilom *Escrivam da puridade* (Confidential Secretary) to D. Sebastiam, by a "copy" of flowery Latin verses, hexametres and pentametres beginning with :—

Naso elegis, Flaccus lyricis, epigrammate Marcus,
Hic jacet heroö carmine Virgilius.

They were written by the Jesuit, Padre Matheus Cardoso, Professor of Belles-lettres at Evora ; and they prove that The Lusiads had already been translated into Italian, French and Spanish. D. Gonçalo Coutinho further ordered another "copy of verses," in the form of a dialogue between the tomb and the "passer-by." The work of D. Manoel de Souza Coutinho (afterwards Frei

appreciative nor intelligent. A reprint and amendment appeared in the second part of the Rimas (Pedro Craesbeck, 1616), the Ed. Princ. having been published in 1595.

Luiz de Souza), it begins *Quod Maro sublimi;* and, preceded by the Sonnet which his plagiaristic rival, Diogo Bernardes, addressed to Camoens, it appears in the first Edition of the Rimas (1595). The latter was printed by the Licentiate Fernando Rodrigues Lobo Surrupita (or Soropita) acting also under D. Gonçalo Coutinho.

The date 1580 was taken by Juromenha (i. 172) from the *Archivo Nacional* (Lib. iii. of *Ementas*, fol. 137). The rival, 1579, given in Corrêa, in the epitaph and in a host of others is repeated by one of the latest English translators of The Lusiads; by the learned Dr. Storck in his "Idyllen" and by M. Clovis Lamarre in his "Camoens" (p. 46, Didier 1879); whilst Mr. Duff (Biog. Not. xxvii.) is undoubtedly wrong when he says "the tenth of July."

Even the last home of our hero-poet was unfortunate. The "Virgins of the Lord" (nuns of S. Anne) "more occupied," we are assured, "with heavenly than with earthly things," destroyed all vestiges of his tomb in order to raise their choir. During the Great Earthquake of 1775, the church-roof fell in; the slab that covered the grave was broken and lost, and the Nunnery, when reflooring the place, neglected to put up a memorial. In September 1836, by permission of Government, a commission searched the chapel for the Poet's bones. It discovered some remains, apparently apocryphal as those of the Great Cromwell, and placed them in a coffin of Brazil-wood.[1] The Academy of Lisbon pro-

[1] Mr. Lewtas (The *Athenæum*, May 22, '80) tells us that Snr. José Tavares de Macedo, Member of the Academy, and Secretary

posed to translate to the church of the Jeronymites these apocryphal bones together with the even more doubtful remains of Vasco da Gama; and the ceremony was performed on June 8, '80, "with all the pomp befitting so solemn an occasion."

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§ 2. Camoens the Man.

IT has often been observed that physical Beauty marks and seals, with her outward and visible sign, the greatest of men. Witness the three types of genius who were, so to speak, outside and above humanity:—Alexander of Macedon, Julius Cæsar, and Napoleon Buonaparte.[1] We look for this distinction especially among the Poets, in whom the brain should modify the mask, the thoughts, the flesh. We can understand Zoïlus, Bavius, and Mævius being short, ugly, deformed:

of the Commission, has lately published an able pamphlet, giving an account of the work; moreover, that "all the most learned Camonians firmly believe in the authenticity of the relics." I fear that the case *pro* is much overstated. Finally, why the 8th of June, instead of the 10th, was chosen for the translation of the relics none can divine.

[1] It is a curious consideration that these, the greatest of men, were also the greatest of criminals; and that two of the three were, like Mohammed, epileptics, suffering from the sacer morbus.

Homer and Æschylus, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe must be, cannot be otherwise than beautiful.

The "Prince of the Poets of his day" was no exception to this rule. We have several pen and pencil portraits of him. The earliest (1624) was engraved on copper-plate by A. Paulus, from the Latin Eulogy of Gaspar Severim de Faria, translated and published by his uncle, Dr. Manoel Severim.[1] It shows a "Kit-Cat" in armour, one hand resting upon the Poem, while the other holds the pen: the family arms stand above; and there is a long Latin inscription, beginning, MUSIS ET POSTERITATI S.[2] Another likeness at the age of forty was drawn by the Arch-Commentator's own hand;—*es hecho de mano de Faria y Sousa.* It is also a bust in ruff and body armour; with the family arms at the base, supported by the laurel, sword, and two pens.[3] Joam Soares de Brito (1641) gave a third in his *Apologia.* The

[1] This second biographer was a Chaunter of Evora, who, in 1624, printed a 4to of *Discursos varios politicos*, &c. The biographical notice of Camoens, which is less incorrect and insufficient than that of Mariz, was republished with The Lusiads (Lisbon, fol. 1720). It is believed that an ecclesiastic, Manoel Pires de Almeida (ob. 1655) bequeathed to the elder Severim, author of the *Asia Portugueza*, his MSS. (4 vols. folio) annotating The Lusiads. This has never appeared.

[2] The Epigraph is given at full length by Jur. (i. 130).

[3] Adam. ii. 317. "Those of Vasco da Gama, and of the Viceroys taken from faithful copies, curiously made in India, from the originals which were in the hall (*Sala*) of Goa," must not be trusted. The larger collection, now in the Palace of Pangim, is, as all know, mostly fanciful.

folio of Joseph (or Manuel?)[1] Lopes Ferreyra (1720) contains a full-length portrait, "taken from Nature and not yet seen:" if it be a likeness, it is by no means flattering. The Poet, in bay-wreath, ruff, corslet, spauldrons and brassards, sits before a table bearing his helmet with barred vizor, books, pen and ink: his sword has a plain chape over the cup-handle and a one-bar cross-guard. Juromenha (i. 131) also mentions a small wooden bust, apparently made for a stick-pommel. The medallions are all of later date; Dillon's, the best known, is copied from a portrait in the possession of the Marquis de Niza, ninth descendant from Vasco da Gama.

These likenesses combine to show the Gothic or North-European, rather than the Mediterraneo-Latin type. They have the brow of Olympian Jove or of Walter Savage Landor. The regularity of feature gave, it is said, an expression of severity to the countenance in repose,—*algum tanto carregado de fronte*,—eminebat ei frons. The hair, held by anthropologists a crucial test of race, was saffron-yellow (*açafroado*). The Indian-house Reports make the Poet *barbaruivo:* he wore his beard short and rounded; while the mustachios, long and untrimmed, so as to be unlikest the "Moors," curve away from the mouth. His nose, the feature which denotes man's manliness, was "somewhat raised at the bridge, long and thickish at the tip"—Fielding's. The lips, which argue the sensual character, are described as full and well formed. The eyes, the

[1] Adam. ii. 350: Jur. (i. 131) calls him Manuel.

"windows of the soul," were blue, "large and lively." Add an oval face with a ruddy complexion, and we have the unequivocal marks of the Iberian "blue blood." It is unfortunate that every portrait in every edition shows only a well-favoured Cyclops.

The Poet's figure was agile and robust, formed to endure the fatigues of camp and fight. Belonging to the days when gentlemen "wore manors on their backs," he delighted in fine raiment, in embroidered shirts, rich doublets and slashed breeches. Hence his eye for toilette generally, and the gusto with which he describes dress. His hero's garb is a complete knightly costume in the sixteenth century; and it contrasts artfully with the African's robes (Canto ii. 97); while the latter would apply to the Zanzibar of to-day. He affected a flapped *Sombrero*, as we learn from the epigram on a dame, who had called him *homem das abas grandes* (the "Broad-brim man"):—

Quem por abas me quer conhecer, &c.
(Whoso would know me by my brims.)

Finally, his presence has been compared with that of the handsome, blue-eyed Tasso, the generous poet who spoke so modestly of Guarini's indebtedness; and who, despite the jangling Tassistas and Camoistas, professed to fear only one rival,—Camoens.

His temper, till saddened by adversity and home-sickness, was genial and jovial, affable and serene. Soldierlike, he enjoyed conviviality, especially relishing the *Ceas do parayso* (Suppers of Paradise) on the

Horatian model, wherein wit flavoured wine.[1] His minor pieces allude to his fondness for poultry,—an unhappy taste in India!—and to the practical jokes passed upon this preference by his intimates.[2] Like a true magnifico, he spent his money without stint, and he was more often in than out of debt. During the "sturm und drang" of youth he must have been a ruffler, turbulent, and too fond of seeing *flamberge au vent.* His boast (Letter I.) that he "had seen the heels of many, while none had seen his," savours of the young campaigner. It won for him, as we learn from another epigram, the nickname of *Trinca-fortes* (crack-braves).[3] In this matter he was the "gay militaire" of the period, a Bertrand de Born, adventuresome, and half disciplined, quick to draw and slow to sheathe.

> The poets in their youth begin in gladness,
> But thereof come in the end despondency and madness:

Camoens' joyous sweetness of temper; his gay and gallant bearing; his bravery in the battle and the duello, and his blonde and noble beauty could hardly fail to

[1] His poetical *convite* (invitation) to his friends is given in Jur. iv. 32 *et seg.*

[2] Jur. iv. 94.

[3] Rabelais, Gallorum gallus domesticatus, ridiculing the Quixotisms of chivalry in the exploits of Friar John of the Flesh-knives, places a *Trinc'amellos* (crack-kernels) in Toulouse (vol. i. 149, Bohn's Urquhart). The word is equivalent to "Touquedille" (*qui touche de loin*), a Taille-bacon de la Brene (bacon-slicer), a braggadocio, a vapourer, an enforceur de portes ouvertes, a beater of a fast-tied cow, &c.

make a host of foes, a few friends, and a long list of conquests over fair dames. He also was remarkably inclined to the "tender passion." Nature (so called) is peculiar, even enigmatical, in her action: she apparently prompts her choicest favourites to endow the world with as many copies of themselves as possible, and she succeeds in foiling their best endeavours. Again, Alexander, Cæsar, and Buonaparte.

Hence, while his classic models touched lightly upon the Commerce of the Sexes, the Portuguese goes out of his way to enrich his stanzas with love-passages, with amorous adventures, and with descriptions of feminine charms. His wooing has the exuberance, the vitality, and the vehemence of Scotland's great Peasant-Poet, whom he resembled in not a few other points. What woman with a heart could hear unmoved the passionate pleadings of Leonardo (Canto ix. 75–81)? They flow lava-hot from the singer's soul, and doubtless had passed his lips. Our unpoetic translators, who find the lines too full of conceits, inversions, and so forth, forget that young women are not usually addressed in *ottava rima.* If these Prosists would take the trouble of turning the five stanzas and a half into the familiar tongue, they would see how simple and pathetic are the sentiments.[1]

No reader fails to remark the delicacy and good taste of his love-scenes, whose mysteries he holds too sacred for the vulgar eye. He avoids, as a rule, mediæval

[1] Stanza lxxvii. merely expresses the xixth Century, "I never loved a young gazelle."

αἰσχρολογία; though here and there we meet with an expression admissible in those days, but now savouring of the indiscreet. Few of his contemporaries[1] would have touched at the Isle of Love without offending our over-delicate standard of nineteenth-century taste; and one translator, Mickle, has made the purity of the original gross.

Goethe said that the highest type of man must always contain something of the feminine. Our Poet illustrates this truth. He has all that softness of heart and gentleness of spirit which characterise the noblest forms of humanity. He is at once:—

As soft as woman and as strong as man.

And he is essentially "sympathetic," distinguished even among that sympathetic race, the *genus irritabile.*

Camoens never forgot the unutterable tenderness of his first love and the anguish of his irreparable loss. To the last he sings of Natercia with a peculiar tone which is not to be mistaken: every expert can distinguish the touch and ring of the lines addressed to her, although the name has not been inserted. The most notable, and certainly the best known, is Sonnet xix., a Portuguese address to "Natercia in Heaven." The idea is evidently Petrarchian (No. xviii.):—

[1] For instance, Ariosto, in "Orlando Furioso" (Canto viii. 49, and especially the whole "Fiammetta Episode," xxviii. 50–70). This poem shows nothing of light composition; it is said that the author began it in *terza rima;* and that several of the octaves were re-written some fifty times.

Quest' anima gentil, che si diparte, &c.
(That grateful soul in mercy called away.)
MACGREGOR.

But, if a copy, it surpasses the original. It has been "Englished" three times by Southey, Hayley ("Anon."), and "Translations from Camoens," &c. (Oxford: 8vo. 1818; Adam. i. 94, 261). None, however, have attempted it so literally as Mr. J. J. Aubertin, who has kindly allowed me to print his manuscript version :—

My gentle spirit! Thou who hast departed
So early, of this life in discontent,
Rest thou there ever in Heaven's firmament,
While I live here on earth all broken-hearted!
In that ethereal seat, where thou didst rise,
If memory of this life so far consent,
Forget not thou my ardent love unspent,
Which thou didst read so perfect in mine eyes!
And if, perchance, aught worthy thee appears
In my great cureless anguish for thy death,
Oh, pray to God who cut so short thy years
That He would also close my sorrowing breath
And swiftly call me hence thy form to see
As swiftly He deprived these eyes of thee!

In my MS., it appears as follows: it is, perhaps, not so literal as Mr. Aubertin's; yet it is rendered line for line :—

Alma minha gentil, que te partiste, &c.
(The Poet addresses his lost Natercia.)

Ah! gentle soul of me that didst depart
So soon in discontent this life so vain,
Rest there eternal in the heavenly reign,
Live I here pent to play sad mortal part!

If from those blissful seats where homed thou art,
Thy memory by-gone things may not disdain,
Ah, ne'er forget that love whose ardent strain
Thou saw'st in purest eyes that spoke my heart.

And if of thee such love gain ought of grace,
If aught avail this everlasting care,—
This yearning care no cure shall e'er efface;

Pray Him who shortened those few years so fair
As soon He bear me hence to see thy face,
As from mine eyes so soon the sight he bare.

Camoens, as we learn from himself, undoubtedly had many a Dream of Fair Women in after years; although it is unfair to see in every poetical flower a serious declaration of love; and though the Arch-Commentator pronounces his loves "platonic." Liso (xiv.), become Niso and Soliso, courts Dinamene (Sonnet clxx.),[1] and Violante, Violet the Shepherdess (Sonnets cxix. &c.) He addresses many pieces to a hapless dame who was drowned on her homeward voyage from Goa (xxiii. xxx. liii. xcix. clxxiii. ccxx. ccxxi., &c.); and the *Endechas* (dirges or love-songs) *à Barbara escrava*, probably some Hindu girl, tell their own tale. He evidently delighted in blondes, as may be seen from the frequent lines describing roses in snows and snows in gold. Yet his facetious friends charge him with black amours (Jur. i. 506); and represent him as singing to

[1] The powerful Homeric Nymph, who had not then risen to "Planet No. 200." She is mentioned by Spenser (F. Q. iv. xi. 49) as Dynámené.

a Jew's harp the loving complaints repeated by a (she-) rook, and re-echoed by a (he-) crow. The lines end with an epitaph :—

Luis, retrato negro dos amores
Negros seus, aqui jaz, a endurecida
Luiza negra o fez com negras dores
Mudar em negra morte a negra vida.

(Louis, black likeness of his blackmoor loves,
Here lieth, slain in black and bitter strife
By black Louisa, whom no pity moves,
For black Death bartering a blacker life.)

His tenth Ode, an imitation of Horace (Carm. ii. 4), pleading the power of the "Cruel Boy," is supposed to be a kind of disculpation (Jur. ii. 280, 544). A far better excuse is in the pathetic lines (Canzon i. 31–2) :—

Fraquezas são do corpo, que he de terra,
Mas não do pensamento, que he divino.

(These be the foibles of our feeble flesh,
Not of man's sprite—immortal and divine.)

Here, again, we remember Burns :—

The heart's ay the part ay,
That makes us right or wrong.

Born of this amorous complexion was his nature-worship, his adoration of the Sensuous, the Picturesque, the Beautiful; and his exceptional power of spiritualizing the material. The tender voluptuousness of Venus in the Heavenly Court (Canto ii. 33–43) is touched more lovingly and realistically than by any of the old Pagan bards, who believed in, and who bowed

before the Goddess. Hence, probably allied to the constitutional melancholy developed in later life, a vein of sadness which appears even when his spirits are at their highest. He feels deeply as Virgil himself the *lachrymæ rerum*, the *πονηρὸν τοῦ βίου*. His Inéz-episode (iii. 120–135) is a *source de larmes*, as a French translator aptly terms it. Hence, too, his vanity, his love of approbation, that amiable quality which contrasts so strongly with pride or self-approval; his sanguine hopefulness;—*la speranza è femmina*;—his delight in scenery, his enjoyment of sight as well as insight. His lovely word-pictures distinguish his Epos from those of the more stoical ancients. There are few "descriptions" proper in Homer, whose landscape is ideal (Od. v.): the heroic Greek is all action, movement, character, portrait, speech, he has little colour-sense; "his skies are never blue." Dante, the founder through Italian of Christian poetry, essentially a traveller as regards habits and souvenirs, applied scenery to the stage, picture to the portrait, a background of nature and art to the foreground of man. Camoens, to the realism of the West added the glamour of the East. His short touches which express the prosaic "Day broke," or "the Sun set," are perfectly artistic, poetic, and effective, immensely varied, moreover, by his rich vein.[1] He makes a stanza (Canto v. 2) out of A.D.

[1] A few instances are i. 59, 84; ii. 1, 13, 60; iii. 115; vi. 85; vii. 60; viii. 44; and x. 1. Tasso had many of these passages in his mind's eye.

1497, when the Armada left Lisbon. Hence, too, his pleasure in the fine arts, music, picture, and statuary. His wealth and warmth of colour, and his fluency and faculty of what is now called "Word-painting," are tempered by perfect accuracy, by trained observation, and by the ripest experience. In translating his details there is nothing more dangerous than to add an adjective or to alter a substantive. His *dizem* (they say) is Herodotean rather than Homeric; and its frequent use shows his conscientiousness.[1]

Not less warm than his love was the patriotism of our Poet. In 1553 he left Portugal exclaiming Scipio's Ingrata patria non possidebis ossa mea![2] No sooner had he lost sight of her fair face than he repents, he yearns to embrace her, he never mentions her name without a caress or a sob: she is ever a *ditosa patria minha amada*,—my loved and happy fatherland.[3] At last he longs only to die in her and with her. He delights in recounting to the age, when chivalry was slowly and surely passing away, the choicest exploits of her glorious prime.

[1] The Homeric τίς is the embodiment of the general voice, of common sense, of sound public opinion. "Thus observed τίς" leads to reflections like those of a chorus.

[2] Letter i. from India.

[3] Canto iii. 21. It is regrettable that English has no synonym for the Latin *Patria*. "Country" and "native country" are poor substitutes; and "Fatherland" is a foreigner lately naturalized. The list of wanting words in languages is curious. For instance, French and German have no name "baby" (bébé), and the latter no single word for woman (Frauensperson).

With the pathetic plaint of the Jewish exiles he mourns the change which he sees creeping over her spirit; and he strives by precept and example to raise the tone of his day to his own towering height. He roughly reprobates the *lâches* and blenches of both lords and commons:

> —Of men degenerate, who so far have strayed
> From the high, lustrous glories of their Sires,
> Deep mired in vanities and low desires. (viii. 39.)

And such freedom would naturally be considered a crime by the "Goths in power." His truly filial affection "palpitating," say the Portuguese, "with Patriotism," never wearies of preaching public virtues, of urging his laggard fellow-citizens to do noble deeds, and of passionately chiding, with an angry vitality all his own, their listlessness and indolence; their egoism and dishonesty; their lust of lucre and their hankering after "honours." For he is Captain Sword as well as Captain Pen,—the Sáhib el-Sayfi w'el-Kalam of the East.

Camoens' powerful personality animates his writings, the reflection of his mind, with the life and light of a noble intellect. He paints, like Tasso, portraits of himself. His heroes are "what every man in arms should wish to be." He is the fine flower of the Portuguese, of the European gentleman. The greatness and independence of soul, the dignity and self-respect, which he holds to be man's prerogative, make every sentiment generous, heroic, sublime. His *beau-idéal* is of the highest: the man of Camoens is noble in his way as the

man of Milton. He never o'ersteps the modesty of nature: he tempers praise with blame, unlike Poets generally and Epic Poets especially, who make their central figures monsters of perfection. We may emphatically repeat of him :—

Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.

Yet his various allusions show the most exalted conception of a good King, a great Captain, a wise Councillor, a just Judge, a pure Priest. His moral courage must have been immeasurable that could address certain of his stanzas (ix. 27 and 28) to a Monk-ridden and Jesuit-ruled court. He will not lower his standard in deference to the exalted Vulgar, the great Common-place, the prosperous Incapables, and the powerful Worthless. In an age of adulation, servility is unknown to him as to Boccaccio: every expression tells us that his Thought is free, that we hear the true ring of independence. No wonder that his Unfriends charge him with rashness and over-licence of speech.

Despite his desire to aggrandise the Sons of Lusus, he is no respecter of persons. He vents his honest wrath upon the meanness of a Portuguese Viceroy (Redondilha i.); he condemns the cruel act of his favourite Albuquerque (Canto x. 65–8); he denounces the crime of a Queen (iii. 31–2), the harsh severity of one King (iii. 136–7), the weakness of another (Canto iii., end) and the base ingratitude of a third (x. 25). He shows a perfect appreciation of his Hero-kinsman, Da Gama;

and bluntly tells him (v. 99) how much the discovery-feat owes to its Singer. He accosts his Monarch in a Dedication (i. 6–17) breathing manliness and loyalty, respect and self-respect. But he does not shirk the self-imposed duty of cautioning the young ruler against violating the golden mean, and he points out the road that leads to ruin (Epilogue x. 147–156). His is not the language in which Virgil and Ovid addressed the Cæsars; Ariosto and Tasso the Princelets of Este, whose only glory was their verse. "There is much wisdom in this Welshman!" said our Henry V. of that sturdy patriot, David Gam. Camoens, however, spoke with the double authority of a good subject—Cato's "vir bonus dicendi peritus," and of a great genius. The last lines of his Epic are a catechism for Kings.

He does not spare the rude, illiterate Grandees (vii. 82); the ambitious Adventurers (vii. 84); and Hypocrites (vii. 85); the false Churchmen, the debauched Priests and the sham Missionaries of his day (x. 119). He foresees that the meddling of the "Spiritual powers" would bring about the material ruin of his unhappy Portugal (x. 150); and his observations upon Ecclesiastics are supposed to apply to the Cardinal, afterwards the Cardinal-King, D. Henrique. He openly asserts that Italy, under Papal rule had fallen through undue pretensions from her high estate (iii. 15). He even reflects upon the single caitiff act of an Apostle (iv. 13): here, however, his panegyrist, Faria y Sousa, blames him for rashness, opining the "Denial of Peter" to be a

mystery.[1] Withal he devoutly believes in the teachings of "The Mother" (Church). His religion is Dante's, that of a Catholic not of a Papist; of a Poet not of a Puritan; while his creed is the broadest his times would tolerate.

In point of morals Camoens, like our great English novelist, whom he so much resembles in honour, honesty and healthy sentiment, shows himself by no means faultless. His morality, using the word in its unclerkly, ampler, and manlier sense, as the work of the brain's middle lobe, is conspicuous. Here again we have Fielding who, despite the Philister's "excessive and unaccountable depreciation," was one of England's greatest moralists, as well as one of her noblest sons. Camoens never forgets a friend, a benefactor, a patron. He immortalises the kindly Cambodians of the "Mecom River," who received him hospitably after shipwreck (x. 128). He uses his influence, not to serve his own interests, but to promote those of his friends. He never says a word in dispraise of Good or in praise of Evil: hence his writings have been described as a tonic, a strengthening draught,—*une lecture saine et fortifiante.* And if he can deal out splendid eulogy, he is capable, like Ariosto and Tasso, of the fiercest satire: the greater the man the ampler is his capacity for Hate and Scorn as well as for Love and Affection. He repays with a sæva indignatio the "malignity of evil tongues." He is not one of the

[1] Rabelais makes Friar John roundly abuse all the apostles for cowardice.

craven souls who, when injured and insulted, turn wrath-pale, and swallow their rage till it poisons their blood. "Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'" is by no means his way. He especially disdains to repress his resentment, and to conceal his contempt

Of captive Good attending Captain Ill,

when successful Fraud or prosperous Vice and Folly parade before "Desert a beggar-born," neglected Genius, misplaced Honour and tongue-tied Truth. Yet, characteristically magnanimous, he seldom names the men whom he lashes with the scourge of scorpions. In fact, his Morality is conspicuous as his Intellect and his Fancy.

We find in Camoens none of the weakly, sickly Humanitarianism of our modern day. He has not a trace of that effeminate hysterical altruism which vents itself upon beasts[1] as well as upon human beings. He ignores the Cosmopolitan sentiment which makes love of country decline into love of self, and which changes the Cant of Patriotism for the Cant of Unpatriotism, or what Earl Russell called the "Recant of Patriotism." He is an aristocrat to the backbone. With him the people is *O vulgo vil.* Such, however, was the language of his day, a classical derivation from the sine nomine plebs and the profanum vulgus of Virgil and Horace. We find the same in the sprightly Ariosto (xxxv. 25) and

[1] In English poetry the love of lower animals apparently begins with the three Hares of hapless Cowper.

in the amiable Tasso, *quanta plebe ignobil cade;* "Johannes Factotum" makes Coriolanus a great offender, and Spenser has many a variation of "raskall rout." Yet Camoens, like Burns, had in him the enthusiasm of Humanity. His pleadings for the people, at the end of The Lusiads, show that he loves man, that his heart is in the right place. And in many passages we find him touching upon those finer issues which make men feel their common kinship. This is what we expect: it is still true that "out of the strong cometh sweetness."

The complement of his tenderness was his valour. His companions in arms, the *Conquistadores* of India, looked upon him as the Brave of Braves. Equally versed in the Arts of War and Peace, he gaily affronted the severest trials of the voyage, the march, and the battle. Indeed he often prescribes the dose to his countrymen as the best drastic for wealth-plethora, luxury-fever and effeminacy-phthisis. His martial strains would have done more harm than good, had he not persistently recommended, when preaching his crusade against "The Moors," that warlike operations be placed under the greatest Captains of the day."[1]

The sage Chilon of Lacedæmon first said so, and there are many in our modern age of Gold and Gilding who hold to his dictum, that Disinterestedness is the best touchstone of character. Camoens carried his contempt of

[1] See the Exordium; Cantos iii. 48; iv. 13; v. 93; vi. 95; vii. 2; viii. 39; ix. 91–105; x. 58; and the Epilogue.

this world's goods to an excess that becomes an evil. He was imprudent in money matters as he was impecunious. The repeated charges of malversation suggest negligence at least; and perpetual debt does not adorn the gentle life. Yet even this defect had its noble side. Evidently he estimated the mundane and its valuables by the standard of his own mind, not by the measure of others. He cared nothing for the process popularly called "getting on in the world;" and, worse sin still, he told his contempt to the world of "getters on." The accident of his wreck is suggestive. He lost his little hoard of "Sycee Silver" and saved from the sinking ship only the manuscript of his Lusiads. It was thoroughly characteristic of the man to throw away Fortune and to preserve Fame.

Camoens must have appeared to his contemporaries, especially to the "many-headed," the model of an "impracticable man." In an age of courtiers and adulators he had constituted himself a manner of Censor:—could anything be more unpalatable, more offensive to "Society," especially when Society felt that she was wrong and he was right? The Poet must have known what pains and penalties to expect from the host of complacent mediocrities, who deemed themselves the salt of this earth when he showed them how they lacked savour. But he never offered, as Aristophanes has it, a "Libation to Dullness." He was too honest and honourable, some will say too imprudent and reckless, to hold his peace. The fact is, he wor-

shipped Truth. With him Truth is ever good to tell; and he tells it little recking how much it told against his own interests. Moreover he is not contented with telling the "Truth and nothing but the Truth." He must e'en tell the "whole Truth," a far more dangerous exercise. In fine, he had the courage of his opinions; and, as was said of another, "he never feared the face of man."

Camoens in his younger days used freely to lament his "outrageous Fortunes," the miseries of Exile and the neglect of his King and Country. Still there was an under-current of pity, of mourning for their backslidings who preferred Ulysses to Ajax (x. 24), and who promoted the flatterer and the sycophant to the prejudice of the brave soldier and the accomplished man of letters. With years this querulousness increased, and at last it assumed the melancholy form of a "grievance." He clean ignored the Oriental sentiment:—

> An olden saw of man doth say,
> The more his worth the less his pay.[1]

Grant we that the Poet's misfortunes were abnormal and excessive; that disappointment dogged his every step; that neglect was the only guerdon of one who was raising a monument worthy of his Country's glory; that his woman-like sensitiveness and sensibility, — that curious touch of the feminine temperament in a doughty

[1] Izzet Mullah's "Eulogy of the Pen," in Persian:—

> Be Shahr ín Masal shuhrey-e-álam ast,
> Keh har Kas hunar bíshtar az lozi kam ast.

man-at-arms and an undaunted traveller,—may have been too much for his manliness; and, finally, that the infirmities and the maladies of advancing age had weakened the action of his brain, popularly termed the mind. Still, making all allowance, we must confess that, during his later years, Camoens did not show the nobility, the fortitude and the dignity we expect from a nature so truly noble. His Portuguese admirers have not failed to notice this final want of stoicism; but they seem startled by their own temerity; and apologise for daring to see the sun-spot. Some of his poetry becomes one long wail; nor can we accept as valid his excuse:

—Mas quem pena
Forçado lhe he gritar, se a dôr he grande. (Canz. xi. 22-3.)

(For whoso grieves
Perforce, if grief be great enough, must greet.)

We feel hurt at reading such laboured and rhetorical complaints as these:—"Who hath ever heard say that on so small a theatre as one poor bed, Fortune willed to represent such great misfortunes? And I, as though these did not suffice me, I range myself on her side; for to resist such accumulated evils would appear shameless audacity!"[1] Another and a sterner reply would have better suited the mean Fidalgo, Ruy Dias da Camara, who dunned the Poet's sick-room for a transla-

[1] Letter to D. Francisco de Almeida, before quoted. Some look upon the sentiment as delivered in jest; but it appears terribly earnest.

tion of the "Penitential Psalms."[1] We are pained by such a moan as:—"When I wrote those verses I was young; well fed, a lover and beloved by many friends and fair dames: this gave me poetic fire. Now I have neither spirit nor peace of mind for anything; there standeth my Javan who asketh from me two groats (*moedas*) to buy charcoal, and I have them not to give him."

The lovers of Camoens, and they are in legions, must ever regret that he did not go down to his grave dumb of grievance, as Socrates the Sage and Seneca the Singer; that he did not prefer to Ecclesiasticus (xxix. 24; xl. 28–29) the noble sentiment Ecce spectaculum . . . . Dei dignum, vir fortis cum mala fortuna compositus (Sen. De Providentiâ, ii. 6). He might have shown the moral courage of a Dante[2] who sang in exile:—

> *Tu proverai sì come sa di sale*
> *Lo pane altrui*, &c. (Par. xvii. 58.)
>
> (Yes, thou shalt taste how savoureth of salt
> The stranger's bread.)

[1] Jur. (i. 510) suggests that the ignoble Noble may have given alms before he left the starving and dying Poet. F. y S., who first tells the story, ends it thus:—"Thence I infer that this gentleman (and others like him) closed his purse for four maravedis, and opened his mouth to ask for Psalms."

[2] Yet Villani says of the great Exile, "He was well pleased in this poem to blame and cry out in the manner of poets, in some places perhaps more than he ought to have done, but it may be that his exile made him do so." Hence, too, his epitaph, "Hic claudor Dantes patriis extorris ab orris."

He might have said with Sir Henry Wotton :—

> How happy is he born and taught
> That serveth not another's will
>
> * * * *
>
> That man is freed from servile lands
> Of hope to rise or fear to fall :
> Lord of himself though not of lands ;
> And, having nothing, yet hath all.

But he unhappily adopted the tone made familiar by "the poet's poet," gentle Spenser, who exclaimed in the bitterness of dependence upon Court-favour :—

> O griefe of griefes ! O gall of all good heartes !
> To see that Vertue should dispised bee ; &c.
> (The Ruines of Time, 449-50.)

And he re-echoed the "Serene Shepherd" as he awoke from his day-dreams of ambition :—

> Full little knowest thou, that has not tride,
> What Hell it is in suing long to bide : &c.
> (Mother Hubberd's Tale, 895.)

Such weakly lamentations may well have been spared us. Camoens had battled for the Right against a world of Wrong ; and such men must expect to die in the Hospital, the Workhouse or the Jail. And who would not happily face a similar end after writing the immortal Lusiads ? But the bed of Sickness and Death does not show many Rabelais : often, indeed, it fails to carry out the purpose and character of the life. "Tell me how

the man lived, not how he died," is a wise saying. Meanwhile we are thankful that The Lusiads show little of this final frailty, this sad eclipse. The Magnum Opus was conceived and born in the morning and meridian of life, in the heroic period, when the glow of manliness was highest and hottest, and the few allusions to sad fortunes[1] are the pathetic shadows of great lights.

During his palmy days the Poet's character had a grandeur of soul, a magnanimity of spirit, a fineness of ethical perception, a pride of independence, a truthfulness and constancy in dealing with Fortune, or rather with Misfortune, which, combined with his amiability, his serene temper, his buoyant hopefulness and his brilliant valour, rendered him phenomenal among the Bards. He was a great "maker," and an even greater citizen of that greatest Republic,—the World. His virtues were his own, self-trained in the old heroic school. His vices were those of his Media,—date and place. His faults and foibles belonged to human nature, which is imperfect even now. It is not astonishing—indeed we should be astonished had it been otherwise—that so exceptional a soul was a failure in life, died in want, and after death is almost deified by his countrymen.

With Camoens, the Patriot, the Soldier, the Poet, fell his beloved Portugal, not to rise again for many a weary year of bondage. In like manner,—a strange coinci-

[1] For instance Canto v. 97; vi. end; vii. 78–81; and x. 128 and 145.

dence !—her neglect of Cervantes was expiated by Spain, whose name presently ceased to be a word of power throughout the world. Here we have no need to invoke a special Nemesis. The blunted conscience, and the degraded national character that can sordidly neglect or spitefully entreat, the "Almighty's Patent," the Genius whom it was man's highest duty to honour and to cherish, are the clearest signs and symptoms of decay, decline and fall. And only the amplest confession of its past unworthiness can restore to such a people its self-esteem and the respect of the world.

Portugal allowed the noblest of her many noble sons to die in a beggar's bed and to fill a pauper's grave. Presently she made honourable amends for the irreparable wrong; and published her penitence to the world. Camoens became, soon after his death, what he is now, and what he shall be while Time endures, *O grande Camoens;* and his countrymen vie in rendering honour to him who,—

Ense simul calamoque auxit tibi, Lysia, famam.

On October 9, 1867, a double-size bronze statue of the Poet, by Victor Bastos, was set up in the Praça de Luis de Camoēs,[1] fronting the Rua do Chiado, the most crowded, although the shortest, street of Lisbon, where stand three of the finest churches. Around it are grouped eight of his most distinguished predecessors

[1] There is also a Largo de Camoēs near the Praça de D. Pedro.

and contemporaries, G. E. d' Azurara, Joam de Barros, Couto, Sá de Miranda, Pedro Eannes Nunes, Fernam Lopes Castanheda, J. Corte Real and Quevedo. June 8–10, '80, the third centenary of his death, witnessed a solemn national commemoration, a passionate confession of past wrong. Men of Lusitanian blood gathered, at the summons of the Press, from the four quarters of the globe, especially from the Brazil, whose accomplished Sovereign is a "Camonian" enthusiast, to take part in this splendid tribute paid to the greatest of Peninsular singers. The Capital rang with the praises of him whose history is now surrounded by the halo of romance. It was a Saint's festival following a martyrdom, a splendid apotheosis to which the glooms of memory lent a brighter glow.[1]

Mickle's sensible and outspoken remarks upon the ill-treatment of Camoens[2] hurt the national susceptibilities of a past generation. The words would have been more forcible had the translator only mentioned, in fairness, that no country has been a more unjust stepmother to certain of her poetic sons than his own. The amiable Spenser, the pride of our romantic literature, was allowed to die in King-street, "for lacke of bread." Thomas Otway choked himself when staying the pangs

[1] A full account of the "Function" is given in the "Livro do Tricentenario," which I have not yet seen. The Brazil celebrated the Tercentenary by founding a new building for the National Library, by opening a Camoens Exhibition, &c. &c.

[2] Life of Camoens, cxxiii–cxxix.

of hunger with an alms-crust. Richard Savage may have deserved to perish of want and misery in Newgate; not so the gallant Cavalier-poet, Richard Lovelace, who died of starvation in Gunpowder Alley, and not so the "marvellous boy" who, after rejecting his landlady's dinner, found nothing better to do than to poison himself. And "What porridge had John Keats?" who thanked God that his death-hour had struck. While loving to honour a Wordsworth and a Southey, the Philister and the *Halbbildung*, condemned to exile noble Shelley and glorious Byron, that hater of shams and humbug. The latter, indeed, has not yet obtained plenary pardon from the Unco Guid: while Paris has remembered him in the Rue Lord Byron, a miserable London vestry lately refused a place to his statue, and the latter was set up in Hamilton Gardens under protest, as it were.

There is a quaint parallelism in the careers of the two greater Iberian lights; and the peculiar coincidence of their fortunes has been glanced at by a Spanish biographer.[1] Luis de Camoens and Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra[2] were contemporaries, and they must often

[1] Of Cervantes, Adam. i. 234–36. Mrs. Oliphant (Cervantes, Blackwood, 1880) has apparently never heard of Camoens.

[2] Nat. Oct. 9, 1547, at the University Alcalá de Henares, where a bronze statue was placed in 1879 (six other places claiming the honour); published Part i. of D. Quijote (small 8vo.) in 1605, followed by three or four Editions in the same year; and Part ii. in 1615: died of dropsy at Madrid, æt. 69, on Shakespeare's birthday (April 13–23, 1616). D. Quijote is again becoming "the fashion"

have heard of one another. Yet, curious to say, Camoens never mentions Cervantes,[1] while Cervantes alludes to Camoens in only one passage where he calls The Lusiads *El tesoro del Luso* (the Lusian's treasure). Both were born Hidalgos of ancient and decaying families. Both show the *Sangre Azul*, that Gothico-Scandinavian, not German, blood[2] whose signs and symbols are blue eyes and golden hair. The two were physically of one type. Cervantes thus draws his own likeness:—He, whom we see here, hath a visage sharp and aquiline; his hair of chestnut hue; his eyes lively; his forehead smooth and high; his nose hawkish, but well proportioned; his mouth small; his beard silvery (twenty years ago it had

in England, where Mr. Duffield has just published a new translation of the great humourist. The first version, entitled | The History of | Don Quichote: The first Parte | Printed by Ed. Blount, | was by Thomas Shelton, in 1610 (1611 ? 1612?); Parte ii. by another hand (?) appeared in 1620. It went through six Editions, more deserving and more fortunate than the paraphrase of John Philips (1687) or the attempts of unwholesome Peter Anthony Motteux (1701); of Jarvis (1742); of Smollett (1755, a plagiary from Jarvis); and of Lockhart (1822), who simply reproduced Motteux. I have heard of but not seen that of Mr. Kelly.

[1] Camoens also ignores the names of Sá de Miranda, Ferreira, Caminha, Bernardes, and even Francis Xavier. Again it must be borne in mind that many of our prolific Poet's works are lost, or rather, let us hope, are missing. Jur. reminds us that neither Virgil nor Horace mention Cicero, and that Boileau is silent concerning La Fontaine.

[2] I hold the Scandinavian to be an older and nobler Aryan emigration than the Teuton: this is not, however, the place to discuss an anthropological question.

a golden tint); his upper lip furnished with long mustachios; his teeth few, numbering only six in front; his complexion fair rather than brown; his stature of a middle size, neither tall nor short; thick in the shoulders, and not over light of foot."

More remarkable were the points of moral resemblance in the two writers who both deserve a place amongst "Plutarch's Men," a term of late much abused. Cervantes was one of the noblest minds produced by his nation, singularly favoured by nature with rare greatness of soul. His characteristics were the union of undaunted courage and exceeding tenderness; his especial gifts are truth, purity of mind, candour, and independence of spirit; heroic constancy and fierce hatred of persecution, violence, and cruelty. His writings denote remarkable delicacy of taste, combined with that homely Spanish humour which has the flavour of dry sherry; and his genial temper and amiability endeared him to his friends who, as we easily understand, were few.

Both these true gentlemen, after the usual University course, the elder at Coimbra, the junior at Madrid (?), began life as "soldiers of fortune," that is sans fortune, rank, and worldly goods. Both "planted a lance in Africa," as the brave old saying was. Camoens was in garrison at Ceuta, Cervantes spent five years and a half in chains at Algiers. Both fought against the Moslem, then the terror and the danger of Christendom; both were wounded in the wars; both were ridiculed instead of being admired and rewarded for

their wounds. In the Campaign of 1570-71, which broke the back of the "Drunkard," Sultan Selim II., Cervantes received two harquebuss-shots in the breast, while a third disabled his left hand "for the glory of the right":[1] hence his honourable soubriquet, "The mutilated of Lepanto." Both received, for sole recompense, petty official appointments, when they would have done credit to the highest.

Both were repeatedly thrown into jail, for real cause of debt and on false charges of malversation. Camoens wrote sundry of his chefs-d'œuvre in prison at Goa and Mozambique; Cervantes issued part of his immortal romance when in durance vile at Argamasilla (?). Both spent their last sad and obscure years in their native lands, enjoying little of the popularity heaped upon their memories, and apparently resigned to forego posthumous fame. Neither of them has left anything like the triumphant *exegi monumentum* of the Roman lyrist, who belongs, like them, to all time. Both "pauper gentlemen" were pensioners of the Crown; but, while Camoens did not receive his yearly £3. 8s., Cervantes married a small property:—the great Spaniard, in fact, was never brought so low by Fortune as was the greater Portuguese.

Both wrote Pastorals, Satires, Dramas, a "Labyrinth," a "Parnassus," and an Epic; the latter a composition

[1] In the Arsenal of St. Mark, Venice, hangs the great Standard of the Turkish Admiral, which Cervantes "may have grasped with his unwounded hand."

easy to the Neo-Latin, not to the Northern races, whose epos is mostly scant in epopee. M. Taine, with justice, holds *the* heroic poem of Spain to be Don Quijote; not Ercilla's Araucana.[1] Both Poets suffered in their poetry by the inevitable meddling and muddling of ecclesiastics. It is well known that the "Religious of Saint Domenick," the Inquisition, insisted upon changing, adding, and expunging certain passages of The Lusiads.[2] At the same time, perhaps we must be grateful for his small mercies to the "Qualificator" (Censor) of the Holy Office, Fr. Bartholomeu Ferreira, a kind of theological Aristarchus,[3] who did not allow

[1] So Carlyle makes Shakespeare's historical plays our national Epos, whilst his own Life of Frederick the Great is that of Prussia. M. Taine declared Michelet's History to be the Epopee of France; let us add some of the Béranger Songs, *Les Souvenirs du Peuple* and *Le vieux Caporal.*

[2] *E.g.* Canto ii. 12, where Bacchus worships the Founder of Christianity; iii. 143, where the weakness of the "Lord's Anointed," the worthless D. Fernando, is weakly condoned; ix. 71 and 81 treating of the Sea-nymphs; x. 38, explaining away the poetic word Fate; and x. 82, abolishing the Gods of Olympus. This was in fact to stultify the *ambages deorum et ministeria* which, as in the "Transfiguration" of Raphael, form the upper half of the panorama. Lastly x. 108–118 contains the silly episode, miracle, and martyrdom of an apocryphal Saint Thomas; put, moreover, into the mouth of a pagan Nymph, who sings it in the presence of a mythological Goddess. To priestly hands also we must attribute sundry "amputated editions" issued after the Poet's death, especially those of 1584 and 1597, which dishonestly claimed to be reprints of 1572. They will be noticed in the Tabular Appendix.

[3] Highly spoken of by Jur. (i. 111) who has ever a good word for "Dignities."

greater mutilation. Cervantes, who had been excommunicated, whispered to M. de Boulay, French Ambassador, Madrid, "Had it not been for the Inquisitors, I should have made my book much more amusing."

Both writers were subjected to the hostile, carping, and unworthy criticism of many a rival,

Carmina qui scripsit Musis et Apolline nullo ;

of men who expect to put out the sun by pointing at a few sun-spots. As Homer had his Zoïlus, Virgil his Æneidomastix, and Milton his Lauder, so Camoens was attacked by Padres Ferreira[1] and Macedo;[2] and Cervantes by the traitor-priest, who called himself Licentiate Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda[3] (Luiz de Aliaga ?).

[1] Ignacio Garcez Ferreira ("Ferr."), alias the "Arcadian Gilmedo," and the fifth biographer (1731–32) who followed F. y. S., was a foreigner criticising the Portuguese style of a Portuguese.

[2] There is a strong whiff of personal jealousy in the *Censura das* (not *dos*) *Lusiadas : por José Agostinho de Macedo*, 2 vols. 12mo, *Lisboa, Impressão Regia.* His poem *O Oriente*, not being duly appreciated, the poet, at best a Portuguese Gifford, wrote the book whose first and last editions are dated 1814 and 1820 (Jur. i. 367). The motto is from Claudian :—

Tolluntur in altum.
At lapsu graviore ruant.

I have occasionally quoted from Ferreyra, and Macedo ("Mac."), in the terminal notes (Appendix Vol. II.), that the reader may judge their style of criticism, mostly a "heap of clotted nonsense."

[3] Avellaneda's object in printing this continuation is still a mystery, and as little can we understand why Cervantes noticed it in his Second Part. Hence, possibly, the idea that Lope de Vega,

The latter, not contented with a spurious, impure, and impertinent continuation of D. Quijote, in which the Don was vilified, abused its author personally and ignobly for his wounds, his grey hairs, and his isolation. In both cases :—

Zoïle contre Homère en vain se déchaîna ;

And, if the critic survive it is like

A tomtit twittering on an eagle's back,

or because, as Easterns say, "worms, in turbants hid, ride upon the heads of kings."[1]

Both authors sang the Swan's Song, and wrote in the very presence of death. Cervantes, after receiving extreme unction, indulged his ruling passion by composing the dedication of his "Persiles." Camoens produced, shortly before expiring, Sonnet No. ccxxxiv., beginning with :—

Oh ! quanto melhor he o supremo dia.
(How better blest is man's supremest day)[2]
Nobis.

His personal friends, Manoel Ribeiro and Alvaro de Mesquita, declared that after burning the opening stanzas of his "Sebastianade," probably in 1578, he "lost all his poetic fury, and never wrote another line."

who abused the poetry of Cervantes, penned the coarse pernicious trash.

[1] The poetical Oriental idea became, in Burns, "Lines to a Louse on a Lady's Bonnet."

[2] Jur. i. 127.

But he evidently composed Sonnet cccxlvi. upon the death of D. Sebastian, beginning:—

Com o generoso rosto lanceado, &c.
(With mark of lance upon his martial face.)

It is highly artificial and mythological, but this does not prevent it being the expression of real feeling. Buchanan did not sorrow the less for the loss of his wife because he employed himself in writing polyglot epitaphs. There is no saying what turn the sick mind takes.

Both these great men found their country declining towards her fall. Both tried to arrest the course of fate; and both must have died labouring under a sore sense of failure. Both, after being the sport of misfortune, ended their chequered lives and literary careers, in sadness and disappointments manifold. And to both "Fortune was as kind after death as she had been unkind and cruel during life."

Even Death made little difference in their lots. Camoens was buried like a pauper in the Chapel of the Franciscan nuns, Lisbon; Cervantes with rites as beggarly in the Convent of the Trinitarian nuns, Madrid. For years after his death Camoens had no epitaph; an earthquake destroyed his tomb, and the discovery of his bones is, to say the least, doubtful. The remains of Cervantes were never found, after the holy women changed their house. Spain and New York have built statues to his memory; but no inscription,

save on a cenotaph, can mark the last home of Spain's noblest son. Finally, we may say of each with equal propriety :—

> He was a man, take him for all in all,
> We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

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§ 3. Camoens the Poet.

THREE centuries of commentary and criticism, of praise and dispraise, heaped upon Camoens in profusion and in wild extremes, have left to modern essayists little beyond a comparison of statements, followed by an expression of personal taste, of individual preference and of private judgment.

A glance at the "Epos of Commerce" explains how and why it has been treated with excessive enthusiasm and depreciation, encomium and contempt. An intense nationality, a commanding personality, and the originality of genius make warm friends and no less bitter foes.

Consequently Camoens has his idolaters like Severim, Faria y Sousa, and Duperron de Castéra, to quote the three chief sufferers from the *lues commentatoria.* To them he is Homeros (the fitter), Achilles the fighter. They write like Rhapsodists, like Epitaphists :—

> Vertere fas, æquare nefas, æquabilis uni
> Est sibi, par nemo, nemo secundus erit.

Even the more discriminating Editors, have, of late years, warmed themselves to enthusiasm. They can no longer be called *insensiveis e frios* (frigid) *biographos;* whose breath of spirit cannot give life to the dry bones of fact and date, and body forth the real man. The Lusiads has become a model Epopee, a "divine production," perfect in all its five parts, and fulfilling every law laid down by Aristotle.[1]

The Exordium or Proem, including Exposition (Canto i. 1–3), Invocation (i. 4–5), and Dedication (i. 6–18), leads worthily to the abrupt *Archè* the view of the Armada ploughing tranquil seas. This introduces the *Méson* or accidents of navigation, and a noble *Télos*, or *nexus*, brings the whole to its proper close. The Fable (subject) is incomparably more important to mankind than the destruction of a city, a cruise in the Mediterranean, a mythus of Hebrew Eden or a visit to Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven, which only teaches us to avoid all three. The unity is admirably preserved. The Praxis, or main action, is illustrious and of appropriate magnitude: it recounts the exploits of a Hero, who fares to explore "man's inn and dwelling-place" (x. 91); to spread commerce, civilisation, and Christianity, and to return in all the pomp and pride of success. The Poem is equally notable for "Manners" (character of the actors), for "Sentiment" (propriety of thought), for exciting Pathos and Terror,[2] and for

[1] Poetics. Caps. 23–24.

[2] Ἔλεος=Pity (for others). Φόβος=Fear (for oneself).

"Diction" which, according to the rule, is straightforward in the main business, and most studied and ornate in the idler parts.

Around this principal and essential act of a grand historic Drama, all the non-essentials fall, we are told, into their fittest places. The Episodes are not outlaid but inlaid; not excrescences from, but ornaments of, the Praxis; and these the Poet lavishes with a liberal hand. The Exordium is even longer than that of Lucan to Nero, or rather Rome; and Statius to Germanicus-Domitian, "a little heavy but not less divine:" here Camoens takes the liberty allowed to a Romanesque Poet of the chivalrous age. Both Invocation and Epilogue contain passages of perfect practical and poetical beauty; although, as also happened to Virgil's Pollio, Fortune was pleased notably to stultify, in whole and in part, every forecast.

Camoens, they add, swims with the "Corks of insolent Greece and haughty Rome." Homer excels in sublimity; Virgil in purity and tenderness; Ariosto in luxuriant fancy; and Tasso in enthusiasm. Camoens combines all. The historical part of The Lusiads (Cantos iii. iv. and x.) rivals if not surpasses The Æneid (iv. and vi.). While the Renaissance period failed to produce an Epopee in Italy, England, and France, little Portugal can point to her triumph in the noblest field of poetry. Her Epos is not only the most complete that has appeared in any modern tongue; it is also the first born. *El Cid Campeador*,

a song older than Dante, is a Cento of ballad narratives, so ably strung together as to give individuality. *L'Italia liberata dai Goti* is easy writing but hard reading, and by no means a success.[1] The three Orlandos, including that of the "Homer of Ferrara," are romances rather than Epics.[2] The "Pride of Bergamo," whom Byron revenged upon Duke Alphonso, did not publish till 1575, or three years after The Lusiads.

[1] "Italy freed from the Goths," whose vehicle is the *verso sciolto* (unrhymed iambics), so little fitted for Neo-Latin poetry, has become a Classic after the fashion of our Somerville: it is printed, not read. Giovanni Giorgio Trissino (called Dresino by Ariosto) of Vicenza (nat. July 8, 1478), statesman, scholar, and student of science, was highly appreciated by Leo X. He wrote *Sofonisba*, the first classical Italian tragedy; besides a vast number of sonnets, canzons, madrigals, &c.; and he died æt. 71–2, on Dec. 1, 1550.

[2] First was the *O. Innamorato* of Matteo M. Boiardo, nat. 1434, studied at Ferrara, was made Governor of Reggio (1472) and of Modena (1481), returned to Reggio, and there died in 1494 (Feb 20? Dec. 20?), without putting the last touch to his poem. In 1823 an abstract, verse and prose, was published by the translator of Ariosto—Mr. Rose. *O. Innamorato* appeared under the same title, by Francesco Berni (nat. 1490, ob. July, 1535), a good Latinist, who gave fresh life to Italian "jocose poetry." Ariosto's *O. Furioso* (1516) came between the two.

[3] Although born at Sorrento, bred at Naples, and homed at Ferrara, Tasso considered himself a Bergamasco, and printed his first productions (æt. 18) at Venice. Here he lived, in the Fondaco dei Turchi (lately rebuilt for a museum), and soon became a prime favourite of the gondoliers. They sang, however, the Italian, not the local version, of the Jerusalem. The Venetian dialect, which has an admirable translation of the Iliad, brought forth

The Philo-Camoensians cannot sufficiently praise the special gifts of their model poet; the flexibility and versatility of his Muse, his graceful Fancy and vivacious Imagination; his inexhaustible vein of erudition in every mine of literature; his robust spirit that makes him appear a modern thinker amongst us moderns; and the beauty, the fitness and the sublimity of his *morale*, expressed in sentiments which fire the heart and leave an indelible impress upon the soul. They stand up sturdily for his originality. He found the world of Portuguese letters divided into three factions; the Petrarchistas (Italians); the Trovistas (nationals) and the Latins (classics), all meeting in one point, the rhythe which had been popularised throughout Europe

more than one variant of *El Tasso stravestro da Barcariol Venezian*. The most spirited is that of Dr. Tomaso Mondini :—*El Goffredo del Tasso cantà* (cantata) *alla Barcariola* (2 vols., Venice, 1790). It begins :—

L'arme pietose de cantar gho (ho) wogia (*voglia*),
E de Goffredo la immortal braura,
Che al fin l'ha liberá co strussia e dogia (*dolore*),
Del nostro buon Gesù la Sepoltura;
De mezo mondo unito, e de quel Bogia (*boia*),
Missier Pluton no l'ha lù mai paura;
Dio l'ha agiutà e i compagni sparpagnai
Tutti 'l gh 'i ha messi insieme i dì dai (dalli, lay on ! give it !)

An older version, *El Tasso tradotto in Lingua Venetiana* (by Signor Simon Timadoni: sotto i Porteghi à Rialto, 1691), prints the first line of each stanza longer than the rest. This is contrary to Italian usage; but we find it in the so-called Second Edition of The Lusiads (1572).

by the Arabs. Camoens, they say, affiliated himself to none in the produce of his "fecund natural genius." They delight in his impartiality, his love of truth and justice, his loyalty and his triumphant tone of patriotism. This burning Amor patriæ enlists us, they say, in the cause of Portugal, the "birth-place of a soul so truly Portuguese;" and compels us to take a personal pride and pleasure in her prowess.

They own that the language had been formed before Camoens' day.[1] The poetic style had been cultivated by writers who preceded him a few years: such were, for instance, Sá de Miranda; Bernardim Ribeiro and Gil Vicente the "Father of the Portuguese Theatre."[2] The patriarchs of prose were Lobeira,[3] Azurara,[4] Castanheda,[5] Joam de Barros, the "Livy of Portugal,"

[1] Four octaves of a Poem attributed to D. Roderick (the last of the Goths A.D. 711), were found in 1187; they are rather Portuguese than Spanish. A little song, written by Egas Moniz (temp. Count Henrique, ob. 1185) is intelligible to the xixth century. Other specimens are given by Ferd. Dénis (*Résumé de l'Histoire littéraire de Portugal*, &c., Paris, Lecomte, 1826).

[2] Sá de M., nat. 1495, ob. 1548. B. Ribeiro nat. in Alemtejo (date unknown), first published Songs in 1557 (Andre de Burgos, 1 vol. 8vo.), G. Vicente (nat. ?) printed earliest plays in 1505; ob. 1557.

[3] V. de Lobeira of Oporto (ob. 1403) wrote the most popular book of his day, *Amadis de Gaula* (Gaulla); it has appeared in many and various forms, such as *L'Amadigi di Gaula* of Bernardo Tasso.

[4] The chronicler Gomes Eannes d'Azurara first described the feats of the Portuguese in the Eastern Seas, in his Chronica, &c., which was written in 1453, and comes up to 1448.

[5] Fernam Lopes de Castanheda, an indefatigable student, born (?),

and the remarkable Damiam de Goes.[1] But though Camoens did not create Portuguese, they declare that

ob. 1559. He went to Goa in 1528, wrote at Coimbra his *Historia da India*, partly based upon the *Roteiro* (Ruttier, or log-book) of the voyage. The first Edition (4to. pp. 267) of his laborious work appeared in 1551; the second (8 books) came out in 1561, and ended with 1548. This work contains the Latin inscription found at Cintra (and forged by order of D. Manoel), which predicts the Discovery of India. His history was translated into French (1553), Spanish (1554), Italian (1578), and English by N. L(itchfield) in 1587. Of Barros I need hardly speak.

[1] Born at Alemquer in 1501: died 1573. In 1534 he restored the parish Church of the Varzéa, where he built his tomb, lately decorated with his bust. He was sent on diplomatic business to Poland, Denmark, and Sweden; he was the guest of Erasmus for five months at Fribourg, and he spent fourteen years in foreign travel, and in writing various Latin books, including his Commentaries (Louvain, 1539 and 1544); the first and second Sieges of Diu (Diensis Oppugnatio; Louvain, 1544; and De Bello Cambaico, Louvain, 1549). After being taken prisoner in Louvain by the French (1542), he was recalled to Portugal (1546) by D. Joam III., who appointed him Chief Chronicler and Keeper of the Torre do Tombo (the State Archives). While holding this post he wrote the *Chronica do . . . rei Dom Emmanuel* (1566–67). Suspected by the Holy Office of Lutherism, he was impeached and thrown into the prisons of the Inquisition. After fulfilling the term of his sentence in the Convent of Batalha, he was found dead in 1573. "Some assert that the Inquisitors, not daring to throw into the fires of an *Auto da fé* the body of a man whom a Pope and various Monarchs of Europe had treated as a friend, employed the hand of an assassin to rid themselves of Damiam de Goes, whose learning and daring spirit might prove troublesome" (Mr. Lewtas in The Athenæum, Nov. 1, '79). Goes, who had not been in India, borrows from Castanheda; Osorio from Goes, and Barros-cum-Couto from all who preceded them.

he finished the noble edifice; that he furbished and sharpened the instrument to a perfect tool of human thought. They point out that the words which he grew or rather imported from Latin, have almost all become popular;[1] and that men still speak his tongue. And, as one of his translators pithily remarks:—"It must be borne in mind that we (translators) build with ready-made material, while he dug from the quarry, rough-hewing and polishing the substance of his structure; he strengthened the language of Portugal, and his influence remains in it to this day."

His lovers dwell fondly upon the peculiar propriety of his diction, the curiosa felicitas of Petronius Arbiter, which never approaches the two extremes, Bathos and Bombast. They admire his unaffected simplicity, his elegance and his perspicuity of style, which conceals under its natural flow the highest art; his sweetness, melody, and harmony; his masterly power of making sound echo sense; his grace and polish of expression; his copiousness and facility of rhyme; his variety and vivacity of apostrophe; his conciseness at pleasure, confining his verse to noun and verb; his nice conduct of the marvellous, which Aristotle bluntly calls "The False;" and, lastly, his modesty and delicacy which makes the picture of the Isle of Love (Cantos ix. and x.) "resemble," as Mickle well said, "the statue of Venus de Medicis" (*sic*).

[1] Many Commentators have drawn up lists: the neologisms of The Lusiads, numbering 118, are given in Jur. v. 449-50.

Nor have foreigners been insensible, they add, to the beauties of Camoens. Montesquieu declares that the Lusian Homer "makes us feel something of the charm of the Odyssey and the magnificence of the Æneid."[1] Sturdy and surly old Dr. Johnson admired The Lusiads so much that, when hopeless of translating it himself, he recommended the task to Goldsmith. Sismondi asserts:—"A slight acquaintance with the native tongue of Camoens will afford the reader more true pleasure in perusing the original, than he could derive from the most perfect translation." And Sir William Jones, a poet and linguist in his day, ends his notice of *Camoensius Lusitanus* with the brave words:—Cujus Poesis adeò venusta est, adeò polita, ut nihil esse possit jucundius; interdum verò, adeò elata, grandiloqua, ac sonora, ut nihil fingi possit magnificentius.[2]

And here perhaps, it is advisable to let a "judicious Portuguese"[3] descant upon the subject of the favourite author.

"So much has been said concerning this Great Man that it seems idle to say more. Still, though the fame of their admirable Bard has been established by the just idolatry of all his fellow-countrymen, I may be permitted to add a few words.

"Camoens is, without dispute, the Poet-in-Chief, not only of

[1] "Faire sentir quelque chose," however, is a very elastic expression (Esprit des Lois, xxxi. chap. 21).

[2] Quoted by Mickle, Dissert. cl.

[3] Francisco Dias Gomes (*Analyse*, &c.) quoted by Fons. (Vida xvii.-xix.), and literally translated below.

Portugal, but of all the Hispanian Peninsula. His gifts shine in more lights than one. The forte of his pencil was imaginative imitation, the style most proper to, and analogous with, his fancy, and with the grand ideas burning in his brain. When, however, he conscends to hycastic[1] (representative) imitation, the finished art of his picture proves how great were his abilities in this lower department. The personages of his canvas all occupy their proper places. His touch is of the broadest and freest ; his colouring is of the most brilliant and delicate, and the truth of his drawing is perfect.

"Vivacity, grandeur, and sublimity are the chief characteristics of his poetry. His marvellous is so exalted that it seeks, in the Regions of the pure Ideal, subject-matter unknown to, undreamt of, by others. Its expression finds a new colouring; and its tints are so solid, so lively, so full of fire that they stir, they excite, they inflame the heart. Our spirits, penetrated by the enthusiasm of admiration stand, as it were, enchanted: at the same time they are carried away by sublime emotions and by a novel interest in pictures which, without having either physical or moral being, enjoy all the privileges of an originality the noblest, the boldest, the most exalted that ever existed in the most fantastic world of the most marvellous poetry. Such is the sovereign Wonder of the never sufficiently to be praised 'Adamastor-Episode' in The Lusiads, the earliest Epopee in octave-rhyme, it must be borne in mind, which was presented to Europe.

"Besides these precious qualities, which so highly distinguish his lively resemblances and contrasts, our divine Poet shows a gradation, a perspective which will ever be the model to good imitators. In fact, his gifts not only eclipse those of all his pre-

[1] Camoens is severely blamed for indulging to excess in the *icastica* by "Mac." (Padre Macedo ii. 215). "Heroical Poetry (as a living creature wherein two natures are conjoined) is compounded of Imitation and Allegory," says Edward Fairfax, of whom more presently.

decessors; they leave, perhaps, little hope of equalling and less of surpassing him.

"His poetry, the daughter of the highest Imagination, of the most learned Invention, gives to everything body and life. Even the Humble, the Indecorous, the Horrible, while painted with the most vivid colours, have a decency peculiar to them, and the general effect is ravishing.

"The diction attains the height of purity, of cultivation, of brilliancy. Perspicuity and elegance distinguish a style ever full of movement and magical in its harmony. The composition displays all the treasures of a Fancy sovereignly feracious and luxuriant. Like a stream swollen by winter rain, it breaks at times the bonds and bounds of Art, but it floods with such freedom, with such magnificence, that the reader forgets the excess, and is carried away on its bosom. Hence not a few who have lacked strength to imitate its perfection, have fallen into its defects. Finally, such and so many were the graces which this Great Man lavished upon our Portuguese language and poetry, that we may safely accredit him with having created a new poesy and a new tongue for Portugal."

Upon this specialty the same author elsewhere writes :—

"Camoens established the analogies of our idiom. He enriched it with words and forms, either borrowed from the Classics, or coined in the mint of his mighty Imagination. * * * He determined the disposition of our Portuguese, fitting it for every subject; supplying it with majesty, harmony, perspicuity, atticism; making it, in fine, so elastic, so adaptable to every style, that it can soar to the zenith of sublimity, without losing flexibility or limpid clearness. These qualities it preserves as the perpetual distinctions of its character."[1]

[1] Even Mac. (ii. 199) "admires in Camoens the gigantic steps by which he advanced the Portuguese language towards perfection;"

Snr. Gomes continues :—

"Camoens ever preserved the greatest propriety when painting the Sublime; and the splendour of these passages, though immense, glows with so soft a beam that it soothes and pleases, instead of dazzling and blinding, the sight. He was a perfect master of Pathos. With what vehemence he colours it, never falling into tedium! With what art he interests, he affects us! With what power of expression he depicts the Terrible!

"Again with how loving a hand he portrays the charms of Nature! A dawn, a clear still day, a grove played in by the Zephyrs, a fountain bursting the rocky ground, the greenery of flower-enamelled fields; the stream now tranquil, then violent; the silence and serenity of a summer night; the roar and rage of the storm; the moon and the stars; the herdsman and his herd; the birds and the chase; war, love, jealousy,—all the themes of poetry,—are treated with a genius so mighty, with excellence so prodigal that we are borne off to the very scene itself. We are thrown into extacies so delightful, that the Soul must succumb for ever to a magic which, far from enfeebling it, adds force and vigour, science and sublimity.

"And with what heroic resolution he reprehends, he strikes, he fulminates Vice, even when Vice sits in the highest seats! What amiable colours his enchanting pencil lavishes upon the Virtues which should illume the heart of man! Briefly, Camoens is one of those writers whose concurrence of the rarest gifts makes them the admiration of the world and the eternal magistracy of Nations."

So much for the "Camonians" and their praise. The dispraisers are as loud and as emphatic. Without noticing the *maximi in minimis*, such mere scurrilists as Ferreira and Macedo, the Coryphæi are Rapin, whom Adrian Baillet refuted, La Harpe, and the Abbé Delille, the translator of "Paradise Lost:" they are colonel'd by

and owns him to be "without controversy the most excellent writer of his age."

the great Voltaire whose critical judgment, though at times somewhat recklessly pronounced, must ever carry weight. Voltaire's[1] truly Gallic *Begueulerie* was *choquée* by the least *écart* from the trodden via ad Parnassum. He disparaged Camoens for the benefit of his frigid "Henriade"; as he did Homer and Dante, Milton and Shakespeare; while he looked upon Rabelais as a drunken monk. But he unconsciously bestows upon The Lusiads "which signifies a Portugade,"[2] the very highest of praise,

[1] "Essay on the Epic Poetry of European nations," written in England and in English (Mickle Diss. p. i.). It was republished in French "with corrections," at the ratio of one to a dozen blunders: I quote from the Edition of Firmin-Didot 1864. The "universal iconoclast" wrote from second hand; and, unduly relying upon the originality of his views, intended like many a modern critic to review without reading any part of the book reviewed. Fanshaw was lent to him for a fortnight by Colonel Bladon, the translator of Cæsar's Commentaries, and hence all his knowledge of The Lusiads. His mistakes are as many as his paragraphs. For instance; Camoens was a Spaniard born in 1497 under Ferdinand and Isabella (!): he accompanied the expedition of Da Gama, who is dubbed Velasco, and who is carried to the Ganges, &c.

[2] *Os Lusiadas.*—The (feats of the) Lusians, Lusitanians, Portuguese. So Herr Schuchardt "Die Lusiaden d.h. die Lusitanier." Millié very properly rendered it *Les Lusiades.* With us till 1867 the title was usually, if not invariably Englished as "The Lusiad," which makes mere nonsense. During that year I published (*Anglo-Brazilian Times* of Rio de Janeiro) a specimen of Canto i.: "The Lusiads," judging it advisable to fly as far as possible from "The Lousiad, a heroic-comic Poem" by Poet Peter Pindar. Mr. J. J. Aubertin subsequently adopted the plural form; and Mr. Duff has preferred the singular.

when he calls it *une nouvelle espèce d'épopée.* How little he and his school could appreciate the greatness of the Portuguese Epic, may be seen by his view of the Adamastor-Episode and the Isle of Love. Of the former he says:—"It is a Phantom rising from the sea-depths; its head touches the heavens: the winds, the tempests, and the thunders rage around it." Nothing of the kind! The Armada is sailing in the finest weather off the Cape of Storms: the sky is starlit, the seas are smooth. Suddenly a black vapour, like the Jinn in the Thousand and One Nights, towers high in air, and the water begins to break, as if moaning upon a harbour-bar. "Here we have more than a gale," exclaims Vasco da Gama. Then the cloud condenses, and the appalling figure of the Giant discloses himself as the Genius of the Cape. That charming dream the Isle of Love is to Voltaire nothing but a *musico d'Amsterdam*, a lubberland, a pays de Cocagne. The gravamen, however, of his charge is Sacris miscere profana. He cannot reconcile the jarring of myth and miracle, the contrast of Jupiter and S. Thomé: the mixture of the celestial and terrestrial elements; this, essential to Poetry; that, to Piety appears to him grotesque, *tudesque*, a cento, a farrago. His objection has often been answered; but, methinks, more may be said.

Camoens, writing in and for the XVIth century was no bigot. His belief, especially in the Deity, is simply orthodox; and, in one passage (x. 80) quasi-philosophical. His gods and goddesses are introduced

because demanded by his action. The Olympians of the sceptical and semi-Pagan Renaissance-Reformation age, who with mythology combined Humanitarianism and a rude altruism; who delighted to illumine the cold grey tints of Christianity, "majestically sad," with the gay glad lights of olden Myth, aspired like the Ancients and moralised like the Moderns. They still looked to the Classics for their models, and took their *technique* from Homer and Virgil. They preserved the double plot, heavenly and earthly, the two moving from first to last in parallel lines, and both showing between divine and human actions a distinction without much difference. Hence the Theurgy, the Theomachy, the Theanthropism or providential superintendence of the world, with marked interpositions which would now be called miracles. Hence the Manichæism, the struggle between Good and Evil, on terms apparently equal, the doubtful battle between the hosts of Hormuzd and Ahriman, which enter into every Epos and into every Tragedy.

These Universalists worshipped in the heathen Pantheon without sense of incongruity or religious confusion. They may have salved their consciences by believing, with Mother Church, the Gentile gods to be substantial fiends and demons still rebellious. But even Virgil could call Saturn and Janus "by no better a name than that of old men." Or they may have theoretically held them secondary causes through which the Creator works. But they took poet's pleasure in the society of these fair humanities, these dim visions of

the days when Earth and her sons were young and bright and beautiful; when manliness was incarnated in Ares, Kártikíya, Mars; perfect sensuous womanhood in Aphrodite,[1] Rati, Venus; and love in Eros, Kámadeva, Cupido. Our gloomy modern poetry, a song of sighs and groans and tears, would have been intolerable to those joyous cinquecentists. It resembles the pale and sickly greens of the present taste, compared with the crimsons and scarlets, the red ray of the spectrum, so dear to a fresher and stronger breed.

And who does not sympathise with them? Who does not envy the days when man could believe that

> 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
> And Venus who brings everything that's fair?

When poets could hymn with faithful hearts:

> —— Idalian Aphrodite, beautiful,
> Fresh as the foam new bathed in Paphian wells?

Who does not prefer our old loves, Dionæa and Lyæus, to the angels and demons and magicians of Ariosto and Tasso; to Elizabeth-Gloriana, Archimagus and that priggish Knight of the Red Cross; to those arid allegorical personages, the "Board"-like virtues and vices of the Henriade? With far less poetic propriety, "unimpeachable Milton" put the theological jargon of the seventeenth century into the mouth

[1] The word, like many of the oldest Greek, is Albanian; afer dita=dawn, morning star, &c.

of Jehovah and His Son, and garnished the speech of the Prince of Darkness with the twang of the Conventicle. No wonder, by-the-by, that Mr. Milton died, or is reported to have died, a Romanist: between two extremes runs the shortest line.

After all, man's fancy is finite. Poetry will apparently be driven for her coming imagery and machinery to science. Already we have heard—

Sweet tetrandrian, monogynian strains.

Our future heroes and heroines will be Biogenesis and Abiogenesis, Archebiosis and Parthenogenesis; Plasm and Protoplasm, the Monad and the Acarus Crossii. Already in a kindred matter Positivism has set up a Trinity in Unity, which proposes (mirabile dictu!) the "cultus of space and of the earth completing that of humanity."[1] We can only ask what he could have known of human nature, who advised it to worship length and breadth? Man can worship only one thing—himself, in a form more or less personal. Corneille is right:

Qu'on fait injure à l'art de lui voler la fable.

And what would not The Lusiads lose were the Pantheon stolen from it? To what must it shrink? A stormy doubling of the Cape, in four small craft manned by a mutinous and faint-hearted crew; a coasting voyage

[1] This "Spiritual book-keeping by double-entry" is positively proposed by Comte.

along South and East Africa, with the normal skirmishes and savage troubles; a hospitable reception at Melinde; a perilous middle-passage to India during the perilous break of the S.W. Monsoon; a landing at Calicut; the usual plots and squabbles with the tricky Hindu Nayrs and the treacherous Moplah Moslems; and an easy return home. In fact, take from The Lusiads what these critics most blame; strip it of mythology and episode, and you have a highly poetical chapter of Barros, or rather of Castanheda and the Roteiro. Ludwig Tieck[1] justly discerns, in this blending of the Christian and the Pagan worlds, one of Camoens' highest beauties, and assigns to him a place next to Dante for the nice management of allegory. Madame de Staël says, as wisely, that there can be no discord where Christianity is made the business of life and Paganism its pageantry.

The unfriendly critics of Camoens furthermore declare that most small nations have one great national poet; as Joost van Vondel in Holland and Petöfi in Hungary.[2] Ergò, the phenomenon is placed on too high a pedestal. Portuguese admiration also becomes

[1] This eminent littérateur (nat. Berlin 31, 1771) and sharp-tongued critic became one of the many privy-councillors to the King of Prussia, lived on a pension, and ob. 1853.

[2] Vondel, to whose mystery-play, Lucifer, Milton was, they say, indebted, had an "Exhibition" at Amsterdam (Feb. 5, 1879) on the tercentenary of his death, and Dr. C. J. Hansen published his Eloge. There is a Petöfi Society at Pest; and the Magyar poet's biography has lately been written by D. Hugo Meltzel.

a private and personal matter, as almost every Lusitanian city, town, and grandee-family appear in The Lusiads. These censors concede to the "Poeta optimus" of the Peninsula a "success of esteem," and make him immortal by courtesy. But, however popular he may be at home, he has never touched the heart of Europe. He is still "caviarie to the general." The Lusiads, in fact, must rank with the unread Epics of the world, with the Thebaïs, the Punica, and the Argonautica. They find the poet more interesting than the poem, and the man's true epopee was, they declare, his life.

There is a venomous drop of truth in this sting. Portuguese literature has been compared with those goodly tropical isles, along which the seaman sails, while he does not care to explore their wealth.[1] But the

[1] It is hardly necessary to tell the reader that Portuguese is not a corrupted dialect of Spanish. Yet many have failed to assign it a proper status. Musgrave shows marvellous ignorance in a translator, who should know better. "It has much affinity to the Latin, but certainly much less than the Italian" (?) Camoens (i. 33) told him the contrary: after the gentle langue d'Oc of the Troubadours, it is the most Latin of the Neo-Latin tongues. Nervi (notes Canto ii.) quotes a dixaine of verses Portuguese and Latin; e.g.

Roma infinitos sanctissima vive per annos.

According to F. D. Gomes, the relationship is shown in the low and common words, in the terminations of verbs and nouns, in the economy of genders, the simplicity of syntax, and the various anomalies or exceptions. Few Englishmen know it well even

critics are unfair when they forget to tell us that few poets have been more translated:[1] we find him in every European language, Bohemian, Hungarian, and Hebrew. Nor do they render full justice to what Camoens is at home. A Portuguese *né malin* declared that not one in a thousand of his countrymen could quote from memory a single stanza of the Lusiads. The same might be said of Hamlet, if you take your thousand from the "Seven Dials"; and, even in "Society," John Gilpin is better known than Queen Mab.

Some eighty years after Camoens' death the *Conquistadores*, while besieging Colombo (1660), where "Portuguese bravery blazed with an expiring flame," consoled their wants and weary toils by singing and reciting, says Lope de Vega, patriotic and heroic stanzas from The Lusiads. In fact, it supplied them with the "Songs of water-drawer" and the "Watch-Songs" of Aristophanes. During the Peninsula War (Nov. 13, 1813) two brigades were allowed to carry a Camoensian couplet (i. 10, 7–8)

colloquially. In South America I found scores who could speak tolerable "Castilian," but I can count on my fingers those who were equally fluent in Portuguese.

[1] Appendix vol. i. table iii. In the Bibliotheca Nacional, Lisbon, there is a *collecção Camoneana* (room full of Camoens). A "Camoensian Library" of translations and imitations, comment, criticism, and biography, now represents nearly 500 vols. In the 400 or so, sold by M. N. Trübner, of London (1875) for 350 guineas, the "Ignez-Episode" occupies about 30. At Rio Janeiro the National Library has 486 works in 600 volumes; among them are 93 editions of The Lusiads.

on their flags. I have heard Brazilian officers in distant Paraguay quote the apposite lines :

> —— Nor shall that Captain's lot
> Be praise of mine who pleads "*I thought it not !*"
> (viii. 89).

And Camoens, like all the greatest writers of the world, has influenced the ages which followed him far more than his own. Truly, if he has ever been neglected at home or abroad, Time has proved his Avenger. Southey says :—"The delight which we take in Spenser and in the softer parts of Daniel,[1] a Portuguese feels in the Lusiad." I would put it thus : Camoens is now what Dante is to the educated Italian, and what Shakespeare, King James's Bible, and Dod's Peerage are to England. Nay, more, I will assert that no modern poet has so powerfully affected the political status of his native land ; or has contributed so much to her remarkable progress in the present day.

The anti-Camoensians confess that The Lusiads is valuable to the Student who, while enjoying a pleasant song of the olden day, can learn the Romance of Portuguese Story from Lusus to D. Sebastiam. Chatham, by-the-bye, said the same of Shakespeare's Historical Plays. They acknowledge the singular power which can

[1] Of the now forgotten "well-languaged," or "prosaic," or "sage and serious" Sam. Daniel's "Civile Warres" we may say with Dr. Johnson on Spratt :—"we would rather praise than read." He has been resuscitated in Mr. David M. Main's "Treasury of English Sonnets" (Manchester : Ireland, 1880).

paint tropical life and landscape with such sustained vigour, beauty, and fire. But they find the whole emphatically too long. They compare the immense exordium (144 lines) with the seven verses of the Iliad. They declare the subject to be drawn out beyond its artistic limits. The proper terminus of a Poem on the Discovery of India is the arrival of Da Gama at Calicut (Canto vi.), and it should at any rate end with his departure homeward-bound (Canto viii.). Thus the "Interpretation of the Banners," besides being a twice-told tale, is out of place. They find the poetry overburdened with geography and history. They yawn over the obscure events of Portuguese annals; the list of Luso-Indian Viceroys; the minute feuds and fights, and the fabulous battles with the "Moors," together with the petty and quasi-parochial details which at times lime the wings of even Dante's muse. They observe that Da Gama talks much too much, and does far too little. The exiled singer, they say, writing amid the horrors of inter-tropical East Africa, of malarious Western India and of barbarous Macáo, dwells with a morbid fondness upon his memories of Europe, of Portugal, of his College and of his home, when he sat by the "patrial Tagus" or swam the classic waters of Mondego. His "blaze of patriotism" dazzles and scorches them: they want repose, and they seek it in vain.

Some notice of these critiques appears advisable. The objection of over-length is usually made by foreigners, who must read The Lusiads in translations—mostly bad.

The music of the original, the prodigious variety of rhythm, the transition from limpid simplicity to complicated hyperbaton and inversion, and the antithesis and alternation of the softest and most melodious lines with words that sound like the trumpet-blast or the roar of cannon, carry the Portuguese reader captive, and make him only regret that there is no more of the poem. A legend tells us that when Camoens asked Pedro de Alcaçova Carneiro whether his Lusiads contained many faults, the learned and tasteful statesman replied:—"Yes! 'tis all one fault: it should either have been short enough to learn by heart, or so long as to have no end."

Other critics declare The Lusiads to be a Cyclic, not an Epic. They have much to say about "Unity"; as if Homer had not been charged with welding together an Ilias and an Achilleïs. They deny to it one of its principal charms,—its originality. In some of the finest passages they detect the hand that wrote the Odyssey; others they pronounce to be echoes of the Pharsalia, and modifications of the Æneid, which is made the true basis of The Lusiads. They carp at the Bard's innovations, for instance when, contrary to severe classic custom, he suddenly introduces himself. They find him careless of the probabilities. They are especially severe upon the Monologue of Da Gama (Cantos iii. and iv.) addressed to the Shaykh of Melinde. In the first place, the mechanism is that of Ulysses and the Phæakes, of Æneas and Dido; secondly, it must have been unintelligible to the negroid ruler, however superior he may have been, as Bishop Osorio

assures us he was; thirdly, Da Gama abuses Moslems to a Moslem.

This is fair ground for fighting upon. Da Gama's interpreters would tell the Shaykh in a few words who they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound. The ruler would wish to learn something about Portugal; and the Poet seized the situation. The expulsion of the Moslems from the Iberian Peninsula would certainly be known in East Africa. Moors (Maroccans), Turks and Arabs are, it is true, all Mohammedans, but racially they hate one another like rival Christian nationalities. In fact, here, as in a hundred other places, the Poet knew better than all his Critics. Lastly, however improbable be this lengthy historic digression, an episode which covers nearly one-third of the poem, its faults are subordinate to its beauties: it is, indeed, the model of epic narrative; and this is, after all, the one thing needful. And granted that here and there it lags, so Homer, whose life and movements are unapproachable, dozes at times; there are flats in Pindar, and Virgil is in many places a copyist, not a creator.

Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.

To finish the long list of complaints. The Critics pick holes in the Poet's learning; and deny that he had a "vast and no vulgar erudition."[1] They dislike the

[1] Camoens is certainly very queer in such words as Sylla for Sulla, and Asaboro for Asabon: also in his quantities; it is hard to see why Amisius (Ems) should become Amăsis (iii. 11),

contradictory epithets which he affects (iv. 57 ; ix. 16). They find him poor in character-painting, deficient in rhyme, and at times essentially prosaic. Hence Diogo Camacho :[1]—

Hum Luiz de Camoens, Poeta torto,
Poeta atè o embigo, os baixos, prosa.
(A certain Camoens, distorted poet,
Poet to the middle mired in mud of prose.)

But this is the exaggeration of personal hostility. Let us glance at The Lusiads dispassionately ; and consider as Carlyle said of El-Islam, not its demerits, but what it has done. None can deny that this Poem stereotyped the tongue in which it was written ; and left to Portugal an eternal mould and model of form. None can be blind to the fact that it has taken a prime share not only in shaping popular character, but even in preserving national life. It played a considerable part in

Zopyrus Zopýro (iii. 41) Abyla or Abĭla Abyla (iv. 49) Heliogabălus Heliogabálus (iii. 92) and so forth. But this is the case with many of the Neo-Latin poets; moreover, we must bear in mind that there is no regular quantity in Portuguese. The vowels are made long or short almost ad libitum ; and the accent, a stress not a musical sound, may fall upon the fourth syllable from the end. The terminal *e* is often omitted : in fact the orthography is more anti-phonetic than that of English and French. Finally we find strange quantities in our own poets ; notably in Spenser, doubtless for the purpose of contrast with prose.

[1] Quoted by Mac. (i. 190). The epigram seems founded upon the famous :—

Qui giace Aretin, poeta Tosco, &c.

liberating Portugal from Spain; and in enthroning the House of Braganza. Even in the present day it keeps the peace between Portugal and her young giant, the Brazil: both speak the tongue which Camoens spoke; and the tie is not the weaker for being one of sentiment.

Remains only to consider The Lusiads according to private and individual taste. Every reader will form his own opinion, his likes and dislikes, which to others will appear preferences and prejudices: some, however, may be guided by the conclusions at which I have arrived after the study of many years.

To me the characteristic of The Lusiads is nationality tempered with that conscious personality which marked the Renaissance-Reformation age. The former is the quality which makes it adored at home. The latter accounts for the extremes of opinion, good and bad, which see only black and white where both are blended. The two, combined with the charm of incidents known to be facts, give the secret of its vitality and raise it to the rank of a "monumental poem."

The nationality is intense and its effect upon national character is in proportion. "The Conqueror," says a Portuguese, "who shall ever attempt to subjugate our beloved Country, must first tear in pieces every page of the Immortal Lusiads." Its argument and diction produce a perfect exposition of the "Portuguese idea." An excellent authority, my valued friend Cristoforo Negri, the venerable founder of the Italian Geographical Society, who has lived at Lisbon and has carefully

studied the poem, considers Camoens in this point to equal, if not to excel, Homer. Here nothing more need be said: a perusal of The Lusiads is all-sufficient.

The personality is as pronounced. The poem is a manner of biography. Composed at different times and in far distant places; planned possibly in Lisbon or during exile to the Ribatejo; continued at North-African Ceuta, in Goa and at Macáo; corrected, revised and concluded at Mozambique and Sofálah; dedicated to D. Sebastiam at home, and sent forth in all its splendour from the hovel near Santa Anna, it shows every phase of the writer's chequered career. It must owe many of its magistral descriptions, and its local colour to the circumstances of composition; to its having been conceived during storms off The Cape; to its having been born on the soldier's shield or upon the breech of a gun; to its baptism with the author's blood and tears and the bitter waters of shipwreck. It is the personality which gives the verse that true heroic ring so harmonious with the days when every Portuguese gentleman was a *Conquistador*,—those brave old days so soon to end. And here Camoens enjoyed an undoubted advantage over Ariosto and Tasso.[1] Having expe-

[1] Charles Knight (Life of Tasso prefixed to Fairfax, Kirby, London, 1817) believes Tasso to have availed himself of the military knowledge of Duke Alphonso; and thus "added a grace and spirit to his descriptions of skirmishes and battles." He apparently forgets that the Poet was an ardent amateur student of military matters, a master of the duello, and one of the best swordsmen of an age when swordsmanship was a fine art. Hence the truth of his

rienced in his own person the perils by sea and land, in fight and fray, hurricane and calm, which beset the great navigator and his successors, he could describe the scenes with that truth and distinctness, which add such forceful and brilliant effects to historic fact. And he must have had the brain of a Cuvier or a Byron to have amassed so much information from sources so few and so imperfect. He hardly ever trips in his treatment of Oriental matters: he is more exact than most authors of the present day. We feel a perfect confidence in his details; even in the speeches and harangues attributed to his principal personages.[1] His three great battles all differ in accidents; and all are described with the realism of Æschylus the Soldier. That of Campo d'Ourique (iii. 42–52) which established the Kingdom of Portugal, shows the wild religious enthusiasm of the combatants. At Tarifa, which broke the backbone of the Moors (iii. 109–116), the Portuguese, with characteristic gallantry and impetuosity,[2] rout the King of Granada

single combats in the Jerusalem, and the popular saying of his day:—

Con la penna e con la spada,
Nessun val quanto Torquato.

[1] (*e.g.*) The Interpreter's compliment to the Shaykh of Melinde (ii. 79–84), the address of Nuno Alvares to the assembled Portuguese (iv. 15–19), and of Da Gama to the Samorim (viii. 65–75). Even the harangues of Bacchus to the Sea-Gods (vi. 27–34) is a fiction which sounds like fact.

[2] Varthema, of whom more presently, says:—"And truly I have

and fly to assist the Spaniards who are advancing with the national gravity against him of Fez-Marocco. Again at Aljubarrota (iv. 23–44) which delivered Portugal from Spain, a leading part in the struggle between the two Iberian races is assigned to the king, who saves with his own hand the life of the "Great Constable." Equally marked by disposition and incident are the skirmish with the Moors of Mozambique (i. 87–93), and the Tournament of the Twelve of England (vi. 43–68). A poet of lesser calibre who would attempt so much realism, annalistic, legendary, and topographical, would fail and fail dismally.

The warlike vein which threads the Poem with a red line forms the element of Terror, contrasting with the Pity, the ineffably tender and passionate strain which breathes into inert matter the breath of life, the warmth of heart and the glow of humanity. But this is not all. The original device of mixing the East with the West, learned Orientalism with the lore of Europe, places the Poem in a new and peculiar position. To the graphic and spirited touches of the soldier and the sailor are added a splendour and a gorgeousness of tint unknown to the severer Epic schools. A winter in Hormuz isle, and the glance of genius at Persian literature, may have intensified the quaintly epigrammatic form which in parts renders the style un-European. Hence we see in The Lusiads that touch of "pretty Persian customs,"

found myself in some battles in my time; but I never saw any men braver than these Portuguese" (Hakluyt Edit. p. 280).

that glance at nature through the mind's eye not the eye of sense; that reflection of Eastern literature upon Western thought, and that lux ex Oriente which charm in the perfect sweetness of the Decameron.

The discontinuous labour that stretched over a generation has also left its mark upon the Poem in slight differences of style and treatment. The Proemium and the Epilogue contrast with the body of The Lusiads. The first stanza has evidently been written and re-written according to circumstances; and six lines still contain four *variæ lectiones.* In Canto x. we apparently read the results of two voyages, one before, the other after, Stanza 135. Not the less, however, we are struck by the general regularity of the Epos; and we marvel how the writer, so long an exile from his native land, could preserve that command of language, that mastery of style, which most exiles lose.

To the labor limæ of years we must attribute the marvellous, the perfect polish of the Episodes. And here Camoens shows an art which has not been generally recognised or, at least, imitated by his translators. He knew that men do not read through an Epic at single sittings; on the contrary, that they take up the volume when inclination leads, and that they expect to find in it passages intended to become favourites, vistas of fair landscape which resemble, as a modern has it, "repose on the summer grass." Hence he made his speciosa miracula to differ from the rest of the poem. They stand out like vivid pictures from the plain wall of

simple and natural recitative which, characteristically straightforward, deals with the business of the story. Their strongly-marked dramatic interest contrasts powerfully with the digressions of didactic and philosophy which certainly point the moral, if they do not always adorn the tale. And at times, when the subject requires, they reflect the Poet's soul and rise to the regions of the sublime.

Of these poetic flights the most generally admired are the following; but every student, as we might expect, has his favourites.[1] First is the Olympus Council (i. 20–40), followed by the interview of Jupiter and Venus (ii. 33–43) in which two passages require modification to suit modern taste. The Maria-mission (iii. 101–6) leads to the Ignèz-Episode (iii. 119–135), one of the longest, and, to judge from the number of translators, the best appreciated. The Dream of D. Manoel (iv. 66–75) and the personification of the Ganges and the Indus are, perhaps, the most original and powerful passages in The Lusiads. Follows the sailing of the Armada from Lisbon (iv. 94 to end), when the speech of the Old Man of Belem embodies popular *aura* affection, doubt and fear: every explorer has

[1] The Hon. Henry Stanley (Hakluyt's Correa, xliii.) chooses the Departure (iv. 88–94; the Waterspout (v. 16–22); the Adamastor-Episode; Venus and the Sea Nymphs (vi. 18–23); the Meeting with Monsaydé (vii. 24–31); the Allegory of the Happy Isle explained (ix. 89–95); and the Tale of S. Thomé (x. 109–119). Few, I think, will agree with his appreciation of the three latter; they are, with the exception of one stanza (x. 118), unusually prosaic, in idea if not in expression.

experienced something of this. Next is the Adamastor-Apparition (v. 37–59). This episode, which even Voltaire highly praised without understanding its chief beauty, has found its way into modern opera, Velloso becoming the Nelusco of Meyerbeer's L'Africaine. Some critics look upon the black-lipped, yellow-fanged monster as a kind of Frankenstein, easier to raise than to lay; and complain, furthermore, that he is raised for little purpose. The reverse is the case. The appalling Giant is the personification of the horrors which all voyagers know, or rather knew; and his words of prophecy, more appalling still, show the dark side of the Discovery of India. Here, as in Manoel's Dream, Camoens borrows nothing: he is himself, and at his best. The Palace of Neptune, with its Council of Sea-gods (vi. 16–37), is followed by the knightly Tale of the "Twelve of England" (vi. 43–68); then comes a lovely scene, the Calming of the Storm by Erycina and her Nymphs (vi. 85–93); and, after the horrid glooms of the storm, Lucifer rises splendid over the eastern Ghauts and shows the long-sought land of Ind. The enchanting and immortal *Ilha-dos-Amores* (ix. 51–84) may fitly close the list.

These ten pieces which, including the opening and the conclusion of the Poem, become twelve, are doubtless *chefs-d'œuvre.* Yet there are many, myself included, who prefer to their beauty and brilliancy the yearnings of an exiled genius, the pathetic sentiments and the passionate outbreaks of tenderness which

come from the Poet's great heart.[1] What traveller can read without emotion the pathetic sorrow-fraught passage (v. 83) upon the death of Da Gama's sailors? The sentiment and sensibility are more realistic than the adieu of Æneas to lost Palinurus. What more touching than the delicacy with which the Siren-nymph foretells to Da Gama the terrible end of his son Christóvam (x. 96)? It is the Tu Marcellus eris of The Lusiads. Hence the author of "Thalaba," by the way no sentimentalist, justly said: "To most imaginations Camoens will never appear so interesting as when he is bewailing his first love: it is in these moments that he is most truly a Poet."

NOTE.

Space forbids me to enter deeply into the bibliography of Portugal's glory, a subject which would easily fill a volume. Adamson sketched it (ii. 255–379), and his "Essay" has been completed by Juromenha (i. 211–484; v. 324–411; end of vi. and vii.?). A few lines concerning the most remarkable Editions of The Lusiads may not be unacceptable to the reader, and a general view is given in Appendix Vol. i. Table i., taken from various sources.

The Royal Alvará (Rescript) of Sept. 4 (24), 1571, authorising the publication of the Poem, was followed shortly afterwards by the *Licença* (imprimatur) of the

[1] For instance, i. 4, 5, and 105, 106; v. 3; vii. 78 to the end; viii. 39–42, and x. 22, 128 and 144.

Holy Office. On March 12, 1572, the Editio Princeps, a 4to of 186 pages, neatly printed on wretched paper, issued from the Lisbon shop of "*Antonio Gõçaluez*, Impressor." The frontispiece represents a wooden portico composed of a plinth carrying two columns, fluted in the lower half, and each hung about the middle with a helmet. The upper part is an entablature supporting two fancy dolphins, with a central "pelican in her piety," facing to her proper right.[1] This mean-looking temple contains the title. The text is defective. Camoens, like Shakespeare, seems to have been careless of book-fame; moreover, sickness of body and mind may have rendered revision doubly distasteful. Some 160 typographical errors injure sense as well as sound. The peculiar punctuation has been compared with musical notes: the stops are broad-cast, as it were; disposed by the hand of chance without regard for construction; and the sentences are dislocated by enormous parentheses.

The commentator-in-chief, Manoel de Faria y Sousa[2]

[1] Snr. Tito de Noronha (loc. cit.) shows by a phototype how the first differs from the so-called Second Edition. Both are very rare. Adam.'s copy has probably been sold. A competent judge assures me that that the volume in the late Lord Holland's collection is a *bonâ fide* E. P., while that in the British Museum (4to, with MSS. notes) is entered as a 2nd.

[2] This "laborious polygraph," (not the author of *Asia Portugueza* "Portuguese Discovery and Conquest of Asia," vol. vi. Kerr's Collection), was the grandson of Estacio de Faria, the brave soldier and poet to whom Camoens addressed Sonnet cxcii. Born in 1590, he began his *Magnum opus* in 1613–14, "Lusiadas y Rimas Varias," 6 tomes in 3 vols., sm. fol.; he spent over it "the best twenty-five

who followed Mariz and Severim, first asserted that this modest and unattractive issue was followed by a second in the same year. The spelling is changed; the Princeps has *edificaram* and *sublimaram* (canto i. 1, 7, 8); while the second prefers, after modern fashion, *edificarão* and *sublimarão.* It has been supposed that Camoens corrected certain errors; but some 133 remained, 80 survivors and 53 additional. Nothing is known of the bargain between author and bookseller, or the number of copies struck off. The MS. disappeared so completely that not a fragment of Camoens' handwriting remains. The same is the case with Dante,[1] and even Petrarch's autograph is doubtful, proving that *charta* is veraciously called *peritura.*

The third issue did not appear till four years after the Poet's death (1584): it is called *dos piscos* from a ridiculous note, like our "Breeches Bible;" it is also known as the Jesuitic edition. That of 1591 removed

years of his life;" and ob. June 4, 1649. The text of The Lusiads is that of the 2d Edit. (1572), whose genuineness was then undoubted. The MS. in three vols. was preserved in the Convent of Na. Sra. da Graça; and when Monastic orders were suppressed, it found its way to the Central Depôt, Sam Francisco da Cidade. The first and second vols., containing the arch-biographer's first memoir of the "Prince of Spanish Poets," were published by Juan Sanches, Madrid 1639; they highly offended the Inquisition. The second notice, which is shorter, was printed from MS. in 1685–89, some 50 years after the writer's death (Jur. i. 329–34): it accompanied the *Rimas Varias* and their Commentary (5 tomes in 2 vols. sm. fol.). The whole work of F. y S. now fetches £10 to £11.

[1] Bohn's Cary, "Life of Dante," xxviii.

the "fishy" remark on Canto iii. 75, but was equally mutilated. Some emendations were made in the 13th Edit. a 4to. (Pedro Crasbeeck,[1] Lisbon, 1609), dedicated by Domingo Fernandez to D. Rodrigo da Cunha, Deputy of the Holy Office. Camoens had now become popular, and reprints followed at the average rate of one every third year. The next important issue, also by P. Crasbeeck (No. 15, 4to. 1613), was illustrated by Pedro de Mariz, "with learned notes by different authors," especially the Licentiate Manoel Correia or Corrêa: this personal friend of the Poet, whose memory is, at times, none of the best, passed to the *lugentes Campi* before correcting his commentary.

The Second Edit. of the *Obras* (whole works) reprints Manoel Severim de Faria, whose "biography" was written in 1624 (fol. Joseph Lopes Ferreyra, Lisbon, 1720). It republishes the letter of Manoel Corrêa and prefixes to the Cantos the "arguments" by the Licentiate "Joam Franco Barreto," a *littérateur* who added a table of proper names occurring in The Lusiads. He is called "Barretto" in the Edit. of Ignacio Garcez Ferreira, alias Gilmedo (2 vols. 4to., Naples, 1731–32). The *Obras* were also printed by

[1] Various members of this family (also written Craesbeek and Craasbeeck), Pedro, Paulo, Lourenço and Antonio, published, between 1598 and 1669, some 22 Editions of the *Obras* and their component parts, The Lusiads, the Rimas and the Prosas. The Craasbeeck Edit. of 1651 has been accepted by some Editors as the most correct or rather the least incorrect.

Pedro Gendron (Lisbon, 1759, Bonardel and Dubeux; Paris, Didot, 3 vols. 12mo., Jur. i. 472). Followed the *Obras* of 1779, edited by Thomas José de Aquino, who added a biographical sketch in the Eclogue Cintra of F. y S. with explanatory notes (4 vols.). This edition gave rise to a long controversy (Jur. i. 362).

The next notability was the "splendid but only splendid" Edition of the "Philo-Camoens," D. José Maria de Sousa Botelho, popularly known as the Morgado (entaille) de Matheus; and father of the Count de Villa Real, Ambassador to England. The fine 4to. (Firmin-Didot, Paris, 1817) costing 51,152 francs, was a work of luxury; and of the 210 copies 180 were liberally distributed to the chief libraries of the world. Unfortunately, its text was that of the Edit. Princ. with many of its palpable errors. It excluded the arguments because they were not by the Poet's pen. It pedantically placed the circumflexed *Til* (or tittle), the sign of Crasis, between the two vowels, as Joa˜o for João) and Camo˜es (for Camões). In this questionable improvement the Morgado is followed by Fonseca, but not by the general public.[1] On the other hand his analysis of

[1] The *Til* can hardly be called a contraction (Adam. ii. 295), when the letters number the same, plus the circumflex, which, in old type is a bar (ā). The printed equivalent is *m* (Joam, João) and, whenever possible, I have retained, for the benefit of the printer, this form used in the Edit. Princ. Yet curious to say, the pronunciation is equivalent to an *n*; and the frequent recurrence of a nasal, more pronounced than the French (Jea*n*), gives to Portuguese

The Lusiads, his Commentary and his criticisms have been highly praised. The *Vida* was translated into French by M. Millié, with his version of The Lusiads (2 vols. 8vo., Paris, 1825). In 1819, Firmin-Didot, Member of the Institute and Printer to the King, issued with the permission of the Philo-Camoens, an 8vo. reprint of the 4to. I have already alluded to the Edits. of Barreto Feio and Monteiro (1834), and of Fonseca (1846) as well as to the noble work of Viscount Juromenha (1860-80), in all of which The Lusiads is reprinted from the 2nd Edit. of 1572.

The *Estancias desprezadas* (despised Stanzas) were published by Faria y Sousa, and reprinted by Fons. (Appendix 377–92) by Jur. (vi. 399–419) and by many others. Certain translators, as Castéra and Lamarre,

a peculiar twang by no means musical in the stranger ear. Philologists, indeed, have discovered no less than five different nose-letters in the Lusitanian tongue. Some writers consider these sounds to be survivals of a pre-Latin language; others hold them degradations from the Latin; for instance Romanus, Romano (Ital.) Roman (Span.) Romain (French) and Romão. Ancient MSS use the forms om, on, am and ão on the same page, *e.g.* :—

Aqui jaz Simon Antom (Simão Antão)
Que matou muyto Castelhão,
E, debaixo do seu covom (covão)
Desafia a quantos são:
(Here lies Simon Anthony,
Many Spaniards slaughtered he;
And beneath his sepulchree
All defies, whoe'er they be).

have unjustifiably worked some of them into the body of The Lusiads. Millié translates in his notes three of these Octaves (Canto iv. following Stanza 35) commemorating the deaths of four Portuguese; and three of the eight (Canto iv. following Stanza 40) recording the fall of sundry Spaniards. Mickle (ii. 90–91) inserts the first set into his text. A reviewer of Mr. J. J. Aubertin's work (see Chap. ii. § 5) opined that a "version of the Stanzas rejected, omitted or altered by the Poet, would be exceedingly interesting and useful." I have accordingly attempted to supply the want.

My space admits only a mere mention of Camoens' Obras (miscellaneous works). The Poet's prodigious versatility was continually urging him from form to form of expression; and it is hard to point out what suited him best. The Corpus naturally divides into three members, The Lusiads, the Rhythmas, or Rimas (lyrics and minor works), and the Dramas including the Prozas (letters). The two latter more than double the extent of the former; and, let us hope that many pieces, now lost or missing, are not irrecoverably gone.

The order of the *Rimas* varies in different Editions. In most The Lusiads is followed by the Sonnets: I do not notice this branch, proposing to publish my translation in a separate volume. Adam. (i. 244–45) gives the sequence:—Sonnets, Canzons, Odes, Sestines, Elegies, Eclogues, Estancias, Redondilhas, Letters and Comedies. In the Jur. Edition, the Biography (Vol. i.) and the Son-

nets (Vol. ii.) are followed by the Canzons, the Sestines, the Odes and the Stanzas (Octaves). Vol. iii. contains the Eclogues or Bucolics; the Elegies and an octave-rhymed poem in three Cantos, *Da Creação e Composição do Homem* (of the Creation and Composition of Man); it ends with a Sestine, a Sonnet, and an unfinished Epistle addressed to the Duke of Aveiro who fell at Alcacerquivir.

Vol. iv. is devoted to the 147 Redondilhas and the three "Comedies." In the former Jur. has introduced, as usual, many *ineditas;* but he has disclaimed numeration; and, to know the total, we must sum up his index. The Roundels, the most national and picturesque of the *Rimas* consist of *Cartas* (epistles); *motes* (mottoes) or improvised texts by the Poet or others), with their appropriate *Voltas*, or *Glosas* (rhymed Comments); *Cantigas* (songs, canticles), *Trovas* (addresses in verse), *Pastorils*[1] (pastorals); *Endechas* (dirges and love-songs), and the famous Satire *Disparates na India*[2] (pp. 42–48). The first of the Comedies *El-Rei Seleuco*, is a little drama, without acts or scenes, of the style called by older poets *Autos;* somewhat like our "Mysteries"[3]

[1] "Pastoral" in modern Portuguese denotes ecclesiastical writings.

[2] The same word is applied to the Satirist-author by Voltaire (loco cit.):—"Le Camoens tombe presque toujours dans de telles disparates."

[3] The "Mysteries" treated of the Deity: the "Miracle-plays" of the Saints. Oberammergau now monopolises the interest of the Holy Drama as far as it survives; and the pious villagers have made it the most profitable theatrical entertainment in the world.

and "Miracle-plays." The dialogue is natural, and the Redondilhas are not without elegance. *Os Amphitriões*, the second, is an original, not, as some have stated, an imitation of Plautus. It is supposed to have been written during College days for representation at Coimbra, others believe *Seleuco* to have been composed first. The serio-comic (*Auto de*) *Filodemo*, in five acts like No. 2, was represented, they say, after undergoing certain amputations, during the installation-festivities at Goa of the Governor Francisco Barreto. All three are novels dramatised after the fashion of Gil Vicente: they show that Camoens was no Molière; and, despite the charm of style, they are not strong enough to keep the stage.

The fifth volume contains the miscellaneous pieces and the *Prosas*. The former are translations of Petrarch's *Trionfi*, and many editors only "attribute" them to Camoens. The Italian's order is the Triumph of Love over Man, of Chastity over Love, of Death over both, of Fame over Death, of Time over Fame; and, lastly, of the Divinity over Time. Camoens (?) has left (i.) the *Triumpho de Amor* in four chapters; (ii.) the *Triumpho da Castidade;* (iii.) the *Triumpho da Morte* (iv.) the *Sonho do Poeta* (Poet's Dream); and, (v.) the *Triumpho da Fama* in two chapters, unfinished. Of the letters in prose, and prose with verse, Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7 are fragments. This Volume ends with the *Satyra do Torneo* (Satire of the Tournament), alias the *Jogo de*

Canas, which has been mentioned in the Poet's life. It is regretable that few of the many *Cartas*, which must have been written by so voluminous an author, have been preserved: Camoens, like Byron, is a master of prose. The Lusiads occupy Jur.'s Vol. vi.; and No. vii. is still to come.

CHAPTER II.

(BIBLIOGRAPHICAL.)

§ 1. On Translating The Lusiads.

IT has been well observed that all the great works of antiquity, the monuments of literary genius and art raised by our common ancestry, require periodical retranslation, with the object of preserving their interest as parts of culture, and of contrasting the Spirit of the Present and the Past. We may safely say the same of the mediæval chefs-d'œuvre. Nor must we be deterred by the difficulties which, remarks Faria y Sousa of The Lusiads in Spanish garb, are never overcome by the translator. It is as well to try, and, practically, we do try. Even a failure may result in fresh appreciation of the original beauties; whilst as a piece of embodied criticism it has a value unknown to its intrinsic pretensions. On the other hand success gives new life and vigour to the old picture, when a living hand presents it to the public with the glaze and frame of contemporary thought and idiom.

Yet is translation a thankless task. It is never so well done but that it might be bettered even by oneself. It is at once imperfect and final: to translate a transla-

tion—as has lately happened—is absurd. Moreover, in every metrical version, notably in the best, a new artistic medium, a veil of individuality, of personality, of subtle association, rises between the model and the copy. The latter may surpass the former: it cannot equal it. Prose translation promises less and gives more, because its aim is mere reproduction: the relation, however, is that of a copper-plate or a lithograph to an oil-painting. And, except in sealed tongues, Arabic, Sanskrit and Chinese, who will be at the pains to read metre unmetrified? Thus the world of letters has never seen a translation which can be pronounced of all time. Chapman, Pope and Cowper left ample verge and space for Derby, Herschel, and a host of followers. When the older versions have waxed obsolete, either by change of taste or by the advance of criticism, the field evidently lies open to all comers.

The *crux* of modern translation, I need hardly say, is the nice line-drawing between licence and literalness; between unendurable inaccuracy which is common, and intolerable servility, which is rare. In a feat comparatively mechanical, we do not look for the originality of Genius, the flight of Fancy, or the charm of personal style. Hence, with some exceptions, such as Byron and Coleridge, our best poets are not our best translators. The rules laid down by critics are exceedingly strict: we try to obey them and mostly we fail. We are ordered to adopt as guiding principles absolute fidelity, ingenuity, and delicacy of touch, with a tact

difficult to describe. Even Voltaire says a translator should lose his own genius and assume that of his author: he never followed his own rule. Whatever (they tell us) changes the character of the composition, by saddling the copyist upon the original, must be held more or less a blemish. The dose is easy to prescribe, hard to take; for personality evokes personality. They are right, however, in declaring that whenever the attempt *verbum reddere verbo* enfeebles the flow of the model, or debases the currency of the copy, the latter has failed. Thus the utmost we can expect is an "artistic compromise between the two incompatibles;" and the highest praise is his whose version, while honest, reads like an original. The rest must be left to the reader's taste: a translator can answer only for his own.

Translation is distinctly "the fashion" in our age of English literature; although the British public has not, like the French, been educated to appreciate it. The pursuit, which began with the professional scholar, and extended to those who use scholarship as a recreation, can boast its especial merits. It has done positive good by leading to a higher standard; it does not force new crudities upon much-injured readers; and at its worst it can hardly do harm. That the day of "free translations" is past, appears from the tenour of modern work. The poetical appetite, rather pampered than voracious, now demands food which has the full flavour and savour of the original dish: it rejects imitation

and recomposition however artistic; and it will not see the work re-written by implication. Our forefathers were contented with an "elegant though loose paraphrase;" with a pleasant volume which, retaining generals, allowed itself abundant licence in particulars. Thus Benito Caldera[1] says of his own day:—"Some imagine that the sole obligation of a translator is to flatter their ignorance by romancing for their amusement."

True, there is much in favour of the "free Translation." It gives more scope to the literary artist: his special powers have freer play; he may prove himself a "prevailing Poet." Edward Fairfax[2] handles his author

[1] A learned Portuguese whose Spanish version of The Lusiads was dedicated to the President of the Holy Office; and printed, *cum privilegio*, at Alcalá de Henares in A.D. 1580 (Adam. ii. 101; Jur. i. 223–24).

[2] Second (and natural?) son of Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton, Yorkshire, and Dorothy Gale. His Scandinavian blood is shown by the family name. A man of liberal education, ample patrimony and high consideration, he lived and died at Freyistone, Knaresborough, a perfect contrast with his Poet. The 1st Edit. of "Godfrey of Bulloigne; or, the Recovery of Jerusalem," was a folio printed in 1600; a 2nd appeared in 1624, and a 5th (Knight's) in 1817. It found high favour with Kings James and Charles; with Philips, the nephew of Milton, and with Waller, Collins, and Hume. Dryden calls Spenser and Fairfax "great masters in our language." Only Dr. Johnson preferred to "Godfrey" the insipidities of Hoole; and, *pénétré* with the pleasures of pension, dedicated it to his queen. It is regretable that so much of Fairfax has perished. The 4th Eclogue, which alone appears in Knight's Edit. (xliii.–l.), is a masterly work. Chambers' Cyclopædia calls it puerile and absurd; but his literary history is "written for the people."

with a latitude often bordering on licence; yet his glorious Shakespearian (Elizabethan) version is a model for copyists, if such thing there be. In Cary's[1] sound blank verse Dante is projected from his own plane to ours. Still the fact remains that the taste for free translation in verse has grown obsolete.

And there is much against the verbal, the literal version. As early as 1588 John Purvey, when revising Wyclif's Bible, made a rule "to translate after the sentence, not after the words." Where no analogy exists between the two languages, a religious, or rather a superstitious observance of the text is likely to produce a harsh and inverted style. Again, a close version from a tongue of superior beauty suggests, Alfieri well says, "transferring an air from harp to hurdy-gurdy." Lastly, as observed by Rose,[2] who modestly compares his labours with a print or engraving rather than a copy of the picture, it is possible to echo the author's very words to little or no purpose. For instance, Ariosto writes :—

Dove presso à Bordèa mette Caronna,
(Where the Garonne dischargeth near Bordeaux),

[1] What could have persuaded Mr. Longfellow to do Dante? It is like Washington Irving writing upon "Mahomet and his Successors."

[2] William Stewart Rose nat. 1775, published Orlando Furioso in 1831, and ob. (æt. 68) April 30, 1843. His version has its merits, but it is deformed by excessive carelessness, especially in the repetition of rhymes. The latter sometimes occur in the Faerie Queene, but always with an object.

and Huggins translates :—

Where to Bordea runs Caronna near,

These are weighty objections: they apply, however, not to the use but to the abuse and misuse of literal translation.

It is curious to remark how all the English translators of Camoens (save one) chose, instinctively as it were, the literal form preferred by moderns. This may be explained by the intense realism of the Poem, which treats of historical fact, not of fable or of legend like Ariosto and Tasso; by its annalistic and geographical character; by its directness of speech; by its straightforwardness of action, and by the fulness of its narrative, verging at times upon the diffuse. Thus an accurate and faithful copy became easier and more natural than a paraphrase. Mickle, the sole exception, adopted the heroic couplet, but he wrote under the mighty wings of Dryden and Pope, the after-birth of the great Shakespearian delivery.

Da Gama's exploration-feat, one of the three quasi-contemporary voyages, offered as a subject advantages and demerits. For the Poet's age the picture, as has been said of Lucan and Silius Italicus, lacked mythical interest; it was too modern, too familiar, for readers who had seen, perhaps, a "Baron," a "Hero," an "Argonaut," in the tipstaff's hands. On the other hand, this exploit, which stirred national pride and enthusiasm to its very depths, excited Camoens himself the more, as he was almost a

spectator of its triumphs. With our *Poète de la Patrie*, Portugal, not Da Gama, was the hero of the Poem; the bard's life and labours enabled him to produce a picture of which any nation might be proud; and, as in the case of Homer and Virgil, the noblest spirit and the purest patriot sings his country's choicest glory. The fire of discovery, long ago allowed to smoulder, but never to burn out, is now being rekindled; meanwhile, we moderns may catch a reflexion of its pristine heat and splendour by fixing our eyes upon the original source.

Of the especial difficulties which beset the translator of The Lusiads, the first and chief are the language (vocabulary) and mannerism, the mould and rhyme. Portuguese, as Southey warns us, "offers dangerous temptations to the over-conscientious translator." This tongue, which the Troubadours called the Speech of Flowers, assigns especial senses to words of general use. Thus, every version renders *sublimaram* (i. 1, 8) by some form of "sublime"; whereas, here *sublimar* means to elevate, to make splendid.[1]

Again, Camoens had evidently read (Canto i. 11) one Orlando, and possibly all three. Their success may have recommended to him the Ottava rima, and in the

[1] Mr. Oswald Crawfurd in The Academy (Aug. 31, 1878). I am well aware that, as a rule, words common to Latin, Portuguese, and English, bear different popular meanings. Yet I have ventured to use not a few (*e.g.* "singular" and "peregrine") in the vulgar Lusian sense; because they *may* bear that signification in our tongue, and they add variety and vivacity to diction.

treatment of his stanza he somewhat exaggerated Ariosto and other masters. All love to write up to the last distich; to compress the pith into a couplet; to contrast the artistic finish with the simplicity of the six preceding lines; to end *ore rotundo*. Hence, irreverent moderns compare the stanza with a dance ending in a "break-down." But Camoens, delighting in the Petrarchian Sonnet, has imported into the epic its mechanism and its chief peculiarity. Nay more, he rounds off each Canto with a jet, as it were, making it a detached picture.[1] In these chosen places he becomes alliterative, antithetical, epigrammatic, and aphoristic;[2] sentimental, moralising, pathetic, personal, eloquent, and, especially, poetical. Few, and very few of his sayings are the platitudes of philosophy; mostly they are truth winged with wit and wisdom. He does not scatter these gems upon the highway of narrative; he reserves the brightest for those moments of repose when his personages temporarily disappear. Thus the longest passages which conclude the Cantos (i., v., vi., and ix.) play the part of the ancient Chorus; their poetic beauty, moral excellence, philosophic dignity and fatalistic grandeur fairly represent the older artifice; while they embody at once the *Zeitgeist* of the public and the Poet's private thought. Their rhetorical polish has been a sore trial to translators, and

[1] As a rule Ariosto is most personal at the beginnings and the conclusions of his Cantos: Camoens at the latter.

[2] Lists of Camonian apophthegms are given by many commentators, notably by Jur. vi. 461–64.

many have been the ways of turning, in order to overcome, the stumbling-block. The same may be said of Camoens' delight in the figure which grammarians call Hyperbaton; these inversions are remarkable in his speeches, and they often run through a whole stanza (*e.g.* viii. 65).

The genius of his mother-tongue and the taste of his age induced the Portuguese Poet to write in hendecasyllables. This form, which corresponds with our heroic decasyllable, supplanted the "light metre," huitaine, octonary or octo-syllabic line both in Southern and in Northern Europe. In the former it was permanently established by Sá de Miranda, by D. Manoel de Portugal, and by other contemporaries of Camoens.[1] Hence, naturally, arose the *Schwacher Reim;* the feminine, dissyllabic, or double-ending, a consonance of two syllables when the second ends in a vowel.[2] Hence, too, the *sdrucciolo*, or triple-ending,[3] a sorer difficulty still. In English both are exotics, concluding

[1] It contrasts strongly with the hexameter, and the latter having 12 standard units, of which 5 can be broken into halves of short syllables. Thus the dactylic line contains 17 (12+5), while the spondaic has only a dozen.

[2] Port. Lusitána, Taprobána, humána; Ital. buóno, suóno; Fr. plaise, taise (pronouncing the e); Engl. father, rather; glory, story (Fairfax makes glory rhyme with sorry).

[3] Port. Império, hemisphério; Ital. fémina, sémina; Engl. mo-ti-on, po-ti-on, o-ce-an; and Byron's often quoted intellectual =henpeck'd you all. "Brittain's Ida" attributed to Spenser abounds in these rhymes.

the line with a stumble instead of a pause. There is no poetry in these efforts of the Scottish metrical Psalter:—

> In them the birds of air have made
> Their habitation;
> Which do among the branches sing
> With delectation.

Byron, a master of his craft, deals liberally in feminine forms; but Don Juan was an original composition that ignored fetters, and the intention was to be quaint rather than poetic. Morgante Maggiore, upon which the translator greatly prided himself, was also semi-jocose, and here the double rhymes were most effective. Only Mitchell has attempted the task in The Lusiads; but he so handled his material that the assonances became rather grotesque than poetical. Other translators have shirked the trial, and perhaps they were wise in their generation.

Lastly, there is the rhyme-difficulty. The Portuguese bard had advantages in the *Schema homœoteleuton* denied to the Englishman, and he carried the liberty to the verge of licence.[1] In the soft bastard Latin tongues,

[1] He uses, for instance *Estima* (noun)=*estima* (verb, ii. 86); *Parte* (noun)=*parte* (verb, vii. 23); and *vista* (noun)=*vista* (participle, vii. 59). As regards *Profundo* (noun)=*profundo* (adj. iv. 102), the latter is held incorrect by some commentators who replace the second by *facundo*, after a MS. of F. y S. Zoïlus declares of Camoens that "the rhyme oppresses him, subjugates him." This is unjust, but certainly some of his endings are not admissible: for instance, lines 2 and 4 of iv. 101 conclude with

especially in Italian, it is hard to speak without assonance. Increased facility is given by the popular use of corresponding sounds without dissimilarity of the consonants preceding the "terminal jinglings;" the "rack of finest wits." In the French of Victor Hugo *sombre* (adjective) rhymes with *sombre* (verb), and a favourite form in Spanish is when the vowels, not the consonants, echo one another:[1] like those races of delicate organs, Arabs and Persians, they are satisfied with a minimum of power. But what Continentals consider a beauty we Islanders hold to be a blemish; with us the excess of harmony destroys all the harmony. We are upon this point squeamish, over-particular. There is really no reason why maid should not rhyme with dismay'd; oppress with depress. The kindred language of Germany allows empfinden=finden; and, hence, partly the flexibility of its verse. True, the admirable Spenser is not blameless in this matter:[2] Byron[3] has "already"=ready; Swinburne "see" and "sea." Yet English critics hold that this form of the "tag" has a bald and barren look, equally unsatis-

longe, and lines 4 and 6 of viii. 94 in *val.* All we can say is that they may be hopelessly corrupt.

[1] *E.g.*, Bárbaro, =cálamo, =plátano.

[2] *F. i.* Canto v. ss. 3, 4, and 5.

[3] In Morgante Maggiore we find "laurels"=Charles (xiii.); "for he"=bury (xxvi.); "Rondello"=fellow (xxviii.); and "arrow"=quite through (lxiii.). Of the eighty-six Stanzas in the fragment, thirty-eight have double rhymes; No. lxix. shows them in six consecutive lines, and No. xli. consists of nothing else.

factory to eye and ear. The former need not be consulted; and the latter, it would appear from the Sonnet, cannot be satisfied without a thump which suggests the national steam-hammer. And public taste now pronounces intolerable the "tinklings of final syllables," which were once "allowable."

After these general remarks, I proceed to particulars.

§ 2. English Translators of The Lusiads, (with specimens).

ADAMSON (ii. 61–257) compared the various translations of The Lusiads by quoting *in extenso* the Ignez-episode (iii. 118–135). It is a fair test, but better suited to a volume than to a chapter. I have contented myself with the two opening stanzas than which, perhaps, there are none more unmanageable in the whole poem.[1] The first, I would remind the reader, has evidently been written and re-written till it has lost all its freshness. No. 2 is but little better, and none of us have done justice to the original.[2] Both united form

[1] Had my space been less occupied I should have added the third of the first and the last Stanza of the last Canto.

[2] Similarly Fanshaw, it is said, after repeated trials, was by no means satisfied with stanza 2 of his Godfrey; and I ask myself if he liked the first. In both he seems hardly to have settled down to his work.

one immense sentence in *Tudesque* fashion, while the connexion is by no means self-evident. It is curious to see how many of the translators, Fanshaw, Quillinan, Mitchell, and Duff have converted the sense into absolute nonsense by placing a full stop at the end of stanza i. Duff, the greatest offender, also cuts up stanza ii. by a period in line 8; but he may plead that he had no intention to follow his leader.

CAMOENS
(1572).

CANTO PRIMEIRO.

1

As Armas, e os Barões assinalados,
Que da Occidental praia Lusitana
Por mares nunca d'antes navegados,
Passaram ainda alem da Taprobana,
Em perigos e guerras esforçados,
Mais do que promettia a força humana;
E entre gente remota edificaram
Novo reino, que tanto sublimaram:

2

E tambem as memorias gloriosas
Daquelles Reis, que foram dilatando
A Fé, o Imperio; e as terras viciosas
De Africa e de Asia andaram devastando;
E aquelles que por obras valerosas
Se vão da lei da morte libertando;
Cantando espalharei por tod'a parte,
Se a tanto me ajudar o engenho e arte.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAW
(1655).

1

Armes, and the Men above the vulgar File,
Who from the *Western Lusitanian* shore
Past ev'n beyond the *Trapobanian*-Isle (*sic*),
Through *Seas* which never *Ship* had sayld before;
Who (brave in *action*, patient in long *Toyle*,
Beyond what strength of *humane* nature bore.)
'Mongst *Nations*, under *other Stars*, acquir'd
A *modern Scepter* which to *Heaven* aspir'd.

2

Likewise those *Kings* of *glorious memory*,
Who sow'd and propagated where they past
The Faith with the *new Empire* (making dry
The *Breasts* of ASIA, and laying waste
Black Affrick's vitious Glebe; and *Those* who by
Their deeds at *home* left not their names defac't,
My *Song* shall spread where ever there are *Men*,
If *Wit* and *Art* will so much guide my Pen.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE
(1776).

Arms and the Heroes, who from Lisbon's shore,
Thro' Seas where sail was never spread before,
Beyond where Céylon lifts her spicy breast,
And waves her woods above the watery waste,
With prowess more than human forc'd their way
To the fair kingdoms of the rising day:

What wars they wag'd, what seas, what dangers past,
What glorious Empire crown'd their toils at last,
Vent'rous I sing, on soaring pinions borne,
And all my Country's wars the song adorn;
What Kings, what Heroes of my native land
Thunder'd on Asia's and on Afric's strand:
Illustrious shades, who levell'd in the dust
The idol-temples and the shrines of lust;
And where, erewhile, foul demons were rever'd,
To Holy Faith unnumber'd altars rear'd;
Illustrious names, with deathless laurels crown'd,
While time rolls on in every clime renown'd!

THOMAS MOORE MUSGRAVE (1826).

Arms, and the heroes of illustrious fame,
Who, from the western Lusitanian shore,
Remote, unnavigated seas explor'd,
Far beyond Taprobana's distant isle,
And, 'midst the perils of advent'rous war,
With more than human constancy endur'd,
In Eastern climes a mighty empire rais'd
And aggrandiz'd by great and glorious deeds:
The great achievements of their martial kings,
Who spread the Christian Faith where'er thei arm
Prevail'd, in Asia, and in Africa,
Idolatrous and superstitious rites
Extirpating; and those, too, whose exploits
From death's oblivion their names redeem'd:
These let me sing, and wide-extend their fame,
If to such themes my Muse may dare aspire.

EDWARD QUILLINAN[1]
(1853).

1

Arms, and the men heroic of the West,
Who from their native Lusitanian shore,
By seas till then unnavigated, prest
Evën beyond Taprobanè, and more
Than seem'd of human force the hardest test,
Through wars and perils resolutely bore,
Raised a new empire in a distant clime,
And crown'd it with a glory all sublime.[1]

2

These, and the kings of memory dear to fame,
Who, widening out dominion, spread the Faith,
Afflicted Afric as a chastening flame,
And Asia, rank with the idolater's breath—
And many a warrior who redeem'd his name
By deeds of prowess from the law of death—
These shall my song proclaim in every part,
If Genius aid me, and melodious Art.

THOMAS LIVINGSTON MITCHELL
(1854).

1

Arms, and the Barons signally renowned
Who from the western Lusitanian shore,
Far beyond Taprobane a passage found
By seas none ever sailed across before:

---

[1] This is hardly a fair specimen of Quillinan, who has done better almost everywhere else.

In perils great, fierce wars on unknown ground,
Meeting all adverse human strength with more:
To found midst people of a different sky,
A new realm that raised their names so high.

2

Likewise those Kings whose memorable deeds
Gloriously spread our holy faith and nation,
And to the wicked lands of sinful creeds
In Africa and Asia, devastation;
And those achieving by their valour's meeds
From the dread law of death their liberation;
Singing I will proclaim, both far and wide,
If art and genius be not me denied.

JOHN JAMES AUBERTIN
(1878).

1

Arms and the heroes signalised in fame,
Who from the western Lusitanian shore
Beyond e'en Taprobana sailing came,
O'er seas that ne'er had traversed been before;
Harassed with wars and dangers without name,
Beyond what seemed of human prowess bore,
Raised a new kingdom midst a distant clime,
Which afterwards they rendered so sublime:

2

Also those kings of glorious memory,
Who, spreading wide the faith and empire's sway,
Went forth where Africa and Asia be,
Sweeping the wicked of those lands away;
And they, who, working many a prodigy
Of valour, death's own laws e'en held at bay,
Shall in my song be o'er the world displayed,
If art and genius so far lend their aid!

JAMES E. HEWITT
(1879).

1

Arms and the men of a redoubted name,
Far from the western Lusitanian shore,
Thro' seas where never prior vessel came,
Who further yet than Taprobana bore:
In danger valiant and in wars the same,
Exceeding what was pledged of human store,
And, among people of a distant clime
New kingdom built and rendered so sublime:

2

And more, the glorious memories of the kings,
The Faith, the Empire forth who went to spread,
And bearing upon Devastation's wings,
Through baleful Africa and Asia sped:
And those, by reason of right valorous things
Enfranchised from the law of death who trod,
I singing will diffuse on every side
If skill and art so far my effort guide.

ROBERT FFRENCH DUFF
(1879).

1

The arms I sing and that most glorious band
Of heroes far renowned, who did of yore
Embark on Lusitania's western strand
For seas where fleets had never sailed before,
And boldly passed beyond the balmy shore
Of Taprobana: neither storm nor fight
Can stop their course; above them all they soar
Triumphant, and by superhuman might
They raise their native realm unto its proudest height.

2

Immortal glories these! nor less the fame
Of Lusitanian Kings, whose guiding thought
Inspired their zealous efforts to proclaim
Their holy faith to pagans, and who sought
To bring the wild and savage tribes to naught
In Africa and Asia, men of heart
Undaunted, who undying glory bought
By scorning death. Such deeds in every part
My Muse shall spread around, if genius aid my art.

RICHARD F. BURTON
(1880).

1

The feats of Arms and famed heroick Host
From occidental Lusitanian strand,
That o'er the seas by seaman never crost
Farèd beyond the Taprobàne-land,[1]
Forceful in perils and in battle-post,
With more than promised force of mortal hand;
And in the regions of a distant race
Reared a new throne so haught in Pride of Place:

2

And eke, the Kings of memory grand and glorious,
Who hied them Holy Faith and Reign to spread,
Converting, conquering, and in lands notorious,
Africk and Asia, devastation made;

---

[1] Ceylon.

Nor less the Lieges who by deeds memorious
Brake from the doom that binds the vulgar Dead;
My song would sound o'er earth's extremest part
Were mine the genius, mine the Poet's art.

Concerning these translations I propose to offer a few details, biographical and bibliographical.

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§ 3. Notices of English Translators.

Fanshaw, Mickle, Musgrave, Quillinan, Mitchell, Aubertin, Hewitt, Duff, and Burton.

I.

RICHARD FANSHAW,[1] Esquire, became Sir Richard after the Siege of Oxford, and the Right Honourable Sir Richard by virtue of his civil services. This Translator represents the noble age of English literature, the Elizabethan or rather the Shakespearean.

[1] "The | Lusiad, | or, | Portugals | Historicall Poem: | written | In the Portingall Language | by | Luis de Camoens; | and | Now newly put into English | by | Richard Fanshaw, Esq.;—

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori,
Carmen amat quisquis, Carmine digna facit.

London, | Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, at the Prince's- | Arms, in St. Pauls Churchyard, MDCLV." Fronting the title-page is a bust

Fanshaw was a younger son of Sir Henry Fanshaw, Ware Park, Herts. Born in 1607, some nine years before the death of Shakespeare and Cervantes (1616), he studied at Cambridge; and he was sent on a mission to the Court of Spain, where he held the Embassy till 1642. Returning to England he found himself, a Royalist by race, involved in the Civil Wars (1642–48). Taken prisoner at Worcester, he was placed on parole with William Earl of Strafford at Tankersley Park, Yorkshire. His wife, who was gentle and brave, has left a pathetic account of the leave-taking (1648) at Hampton Court with Charles I., under circumstances which lent to parting an especial pathos. When the King saluted her, she prayed God to preserve his Majesty—"who was next of all to the Son of God himself"—with a long life and happy years. The "Martyr," affectionately stroking her cheek, answered, "Child, if God pleaseth it shall be so; but both you

portrait of the Poet, "sinister-gardant;" and thus blind of the wrong eye. The *Camam*-bird is similarly faced, and under the plate is a quaint "copy" of original verse. After the "Epistle Dedicatorie" comes "Petronii Arbitri Satyricon, page 48," with translation, and "The Translator's Postscript." There is a full length of Prince Henry of Portugall, in armour, lance in hand, like a brawny St. Christopher: books, nautical instruments, and the national arms, with the legend of the Garter, and the capture of Ceuta, form the background. It is followed by the likeness of Vasco da Gama, also full-length. The Prælegomena end with the well-known Vasco Sonnet of Torquato Tasso, and a rude translation. The folio numbers pp. xix (b 2) 224, and costs £1. 6s. to £1. 10s., while Harrington fetches £4. 4s. to £6. 6s.

and I must submit to God's will, for you know whose hands I am in." Then, turning to Sir Richard, the King continued: "Be sure, Dick, to tell my son all that I have said, and deliver these letters to my wife. Pray God bless her, and I hope I shall do well." At last, embracing his faithful follower, the "Martyr" said: "Thou hast ever been an honest man, and I hope God will bless thee and make thee a happy servant to my Son, whom I have charged in my letter to continue his love and trust to you; and I do promise you, if I am restored to my dignity, I will bountifully reward you both for your services and sufferings." Lady Fanshaw concludes: "Thus did we part from that glorious Sun that, within a few months after, was extinguished, to the grief of all Christians who are not forsaken of their God." No wonder that men, especially "Jack" men, sang—

The King shall enjoy his own again.

During the Commonwealth, or First Republic of England (1649–53), Fanshaw was once more sent for a short time (1650–51) as Ambassador to Spain. He became a "complete master of the modern languages," then confined to the Neo-Latin, few studying German, and none Slav and Romaic; and he spoke and wrote Spanish "with as much advantage as if he had been a native." Accordingly we find him translating the drama *Querer por solo querer* (to love only for love); Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, which excelled the Aminta;[1] and minor

[1] Tasso's "Aminta" was translated into all the cultivated Euro-

pieces in verse and prose. He might have read The Lusiads in the Spanish version of Luis Gomes de Tapia [1] (1580); but he evidently knew Portuguese, and, contrary to common opinion, he knew it well.

In 1655, some 275 years after John Wyclif's version; 51 years after the date of the A. V. under the king who invented baronetcies, and 10 years before the completion of Paradise Lost, Fanshaw printed the first English translation of The Lusiads. In his Dedication, dated from Tankersley Park (May 1), the knight tells us that "from the hour I began it, to the end thereof, I slept not once out of these walls." The Editor of Fanshaw's Letters expressly says: "During the unsettled times of our *anarchy*, some of his MSS., falling by misfortune into unskilful hands, were printed and published without his consent or knowledge, and before he could give them his last finishing touches: such was his translation of the Lusiad." Hence, probably, the curious mistakes and the unfinished appearance of the work, which notably wants notes.

On the Restoration Fanshaw was named Master of Requests; in the next year (1661) he was sent as Envoy-Extraordinary, and, shortly afterwards, Ambassador to Lisbon. Here he negotiated the famous marriage between Charles II. and Dona Catharina, which, by the transfer of Bombay, ruined Goa, and made the

pean languages. Reading the "Pastor Fido," the great model said:—"If he (Guarini) had not seen the Aminta, he would not have excelled it."

[1] Jur. i. 224–26.

British supreme in the "East Indies." He had resolved to revise and correct his translations; but business occupied all his time. Returning in 1663, Sir Richard was made one of the Privy Council. He was again commissioned as Ambassador to Spain, where the Right Honourable died of fever (æt. 62) in 1669. His wife and constant companion brought his remains to England for burial in the parish church of Ware.

The first translator of The Lusiads had many qualifications for the task: there is a notable likeness between him and Sir John Harrington, "that witty fellow, my godson," as the *inveterata virgo* called him, who was ordered to "English" Ariosto, and who narrowly escaped being an Irish bishop or archbishop. Fanshaw was a man of ancient family and liberal education; a Royalist loyal to the backbone; a linguist, a philosopher, a true man, and a gay and gallant cavalier. He had fought, and he had seen the world beyond the steeple. Southey, who is generous in his judgment, looks upon Fanshaw in the light of a perfect littérateur, an able diplomatist, and an excellent specimen of humanity.

The good knight fared badly during the Georgean Days, the Golden Age of Mediocrity, which may be called the "Shaven Period" of English History and Literature, when the Philister ruled "Church and State." Mickle (Dissert. cxxxiii.) finds him "harsh and unpoetical":[1] he is certainly a contrast with that mawkish

[1] Besides repetitions of rhyme, misnumbering the Stanzas and similar blemishes, we find such palpable errors as *Trapobanian*-isle

smoothness which turns "Malabar" into *Malabria.* The brewer pronounces the Cavalier "apparently literal, nevertheless exceedingly unfaithful:" this is Gracchus complaining of sedition. "Uncountenanced by his original, he *teems with many a dead-born jest;* nor has he the least idea of the dignity of the epic style, or of the true spirit of poetic translation" (clix.). Southey, who had lived in Portugal (1811-12), while recognising a certain vigour and movement, chiefly where the original is followed, also condemns the style as inflated, destitute of the majesty becoming the epic,[1] overloaded with epithets, and puerile in the comparisons and images (Quart. Rev. April, 1822). Quillinan the Lakist who, by-the-by, often borrows from Fanshaw, declares him prosaic, ridiculous, and almost unendurable. The Portuguese, who should be the best judges, re-echo Mickle and term the "Luciad" *a mais infiel de quantas traducções se tem feito* (the most faithless version of all hitherto made). They are wrong; but, be it observed,

(i. 1, 3); "King's fifteen" (for thirteen, iv. 60); "Craggie Rocks's" (iv. 70); "Cynifius" (vii. 7); "Rivers Gonzague" (viii. 27, not 31); "Biblis and Myrra," ix. 34; "Cambaland" (x. 13) and many similar, which suggest printing from an imperfect MS. In those days proofs were not corrected.

[1] It appears to me this critic does not, like many others, fairly distinguish between the true Epic, Ancient and Classical, and the mediæval (Neo-Latin) romantic poems which succeeded it. The moderns allow themselves a licence unknown to their predecessors. Danto's "Comedy" can hardly be called an Epic, and we wonder what Horace would have thought of Ariosto.

the author had not conciliated popular favour by talking of "*so uncourted a language* as that of Portugal."

Fanshaw's faults lie on the surface. Rugged, harsh, and, at times, bombastic, he gives no echo of the buoyant and rarely broken melody of one of the most polished and musical of poets. The epigrammatic lines which end the stanzas in the short incisive style adapted to subtle shades of expression, become in Fanshaw trite or pedantic moral maxims, mere popular proverbs rivalling the *répertoire* of Sancho Panza.[1] He takes improper liberties with his author: his inversions and parentheses, wheel within wheel, often make him more Camoens than Camoens,—not in a praiseworthy sense. He amplifies, and expounds the Poet's darker sayings; thus introducing a new element, the hermeneutic. He exaggerates whatever strikes him, with the jovial rollicking manner of the Carolians; the laughable passages, which are easily picked out and are too numerous to quote, may be attributed, like the "buffoonery" of Harrington, an English student of Rabelais, to the high spirits of the jolly and genial cavalier. His quaintness also overpowers his poetic sense. Yet he pleased his contemporaries: we read of the "excellent translation of that Heroique Poem" in the pages of Sir Peter Wiche, Kt., who published (1664) the Life of D. John de Castro.[2]

[1] Canto i. 105; ii. 59; iii. 15; iv. 35; v. 80; vi. 24; vii. 8; viii. 39; ix. 94; and x. 50.

[2] Jur. i. 284.

It has been said that Fanshaw translated Camoens without due knowledge of Portuguese. I see no sign of this; and I am glad to find my opinion confirmed by so high an authority as Viscount Juromenha. *Encontrâmos ás vezes muita fidelidade, não só em esprimir a idéa do auctor traduzido, mas ainda na fórma metrica.* (At times we meet with great fidelity, not only to the author's idea but even to his metrical form).[1] The knight does not often choose to be literal, but when he pleases he can be remarkably so:—*e.g.*

Eclipses whatsoe 're *outlandish* Fame.—(I. 13.)
And *They* who injured *you*, We will be bold,
Know not what price *Virtue* and *Honor* hold.—(II. 86.)
SCYLLA her aged *Father* slew through *one*,
Through *Both* TERESA goes against her *son*.—(III. 32.)
For *thee* (O KING) worse *dangers* and worse *Toyls*,
My *Spirit* leaps at, nor my *Flesh* recoyles.—(IV. 80.)
Where *People* dwell, whom CLYMENE'S rash Son [2]
Deny 'de the sweet Complexion of the *Day*.—(V. 7.)
Was a great nasty *Clown* with all that boast:
His *Father's Trumpet*, and his *Father's Poast*.—(VI. 16.)
There, when ANTEUS was obey 'd of yore.—(VII. 24.)
Seeld with an ANGELL'S *Quill*, hath *eyes* to find
The way to *Heav 'n*, but to the *Earth* is blind.—(VIII. 55.)
But we do want a certain neccessary
Woman, to broke between them CUPID said.—(IX. 44.)
Who now shall salt (I bayte you *Paganism*)
So much of *Heresie*, so mnch of *Scism*.—(X. 119.)

[1] Jur. i. 270.

[2] I have retained in the first Edition Camoens' Clyméne which is etymologically correct,—Κλυμένη.

Even the second-rate Elizabethans and quasi-Elizabethans had their especial merits. If Fanshaw made great faults he also showed high deserts. His work is that of a gentleman, a scholar and a soldier. His English, like that of Harrington, is nervous and idiomatic. The sprightly gallant style, the gay and lively tilt, the spring and swing of the verse show that he enjoyed his task. He has life with movement; and the rude energy of his poetic vein has still the power to please because we feel that he is swimming with the stream. Often comic, inverted, savage, tortured as Isaac Walton, he can be as sweet as Camoens himself; and, when at his best, he is stirring and spirited, dignified and dramatic. It has been said that Fanshaw is to Mickle what Chapman was to Pope: this is the usual half-truth of Epigrams. Finally, a modern *littérateur* might spend his time worse than in remodelling passages which grate upon our present fastidious taste; and in doing for good old Fanshaw what Berni did for Boiardo.[1]

[1] I cannot but suspect that the chief cause of the mighty literary movement of Elizabethan England was the opening of the Continent, and especially of Spain, to English travellers. If so, it repeats history in the days of Psammetichus and the Greeks. And though our language has, since that time, gained much in prose, it has lost proportionally in poetry. The disappearance of variety in nouns and the strong preterites of verbs is regretable, as that of the delicious diminutives in older French.

II.

Mickle (William Julius),[1] though chronologically a Georgean is a survival of Queen Anne's day or rather of Pope's. This consummate versifier, formist, and artist, founded a school which could not equal his merits but which successfully exaggerated his demerits, till its "monotonous sweetness, sententious precision, and laboured antithesis" become intolerable.

Mickle, whose name was Meikle, the son of a Scotch clergyman, and born in 1734 at Langholm, Dumfriesshire, became the manager of, and subsequently a partner in, an Edinburgh brewery. He qualified for belles lettres by bankruptcy; and emigrated (1734) southwards like many of his countrymen :—

[1] "The Lusiad; | or | The Discovery of India; | an | Epic Poem. | Translated from the Portuguese of | Luis de Camoens. | By | William Julius Mickle. |

Nec verbum verbo, curabis reddere fidus
Interpres.—HOR. Art. Poet.

London | Oxford | MDCCLXXVI."

A 2nd Edition of this 4to., "with emendations and additions," appeared at Oxford in 1778; and the profits of the first fourteen years were nearly £1,000. The 3rd (2 vols. 8vo., without improvements) came out in 1791. The 4th and last (3 vols. 12mo.) was published by Joseph Harding, of London, in 1807. The fine copper-plates, copied into Didot's small Edition (Paris, 1815) are the Malaprops of the day. For instance (iii. 114) Da Gama stands manacled before a Hindu Rajah, who is dressed like a Moslem, or rather a "Saracen." Of the 5th Edition (1877) I shall speak further on.

The "Introduction" is followed by (i.) The History of the

With scrip on hip, and pykstaff in his hand,
As he had purposit to pass fra home.

Even then it was said of the "native Scotchman," *consuetudo peregrinandi jam pene in naturam conversa.*

Having learnt a smattering of Portuguese in his youth (æt. 17), Mickle read Duperron de Castéra,[1] and Fanshaw may have determined him to reclothe Camoens in the dress of the day. The "Gentleman's Magazine" (March, 1771), printed the Adamastor-episode (Canto v.), which is still sold; and, during the following summer,

Discovery of India; (ii.) The History of the Rise and Fall of the Portuguese Empire in the East; (iii.) The Life of Luis de Camoens (now obsolete); (iv.) "A Dissertation on the Lusiad; and (v.) Observations upon Epic Poetry (in general). The translation of Tasso's Vasco Sonnet has slender merits; it begins well, and ends badly—

And under many a sky thy actions crown,
While Time and Fame together glide along.

[1] *La Lusiade de Camoens. Poème Héroïque sur la découverte des Indes Orientales, traduit du Portugais en François, avec des remarques*, 1st Edit. (3 vols. 12mo. illustrated), Amsterdam, 1735. Second Edit., *A Paris chez Babuty, Quai des Augustins, à l'Étoile*, MDCCLXVIII.; *avec approbation et privilège du Roi* (3 vols. 12mo. not illustrated). Mickle calls this prose version a "loose unpoetical paraphrase of the Lusiad"; adding, "Castera was in every way unequal to the task. He did not perceive his author's beauties. He either suppresses or lowers the most poetical passages; and substitutes French tinsel and impertinence in their place." The work has been entirely superseded by the version in French prose (accompanied by the Portuguese text) of Snr. Fernando d'Azevedo (see Table III.), a Brazilian writer. I found this volume so correct that it was often referred to for the meaning of disputed passages.

Canto i. appeared with proposals to publish the whole by subscription. The specimen found favour. Mickle gave up his employment at the Clarendon Printing-office (early 1772); retired to a farm-house at Forest Hill near Oxford, and devoted three or four years to the work, which was supervised by Mr. James Boswell, of Auchinlech. For his voluminous and some of them luminous and valuable notes, he consulted the Commentaries of Faria y Sousa; and he was assisted by the Rev. Dr. Crowe.[1] The copyright was sold; the book was printed at the University Press, and the thousand copies of the first edition sold fast.

Mickle's earliest poems were "Pollio, an Elegy," and "The Concubine," an unfortunate name, afterwards changed to "Syr Martyn." This antiquated study, after the Spenser manner, was admired by Lyttelton and quoted by Walter Scott; but it wanted energy as well as originality, and it has shared the fate of Tickell's toils. Mickle still lives in his charming "Cumnor Hall," the groundwork of Kenilworth. The fairest flower in his poetic chaplet, however, showing the true bent and strength of his genius, was the little Scotch song beginning:—

> Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
> His breath's like caller air;
> His very fit has music in't,
> As he comes up the stair.

[1] "Life of Mickle, prefixed to Edition of his Poetical Works," quoted by Adam. ii. 236–45.

This is still a "live song," and will never be forgotten.

The Duke of Buccleugh, to whom The Lusiads was dedicated, proved himself a sorry Mæcenas; but Commodore Johnson, despatched (early 1779) to the coast of Portugal in command of a squadron, shipped Mickle as his secretary. The vessels touched at Lisbon (Nov. 1780), and the translator's biographer, the Rev. John Sim (p. 4), gives the following account of his triumph :—

"He was received with the utmost politeness and respect by Prince Don John of Braganza, Duke of Lafoens, and uncle to Maria I., the Queen of Portugal (to whom he had sent a copy of the Lusiad on its first publication), who, actuated by feeling very dissimilar to the cold apathy of his Scotch patron, had for some time been waiting upon the quay, anxious to be the first to welcome the translator of the Lusiad to the native city of his favourite Camoens. By this distinguished personage he was introduced to the principal nobility, clergy, and literati of Portugal, who vied with each other in showing him every mark of attention and respect during a residence of more than six months. 'I have made the best use of my time,' he says, 'in seeing everything in my power; and I have had every assistance from the Portuguese noblesse and literati; many of whom understand English and are well acquainted with our literature, and seem much pleased that a translation of their favourite poem has been well received in England.'"

It is lamentable that this courteous greeting did not induce Mickle to withdraw from circulation or, at least to modify, certain unseemly remarks concerning the "barbarism" of the land. Voltaire, more appreciative, ends his critique with the just remark about the *nation spirituelle* which I have already quoted. Southey, however, shows the reason (Quart. Rev. loc. cit.). Mickle had given a peculiar tone to his magnum opus, in order to flatter the Honourable East India Company, "who reaped where the Portuguese had sown." Thus he was in verse what Mill (*père*) was in prose. But to elevate the "civil and military arts of the British . . . . that nation of princes" (Introd. xxi.), it was necessary to debase Spain and Portugal (*ibid.* xli. 7).

Mickle was also made (May, 1780) a member of the Royal Academy, Lisbon, and was honoured with a portrait by its President, the Duke of Lafoens. He now began "Almada Hill," a supplement to the "Lusiad": it was born in 1781, and died the death. Returning with Commodore Johnson to England, he was appointed joint agent for distributing the prize-money. His own share, which was ample, enabled him to marry an old flame, whom he had courted during his obscurer Oxford days; he spent his later life in ease and leisure, and he died at Forest Hill in 1788.

Walter Scott justly credited Mickle with a "vein of great facility, united to a power of verbal melody, which might have been envied by bards of much greater renown." The writer of Thalaba, whose reading-appetite

was omnivorous, whilst his taste was *sui generis*, and who wrote much unpoetical poetry, found Mickle superior to Camoens. Southey, however, also praises *O insigne Pintor*, of Vieira Lusitano, as the model prose-work in Portuguese.[1] He always reminds us of the question put to him by an old Quaker dame, "And when, friend, does thee find time to *think?*" But he justly describes Mickle as a "man of genius, whose memory is without a spot, and whose name will live among the English poets." Quillinan's better knowledge perceives that the "heroical" translator knew little of Portuguese; and his finer sense pronounces his liberties "intolerable." Mickle has been generally praised for his Introduction, and here he shows the laborious research and minute industry of his countrymen, the Germans of England. I am curious to know if he had any Hibernian blood; the "seven twin-mountains" (vol. ii. 93) suggests the admixture; and his poetry, speaking of The Lusiads, is essentially Irish, a maximum of flowers to a minimum of fruit.

Mickle is the incarnation of *Traduttori,—traditori* (translators=traitors). His treason, however, is boldly committed; indeed, he glories in his crime. He thus throws down the gage of battle to all conscientious workmen: "Your literal translation can have no claim to the original felicities of expression, the energy, elegance, and fire of original poetry" (clxi). Consequently he

[1] For an excellent Critique on Southey's rash and often valueless judgments, see Quillinan in Jur. i. 289–90.

intrudes his own. He opens his *rôle* of originality by adopting the fine, rolling heroic couplet, which heroically shirks every difficulty. It was an unhappy choice, wholly out of harmony with the form and spirit of the original; it runs a series of cabinet-pictures into a "smear without light, shade, or distinction of outline."[1] In these more exact days, Mickle would have called his poem "The Lusiads adapted from Camoens," and thus he would have won praise as a quasi-original artist. In his own time he was considered "fluent, lofty, and harmonious." I can only say that his style attacks my nerves, gives me "crispations."

As a translator, Mickle deserves the severest blame. His liberty is licentious: at his best he is splendidè mendax. He is not satisfied with paraphrase and omissions: he rejoices in impertinent intrusions and interpretations; and he evidently holds, with consummate self-sufficiency, that he is improving upon Camoens. The seventeen stanzas which begin Canto ix. are eked out to more than double—300 for 136 lines. He falsifies history, topography, onomatology,[2] everything.

[1] The idea is well worked out by Rose (pp. xiii.–xiv.), "Introduction to the Orlando Furioso:" London, Bell & Daldy, 1872.

[2] He will turn Afonso or Affonso into Alonzo; Nuno to Nunio; Magriço to Magricio; Seine to Seyn; Garonne to Garoon; Guimaraens to Guimaria. Arronches to Aruncha; Cezimbra to Zambra; Badajoz to Badaja; Santarem (St. Irene) to Santareen; Abyla to Abeyla and Avila; Asturias to Turia; Cinyps to Cynifio; Monsaydé to Muzaide; the Pyrenees to "hoar Pyrenians;" Leïría to Lira; Giraldo to Gerrald; Menezes to Menez; Mascarenhas

Venus ejaculates, "Ah heaven!" (vol. i. p. 65) after the address, "O Thunderer!" A day is turned into a year (i. 7, 8). He makes his poet sing the "lawns of Thames" (ii. 209). The poor plunder of Mozambique Island becomes "costly spoils and Eastern robes." The Messiah's name is "reviled and scorned" by Moslems! Dionæa is "Celestial Love": Venus is "Urania Venus." The Portuguese use carabines (i. pp. 29, 37, 40): the Hindus "the splinter'd flint" (iii. 228). What can we say of a translator who opens the Ignez-episode with a half line (ii. 37)?

Such thy dire triumphs! Thou, O nymph, the while—

His description of Calicut, with its "ridge enormous," is simply ridiculous (iii. 102). The same may be said of "fair Arabia's gales"; of the anchor's "moony fangs"; of the "glossy simpering eye"; of "mangled woe"; of "ricey groves"; and of "skies of snow" in Western India. Camoens notably calls a spade a spade; Mickle makes water (i. 34)—

The healthful beverage from the living spring.

He is too delicate to speak of a wild beast which becomes,—

Each harmless bestial crops the flowery fields.

---

to Mascareen; Comorin to Comore, Rumé to Rumien; Diu to Dion; Tavai to Tava; Timor to Tiniora; and so forth. The "Bride of Portugal" may be called Agnes, but certainly not Inez. Hierapolis is a very different place from Heroöpolis; and Brázil (for Brazil) is not admissible.

The Daisy of the lovely stanza is turned (O Baldur!) into a rose. He abuses the use of "boy" and "nymph." Everything is "blue," vineyards (ii. 7), teeth (ii. 146), and lips (iii. 113). Completely unjustifiable are the lament for the imaginary Painter ("Poor man," etc., iii. 76, 77), the *mise-en-scène* of Bacchus appearing to the Moslem Divine (iii. pp. 77, 78), the King naming the Cape of Good Hope (iii. 94); and the fanciful jealousy of Leonardo ("Hah, did the lightning glare," iii. 154), not to speak of shorter passages. Last and worst of all, he curtails to 30 lines the glorious peroration of the poem, twelve of its noblest stanzas. In fact, Mickle's want of originality as a poet, and of local knowledge as a writer, make him unadorn everything he touches.

This translator, withal, had the face to declare in one of his editions (p. clxiii., 1807) that "some of the most eminent Portuguese literati had approved" of his improvements. Possibly the national courtesy may have wrung from them a few sympathetic expressions; but the public verdict is distinctly the reverse.[1] They appeal to the translations of Virgil and Horace in all the polished languages of Europe, to support their assertion that Camoens should have been preserved entire without mutilation or reproduction. They say, in fact, that Mickle composed "inverted Lusiads," dished up *à l'anglaise.*

[1] (Thomas José de) Aquino ao Leitor (Tomo 1ro. Obras de Camões, 1782) quoted by Adam. ii. 243.

But this over-freedom, these infidelities, are nothings to the home reader. Consequently the Poem with all its faults of stilted, turgid smoothness, of "flimsy pompous chime," has maintained up to the present the hold which it took upon the last century; and has become a pseudo-classic in English literature. It can point, as a patent of nobility, to five editions: similarly Hoole's version, despite the "meanness and monotonousness of his poetry," has reached or approached its twentieth issue. Mickle's ambition, he tells us (Dissert. clxii.), was "not to gratify the Dull Few, whose greatest pleasure in reading a translation is to see what the author exactly says (!): it was to give a poem that might live in the English language." So far he has succeeded, and no farther. He has also suggested that translation has no conscience.

I am here compelled to say a few words concerning the fifth and last Edition of Mickle, "revised" by E. Richmond Hodges (London: Bell, 1877). All the errors are left uncorrected. Camoens (Life, p. xi.) is made to die early in 1579. We again find (p. xii.) Mickle's hideous Portuguese *Fuy afeiçoada a minho patria.* The Samorim (Samiry) is perverted (p. lxxvi.) to Samudra Rajah, a blunder of old date.[1] The learned Editor of Varthema (Hakluyt Edition, p. 134) tells us, "Others derive the title from *Zamoodin* (?), the sea; and the Zamorin of Calicut is so called from his being the Lord of the Sea."

[1] In Chap. iv. § 2 I have explained the word.

Prasso (Prason or Prasum) is "the name of a Promontory near the Red Sea"; Menuthias, the Zanzibar group, is identified as by Mickle with Madagascar—an obsolete error after the fashion of Captain Fluellen. Burton is quoted for Quillinan; and Mickle is not distinguished from Camoens. Future editors and revisers are respectfully requested to print all the interpolated passages in italics.

III.

MUSGRAVE (THOMAS MOORE).[1]—This later Georgean is a reaction from the fluent unfaithful Mickle. Viscount Juromenha tells us (i. 280) that he knew Musgrave as a packet-agent in Lisbon. He had evidently a certain familiarity with the Portuguese language and literature; but the task was beyond his powers: he lacked linguistic education, taste, and poetic verve.

Musgrave's first mistake was to choose the "most elevated of measures," blank verse, which is, I need hardly say, verse in none but the master-hand. While rhyme enriches and almost poetises prosaic diction, *Verso sciolto* cannot live without a current of vivifying thought or

[1] The Lusiad, | an Epic | Poem, | by | Luis de Camoens. | Translated from the Portugueze | by | Thomas Moore Musgrave. |

Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poëtis
Excerpam numero, etc. HOR. Sat. l. i. 4.

London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, MDCCCXXVI. One vol. 8vo. published at £1. 1s.

fiery passion. Hence, says Landor, Shakespeare limps and halts in blank verse, when he is not supported by strong emotion: hence, too, he drops into prose whenever want of elevation in the subject threatened mock heroics. Musgrave's second error was to throw overboard the original division of Stanzas.[1] Thus he painfully resembles cut-up prose, the recitative of the ante-Verdian opera. But he is useful, he is conscientious, and his modest title-page shows his humble objective. He justly remarks that in his day there was no faithful version of the Poem. He accords fair praise to Mickle, ending with "My pretensions are limited to greater fidelity without aspiring to advance them beyond this point." He kept this essential steadily and unhesitatingly in view; and he did his best—which can hardly be called good.

Musgrave's literary judgment shows a perfect incapacity for the work. The greatness of his Poet seems never to have dawned upon him. We read with surprise (Pref. xiv.), "The formally sententious and didactic close of each Canto may be deemed objectionable,"—the very word has the *bourgeois*-twang,—"and it is to be regretted that Camoens borrowed too much from the genius of others, when, without misplaced confidence, he might judiciously have relied upon his own." Musgrave's media, especially his times, the reign of *Le Shocking*, must answer for his false shame and immodest modesty in the treatment of sundry passages, especially in Cantos ii. ix.

[1] I cannot help thinking that Cary's Dante would be much improved by being printed in triplets.

and x. While owning that it could never have been the intention of Camoens "to wound the feelings of delicacy," he has been "induced to modify several of the poet's expressions, so as to suppress their apparent licentiousness." We marvel where he hit upon the latter; but the pruriency of "respectability" passes thought.

A perusal of the solid uncompromising-looking volume —a true old John Murray—is no labour of love, especially when we ascertain the fact that most of the notes have been borrowed from Mickle. And it is hard to make poetry of such lines as these:—

> Shall fix upon the base Ismaelite (Is-ma-el-ite) etc.—
> (Canto I. p. 3.)
> The Nereïds then instantly surround, etc.—(II. 48.)
> The name of Vandalitia receiv'd, etc.—(III. 104.)
> In terms, less elegant than forcible, etc.—(IV. 142.)
> We pass'd. This first we coloniz'd. Its fame, etc.—(V. 178.)
> Which is, assuredly, the region, etc.—(VI. 247.)
> From this digression let us now pursue, etc.—(VII. 258.)
> Judiciously had rais'd th' advancing siege, etc.—
> (VIII. 292.)
> —Charms
> Of beauty, which, enslaving, captivate.—(IX. 332.)
> —Give
> Their Emperor unquestionable proofs.—(X. 366.)

The author's blank verse often falls into bad rhyme, *e.g.* rock=wreck (p. 49); better it were=err (86); retreat=exterminate (192); victory=ye lie=abundantly

(253); states=favourites (264); see=obscurity (369); all=tale (390) and Christianity=bravery (393). Sometimes, to make matters worse, the rhymes are good; as relate=State (p. 79); Rhodope=Eurydicè (263); singular=Malabar (267); and Epitome=thee (388). He often inverts sense, *e.g.* when he declares of Italy (p. 88):—

> Her ancient pow'r that meekness now displays
> With which the Deity is most content.

The costume of the Æthiopians which, needless to say, Camoens describes correctly, is changed and spoilt (p. 17); but almost all the translators have made a mess of the stanza (i. 47).[1] "Servile Hagar's loins" should be womb or flank (p. 92). "Piscous" is diluted to "maritime" Cezimbra. "Fair" is unjustifiably used (*e.g.* "fair Beatrix," p. 139) to make up the iamb. Camoens wrote "fifteen hundred years," not "near three hundred lustres" (177). "Why *steel*-digesting ostrich?" (179). An "insular discovery" (200) is not the discovery of an island. The contrast of the God of Wine and the God of Water is smudged (220).

> "Nor fear the sister of the God of Day"

imperfectly expresses, "and calls on her who was not Phœbus' sister," *i.e.* Diana the Chaste (ix. 75). Calicut, being Hindu, had no Khan (366); "Lorenzo's Coast" is hardly intelligible for Madagascar (374). "Their beards

[1] It is explained in the Notes.

in blood to bathe" (384) is stuff: Camoens wrote mustachios, alluding to a practice of bullies in the East. "Lara's stream" for the province of Lar is bad geography (397), and, finally, we have some curious misprints,—Anabis for Anubis (269); Ericina (Erycina 348); die (dye, ibid.); Araspa's (Araspas 377); and Syren (365).

IV.

QUILLINAN (EDWARD)[1] belongs to the Lakist Section of the lower Georgeans. Born at Oporto in 1791, and brought up a Catholic in Portugal, where the name is still found,

[1] The Lusiad | of | Luis de Camoens | Books I. to V. | Translated | by Edward Quillinan. | With Notes | by John Adamson | K.T.S. and K.C. of Portugal; Corresp. Memb. Roy. Acad. of Sciences of Lisbon; | F.L.S., F.R.G.S., &c., &c. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street, 1853. One vol. 8vo. pp. 207. The Dedication, from Newcastle-upon-Tyne (March 9, 1853), is a letter addressed to the Camoensian Editor and Scholar Snr. José Gomes Monteiro, before alluded to. It is followed by two imperfect Tables. The first is a list of Editions ending with Firmin-Didot in 1847; the second of translations, in whole and part, concluding with Lord Strangford (1805). Lastly comes Mickle's version of Tasso's Vasco-Sonnet. The book has for frontispiece a bust of the Portuguese Virgil in normal dress, ruff, and breast-plate; there is also (p. xi.) Dillon's medallion (Adam. i. v.). It is carelessly edited, wanting even page-headings: the notes are nothing, mere tags by Adam. who says (p. vii.):—"It was the intention of Mr. Quillinan to have accompanied his translation with notes, which, from his known zeal, and the access he had had to the most ample stores of information, would doubtless have been a valuable appendage."

he entered her army when the Peninsular War broke out; married (1817) the second daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges, and served till 1821. He was related to Southey; and, becoming a widower in 1822, his second wife (1841) was Dora, the daughter of his friend Wordsworth,[1] whom he had defended in a reply to a Satire by the man of "grim cognomen," W. Savage Landor. His temper was susceptible; and more than once he answered his critics and reviewers with pistol and point.[2]

Quillinan's maiden attempt at literature was an article on "Plautus," Gil Vicente (Quart. Rev. Aug. '46). About that time he began his "Lusiad," finished the first half in 1850, and wrote in September: "Such is the indifference which works of this nature encounter in England, that I have not the courage to publish such portion as I have completed."[3] He even thought of sending his version to America. In 1852 Viscount Juromenha confesses his obligation to the then unpublished "Specimen of a translation of the Lusiad, by Edward Quillinan of Rydal." After the latter's death Mr. Will. Johnston collected his dispersed works, and added a memoir to the volume. The *Panorama* (Series

[1] See Sonnet to Rotha Quillinan, ii. 346, Poet. Works, 1827.

[2] These details are from Jur. i. 282–84.

[3] In this point our literary life has deteriorated rather than improved. While the French translate, and translate well, every important foreign book, the English reader prefers almost any original trash to translations. This was not the case in the Augustan age of English letters.

iii. vol. ii. no. 23) contains an article *Eduardo Quillinan e sua Traduçcão ingleza dos Lusiadas de Camões*, by a well-known Portuguese littérateur, the late Snr. T. H. da Cunha Rivara.

Quillinan was a scholar and a poet,—after the School before mentioned. He was an enthusiast for his author; he loved his work, and he felt strongly the failures of his predecessors: he was intimate with a circle that knew Camoens well; and in knowledge of Portuguese language and literature he surpassed all previous translators. He has fluency, vigour, and a certain atmosphere of words which our fathers called "elegance." His version was favourably received. The Athenæum (April 22, 1853) gave it an appreciative review; and Juromenha justly terms Quillinan *um fiel interprete das bellezas do nosso epico* (a faithful interpreter of the beauties of our epopee). All regret that he lived to finish only half his task; and all agree in admiring what he did.

Quillinan is more faithful, or rather less unfaithful, than Fanshaw; but he is not our modern model of an exact translator. He is good in the recitative; but he falls short of the heights to which the verse of Camoens, on especial occasions, delights to soar. He has an irritating way of packing the sense of a couplet into one line, that all the other may be at his own disposal. He often breaks loose from his allegiance to his Poet. He changes the sequence of sentences almost arbitrarily, even throwing one stanza into another (Canto iii. 22–23, iv. 51–52). He has no right to render *Baccho* (i. 39) by

"Father of the Vine," in order to rhyme with "line;" nor *adagas* (dag-targes, daggers) by "shield," to answer "peal'd" (i. 47). It is a positive insult to the original when the Day's eye of the Daisy-stanza becomes :—

> Some tender bud surpassing rich and rare.—(III. 134.)

His lines often end, after the fashion of "literal translators" in general, with mere intrusions and extensions which deform the text. At times he becomes essentially prosaic, for instance in :—

> Pacheco, the romantically brave, etc.—(P. 55.)
> But since displeasure actuates Thy mind, etc.—(P. 49.)
> A grovelling love debilitates the mind, etc.—(P. 121.)
> A claim that grave suspicion reprehends, etc.—(P. 125.)

And it is hardly fair to mutilate Milton after this fashion :—

> Fame is the spur that doth the spirit raise
> To scorn delights and live laborious days.—(P. 188.)

His errors are numerous, but a few specimens must suffice. *Quitoa* (Canto i. 99, 100) is a misprint for "Quiloa"; but "waters . . . . of Erythra" (ii. 49) and Henriquez for Henrique (iii. 25, 27, and 29) are rank blunders. The "long-wool'd flocks of Zanzibar" (ii. 76) do not exist. Marobucluite (iii. 31) is not in Camoens. The "waters" were not denied to Jerusalem (iii. 87). "Vesper . . . . in *her* flight" (iii. 115) is unusual. Cuença (iv. 10) is for Cuenca, but why the Spanish instead of the Portuguese form Conca? A breastplate

can hardly become "a sheet of wire" (iv. 39). "Farsistan" (for Fars)[1] is very improperly termed "palmy" (iv. 65): Camoens never made these *disparates.* And why "*wizard* Gambia" (v. 10)? "Wert" as in Musgrave, takes the place of "wast" (v. 11). "Face" does not rhyme with "height" (v. 24). Finally:—

> In nought but her own loveliness adorned, etc.—(V. 52.)

is, I presume, "respectable" for the Camonian nude or naked.

V.

MITCHELL (THOMAS LIVINGSTON).[2]—This good old soldier and scientific traveller, whom many of us knew personally, began, like Millié, his studies of Portuguese when serving in the Peninsula. Here he met that deeply injured officer, the Earl of Dundonald, to whom his modest quarto is dedicated. The appreciative terms in which he speaks of the gallant nation, contrast strongly with Mickle's interested abuse. The Portuguese are

[1] So the great Barnum called his country-seat Iranistán for Irán.

[2] The | Lusiad | of | Luis de Camoens, | closely translated. | With a portrait of the Poet, | A Compendium of his Life, | an Index to the principal Passages of his Poem, | a View of the "Fountain of Tears," | and marginal and annexed notes, | original and select. | By | Lt. Col. Sir T. Livingston Mitchell, Kt. D.C.L. | London: T. & W. Boone, New Bond Street, 1854. One vol. 8vo. pp. 310. The portrait of the handsome Poet is the most ignoble I have yet seen. The Index is useful; and it has been enlarged in my Table of Contents (vol. i. Appendix, § 3.

truly termed "our ancient allies, who preceded us in the greatest path of commerce; and who stood by our side, our truly and faithful friends; when, in the words of Canning, 'the arm of Great Britain was the lever and Portugal the fulcrum, to wrench from its basis,' the power that had subdued the rest of Europe" (Pref. viii.).

Mitchell's "compendium" (pp. ix.–xxiii.) is the usual abridgment of Adamson, repeating all the now exploded errors. The Preface thus gives the reason of being:—"The translator conceives that in the present age the original form possesses more interest when closely translated, than if it were, as has been said of other translations, 'rather a recomposition than a translation.'" While owning the "very great original merit" of Mickle's version, Sir Thomas duly blames the interpolations; and remarks that "many expressions of Shakespearian vigour in the original have hitherto been lost in English; such, for instance, as the phrase, 'silent poesy,' applied to painting (Canto viii. 76)."[1]

Mitchell attempted to give his work a "tone of antiquity" by the following strange device (Pref. v.). "In quantity the original varies as to the number of syllables—and in attempting an imitation in a different language—the employment of nearly as many cannot, he trusts, be objected to. From ten to twelve or even fourteen syllables is the usual quantity in *Ottava Rima*, when imitated in English—more has been required in trans-

[1] "Verify quotations," the wise man said. The *muda poesia* of Camoens occurs in Canto vii. (not viii.) 76.

lating here the lines of the Lusiad . . . . It will still be found that there are fewer syllables in this translation than there are in the original. In assimilating the English stanzas to the sound as well as to the sense of the Portuguese; as, for instance, in stanza 119, Canto iii., the necessity for as many syllables must be obvious."

It is hard to say which is worse, verse or prose. The lines alluded to (p. 86) are:—

> Thou alone, thou pure Love, with ardour cruel,
> Which human hearts so much to suffer obliges,
> Didst cause this sad death of one who never knew ill,
> As if she had been an enemy perfidious." etc.

This queer contrivance is carried out without the least regard for what grammarians call Elision, Crasis, Synæresis, and Diæresis or other forms which make the original so melodious. Thus we have:—

> That the gold rings of the dead knights three bushels filled, etc.
> —(III. 116.)

And:—

> More to move pity than vengeance, and thus did say: etc.
> —(II. 38.)

We are told, by way of "disarming criticism," at the end of the Preface:—"As some apology for the rough chiselling of the work . . . . the author must state also, under what circumstances the most of it came into shape. These were chiefly, under water, in a small clipper, during a voyage round Cape Horn." The ex-

cuse is no justification for producing this volume of bald, hashed, and unpolished prose, which seems to have been delivered "invitâ Minervâ." It is a mere insult to Camoens to write such lines as these :—

Of India by sea and Africa by land. etc.—(I. 15.)
Which when beneath the waters soft enlarges,
And out of them acquires a precious hardness.—(II. 77.)
His own Zopyrus had been without mutilation," etc.—(III. 41.)
Condition strange!—wretched realization, etc.—(IV. 104.)
We saw the Bears, to the great distress of Juno,
Bathing themselves in the waters of Neptuno.—(V. 15.)
The foaming horses bit the golden reins
Ferocious as if chewing lightning beaming:—(VI. 61.)
On the African coast, thro' stormy seas, confound them! (VII. 70.)
That it was the sign of enemy and ladrão, etc.—(VIII. 85.)
Groves gracefully o'er parts of the shores impended
As if they were going to shave, etc.—(IX. 55.)
Through which the rich Narsinga hurries down
There flows the Orixa, etc.—(X. 120.)

We also note a fair specimen of the danger rising out of little knowledge, when *Viriato* (i. 26) becomes *Biriatu*, because "it was so pronounced by a Portuguese in describing some Roman remains in Portugal to the translator." So I have heard *Vinho verde* called *Binho berde*, in Oporto ; and "the 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill," is said to be known to Lancashire and London.

The mistakes, some of them most grotesque, are numerous as the pages. "The faithful Egas *Amo* (iii. 35),

converts a tutor or guardian into a proper noun. There is no reason for turning 60 horsemen into 70 (iii. 67), Nunez is not Nuno (iv. 21). "Das Quinas e Castello's banner" (iv. 25) seems to make a fighting man of the Cinques and Castles upon the Portuguese Scutcheon. "Another master, Calatrava, of bad faith" (iv. 40), is not intelligible. The last distich of iv. 51, conveys a sense opposed to the original. "Hesperia" and "Iberia" do not rhyme, save in Cockagne, with "Cavalier" (iv. 54); nor "his fellows" with "jolly fellows" (v. 30); nor "heavens" with "even" (v. 45); nor "Arsinoe" with "we know" (ix. 2); nor "then" with "then" (ix. 4); nor "Temistitéa" (for Temistitam) with "give way a ..." (x. 1). Iapetus must not be confounded with Japhet (iv. 103). There is no reason for preferring the Portuguese Gnido to our Cnidus (v. 5). "Rhamnusius" (v. 80), repeated in a foot-note, is a mere blunder for Rhamnusia, the Nemesis of Rhamnus, mentioned by Terence:[1] the same must be said for "Phœbus," where Camoens writes Phœbe (vi. 18). "Father Lyæò" (vi. 20) is simply farcical. "Alecta" (vii. 10), like "Magriços twelve" (i. 12), and Philancia (ix. 27) for Philautia, (egotism) may be misprints. "Liquid pewter" (viii. 73) should be "liquid tin." "Breaking through the bar" (ix. 10), hardly expresses pushing or breasting the capstan-bars. Dabul is not Cabul (x. 34). "Narsinga" and "Orixa" (x. 120), are regions not rivers; and the

[1] The description of this unpleasant person, crowned, winged, holding a spear, and riding a stag, reads like that of a Hindu idol.

Orias (Uryahs) of the latter region should not be called Orriani (vii. 20). Finally, for "yellow bread" (x. 140) read "yellow wood."

VI.

AUBERTIN (JOHN JAMES).[1]—Here my task becomes somewhat delicate. This Section notices not only a contemporary but a fellow-student and a companion of travel in the Brazil. The following biographical notes were kindly supplied to me by this translator, with permission to print.

[1] The | Lusiads of Camoens | Translated into English verse | by | J. J. Aubertin, | Knight Officer of the Imperial Brazilian Order of the Rose, | In two volumes | London: C. Kegan Paul & Co., 1 Paternoster-square 1878. The two octavos (price £1. 10s.) are very handsome; the engravings are good; the paper ribbed and imitation hand-wove, and the binding Portuguese blue, with gold decorations. The chart is taken from the Roteiro, the Ruttier which will be analysed in Chapter iv. The contents are (1) A Dedication to H.M.I. Majesty D. Luiz 1°, an English scholar well known in contemporary literature; (2) A Short Preface, stating that the translation was undertaken as a literary pastime; and (3) an Introduction (pp. xi.–xxxv.) containing a sketch of the voyage; a short biography of Camoens, and a "general" view of the Cantos. The notes are placed at the end of each volume. It was an excellent idea to print the Portuguese as well as the English version; and it must have made many readers believe that a smattering of Italian enabled them to read Camoens. But it is to be regretted that the Juromenha text and punctuation were not preferred to the Conego Francisco Freire de Cavalho, Lisbon. Jur. (vi. 468) notices Carvalho's reprint (16mo.) 1843.

"I was born at the Rectory, Chipstead, Surrey, on the 5th of December, 1818, being the fourth son of the Rector, the Rev. Peter Aubertin, by Henrietta his wife, daughter of Daniel Lambert, Esqre, of the adjoining parish of Banstead.

"My father's family was Huguenot on both sides; and collaterally descended from the French divine, Edmond Aubertin of Châlons-sur-Marne, author of the well-known volume *L'Eucharistie de l'Ancienne Église* (fol. 1633). My lineal ancestor on this side was of an old family established at Metz, Lorraine, where the name is still found. He fled thence on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1686), to the Protestant Canton of Neuchâtel, where he established himself, and where my grandfather, his grandson, was born about 1727. This last left Switzerland when of age for Holland, where some of the Huguenots had originally taken refuge. In 1750 he became a naturalised Englishman; and established himself as a merchant in London. There he married a Miss Vansömer, by whom my father was his only son. He retired eventually, to Yewlands, a small property which he had bought at Banstead.

"My lineal ancestors on my father's maternal side were M. and Md^me^ Pain of Dieppe; one of whose great-grandchildren was my own grandmother (Miss Vansömer). They also took refuge in England, and settled at Rye, Sussex, where M. Pain very shortly died (1686 or '87) and lies buried.

"I was educated at one of the Public Schools

attached to King's College, London, under the late Archdeacon Churton of Crayke, Yorkshire; and studied for the law, but did not practise. In 1860 (January) I accepted the appointment of Company's Superintendent to the Santos and São Paulo Railway; and sailed for Brazil on the 9th of February. There I represented the Directors before the Imperial Government for about eight years; and, when the works were completed, returned to England. The necessity of settling important questions still outstanding between the Government and the Company sent me on a second mission in December of 1872. This visit lasted about one year. The third was in June, 1875, when a heavy lawsuit was instituted against the Company: it extended over some two years, and it ended in the final defeat of the claimant."

I may here note that the Company duly appreciated the energy, tact, and singlemindedness of their officer; and that they acknowledged it with something more substantial than praise. Mr. Aubertin also laboured indefatigably, during the days of the cotton-famine, to promote the cultivation of the shrub in the great province of São Paulo. He succeeded so well that he was entitled, in Arab phrase, *O Pae de Algodão* (the Father of Cotton); and his good services, in this and in other public causes, have been suitably recognised with the Order of the Rose by the government of H.I.M. Dom Pedro II^{do}.

Mr. Aubertin thus had peculiar advantages in study-

ing Portuguese, and he used them well: there are few Englishmen who are more at home in that difficult tongue. The first book he read was The Lusiads, but it was not till ten years afterwards (1870) when he visited Coimbra that he thought of translating it. Returning to England he finished the Ignez-episode and the first canto. The work was laid by as not likely to be noticed: the MS., however, was seen by friends whose judgment the writer valued, and he was encouraged to persevere. On June 24, '75, some forty-five stanzas of Canto ii. were produced, and the third voyage added thirty-three. The first break in the lawsuit happening in Oct. '75, the author devoted all his spare time to the task. At last, "in this city" (São Paulo), he says, "and in the same room in which I began to read The Lusiads in 1860, the last stanza of the last canto was finished, on the night of February the 24th, 1877."

The work appeared under considerable advantages: twenty-four years had elapsed since the date of the last translation. The writer, I have said, had the courage to confront his version with the original, rendering it doubly valuable to students of both languages. The same was done by Huggins,[1] the second translator of Ariosto, and by Lord Strangford in his fragment.[2] Mr.

[1] Of Headly Park, Farnham, Surrey, supposed to be Hogarth's "Enraged Musician." He translated O. F. in 2 vols. 4to. Rivington, Paternoster Row, 1757.

[2] It is noticed in a subsequent page.

Aubertin's object was to show the truthfulness with which stanza had been rendered for stanza; line for line; and, at times, word for word.

This writer has all the exactitude demanded by the Victorian Age. He gains by it a reflection of the special charms of Camoens; nationality, personality, with its noble tone, and the new temper of the human mind,[1] disclosed by the Portuguese "Ulysseïd." He sets out with the best of principles:—"My ambition has been to introduce Camoens to English literature in his own language, and so to interpret him, side by side, with himself in ours, as it seemed to me he would have written his 'Lusiads' had he written them in English." The rule unfortunately covers somewhat too much ground: Mickle might have said the same.

Practically Mr. Aubertin obliged himself to a literalism more useful to the student than suitable to the reader of poetry. When the original is treated with so much deference, sense and sound and "lucid order" must at times suffer. His style of workmanship cannot but suggest a mechanical operation. The *modus operandi* must be to choose the rhyme-word which may or may not merit the distinction, and to fit the others to it. Again, the "baggage of particles," taken bodily from the Portuguese, mars the "indirect expression of what cannot directly be expressed"; and over-precision

[1] The realistic, the circumstantial, the veridical, the real with its loyalty to truth and fact; in fact, The Lusiads opposed to Orlando Furioso.

is apt to give the style a somewhat prim and formal tone.

The critic must have read these volumes very carelessly, or he knew very little of his subject, who declared that he "cannot point to a single instance of misapprehension or carelessness." The errors, however, are mostly trivial, and the worst occur in the parts first translated: they will easily be set right in a second edition. Such blemishes would not be noticed in another work; but Mr. Aubertin has performed a *tour de force* in which every word should be correct.

The following *errata* are quoted, not invidiously, but for the benefit of the translator's many readers and admirers. *Indian* for River Indus (Canto i. 32), and "*urn* (vaso=mire) of black oblivion." "Mighty Thunderer *grey*" for great (grão ii. 41, also of Mars in ii. 50); "serenely bright" (*a lux alhea*=alien light, *ibid.* 60); and *linen* (roupa=doublet,[1] *ibid.* 92). "The mighty *Roman*" (*a grande de Roma*=the great Fame of Rome, iii. 22); "the Count *Bolonia*" (*i.e.*, Bologna, of Boulogne, *ibid.* 94); the "current of *Molucca* (for Mulucha, Lucos or Lixus River, *ibid.* 105) and "ruthless guard" (for ministers of wrath, *ibid.* 125). "They treat as small" (*que os apouca*, who *i.e.*, Nuno, makes their numbers small, iv. 31); "great Julius" (for Julius and the Great, *i.e.*, Pompey, whom Camoens, following Lucan, calls Magnus, *ibid.* 32); and "*Nuno*, who like" (for, John

[1] The meaning, however, is disputed: I have given that of Jur. (note on the line).

who like, *ibid.* 36). "Saint, *for* the Spaniards lent us so much aid" (read, who *to* the Spaniards, v. 9); "to his people" (*povoação*=a village, a kraal, *ibid.* 29); and "it moved not" (for, I had not ended, *ibid.* 39). "Which onward bears" (for, who does not descend or dismount, vi. 64), and "Lady Flanders' cause" (for Flanders realm, *ibid.* 68). "Snakes and fire" (for tares, vii. 10); "Isle *Peppermint*" (*Pimenta*=pepper, also a proper name, *ibid.* 35, and repeated in ix. 14); and "all things to rend" (for, makes all surrender, vii. 72). The *crook* of gold" (is for *bago*=a ring, viii. 23): as regards *capitaes* (*ibid.* 98), some translate it Capitals, others Captains. "Religious stream" (for Holy Water, *i.e.*, of the Meccan well, Zemzem, ix, 2). Again it is disputed whether *grita* (*ibid.* 11) mean "loud cries" or the flapping of the sails; and *da primeïra* (*ibid.* 21) here rendered "first isle," and by others, first mother, is a much disputed point. "Narsinga flows . . . . Orissa flows" (for runs; as in Mitchell, x. 120): and, lastly, "almonds" (for aloes, *ibid.* 136).

Meanwhile the English Press welcomed this honest piece of literary workmanship with all the honours it deserved: I cannot remember a version being received with such universal applause. Critics generally termed it "a masterpiece of translation, rendered into nervous English, line for line, with close fidelity to the original. One of the severest of Reviews declares that the poem "resembles an excellent lithograph: it represents the outline of the original with perfect fidelity." And the

Press pronounced it to be simple and unaffected, faithful, literal, and correct; a work of unexampled regularity and continuous excellence.

VII.

HEWITT (JAMES E.).[1]—All I know of this translator may be comprised in a few words. He came to Rio Janeiro some years ago; became Professor in a private college, and succeeded Sig. Vivaldi in the Editorship of the "British and American Mail." The paper was afterwards sold to Mr. Oliver James, who renamed it "The Rio Mail." The translation appeared in its columns and in "The Financial and Mercantile Gazette, a Monthly Review"; Editor and Proprietor, William Allen, Lisbon.

VIII.

DUFF (ROBERT FFRENCH).[2]—This version may be called the "Anglo-Lusian"; and the author was able to

[1] I owe the specimen printed in these pages to the kindness of Mr. Matthew Lewtas, and my former *collaborateur*, Mr. Albert Tootal of Rio de Janeiro.

[2] The | Lusiad of Camoens | translated into English Spenserian verse | by | Robert Ffrench Duff | Knight Commander | of the Portuguese Royal Order | of Christ. | Lisbon. Mess. Chatto & Windus, London, Mess. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, | Mr. Matthew Lewtas, Lisbon, | 1880. The work was advertised in the "Financial and Mercantile Gazette," Lisbon, and specimens were sent out as early as January 1, 1879. It was printed by sub-

bring it out in time for the Press "function" (June, 1880) called the Tercentenary. It would hardly be fair to enter into the author's career; as his "Notice of Luiz de Camoens" contains an autobiographical sketch. Nor would a rigorous critical treatment be justified: the translator, who tells us that he is approaching his seventieth year, and that he occupied only three in completing his work, disarms all severity. Finally, the fact of the book having been published in a foreign country, accounts for the abnormal number of misprints.

Mr. Duff began with a mistake. He chose the Spenserian form for two reasons; the first being his admiration of Childe Harold; and the second that the "length of the stanza affords ample scope to embody the full meaning of the original, which cannot be easily done in translating verse for verse (Pref. viii.)." Indeed he declines to tread in the footsteps of his poet, like Mr. Aubertin, by verbal accuracy; and he "looks upon the literary feat as a complete impossibility." Not the less his

scription (list given), at the National Printing Office, and appears as one large vol. (507 pages), royal 8vo. with 16 lithographed plates and portraits. The "Dedication by Permission" to the king, Dom Ferdinand II., is followed by a short Preface; by the usual biographical notice; by the Third (1st ?) Elegy of Camoens, and by an Introduction to the Poem. The latter leads to by a long "historical appendix" (pp. 417–24), and the whole ends with Explanatory Notes of Proper Names, &c. (475–502). The latter are rendered well-nigh useless by misprints: in one half page we have "Archonenia" for Achæmenia, and "Andalia" for Acidalia.

choice was most unhappy. Next to the heroic couplet and to blank-verse, the mould of the Faerie Queene is perhaps the least fitted for Camoens. This Rima was much in vogue during the earlier part of the present century: now it is not; the fact being that there is no form of verse more trying to the writer and to the reader: it can be made tolerable only by such a literary artist as J. H. Wiffen.[1] To show how completely an alteration of metre can deform a poem I would point to the "Jerusalem Delivered" of Sir John K. James (London, Longmans, 1865). The translator, who has not a few merits, converts the *ottava rima* into two distinct quatrains, forming in fact a double stanza. The effect need hardly be described.

Applied to the Neo-Latin poets, the metre of the Faerie Queene becomes a serious matter. Generally they must be adapted by contraction not by expansion to our plain and practical northern speech, in which single syllables do the work of two or three. Not to mention the terminal Alexandrine, the supernumerary iine is apt to become a mere interpolation; and the

[1] Jeremiah Holmes, a quaker, and the son of a small ironmonger at Woburn, Beds. Preferred belles-lettres to trade, and became (1820) librarian to John, Duke of Bedford, father of Earl Russell, till his death (æt. 45) in 1836. His "Jerusalem Delivered" is on the whole, admirable, and the self-imposed burden makes it an exceptional success. He also translated from Garcilasso de la Vega; and wrote original matter in verse and prose. Mr. S. R. Pattison has lately published an account of "The Brothers Wiffen."

couplet contains only the meaning of a verse. Thus for "which is navigated only by ugly seals" we have :—

> Where ugly sea-calves sport amidst the waves,
> Or plunge for refuge to their lonely caves.—(I. 52.)

For "ennobled with the Theban's last toil" we read :—

> Where mighty Hercules' proud pillars rose,
> The final trophy which o'erwhelmed his foes.—(III. 18.)

And, for "invented a kind of inhuman torments :"—

> This hapless prince a brazen bull contrive,
> Inhumanly to roast a man alive.—(III. 93.)

Thus, at best, those preceding or following the intruder must be spun out to gain length; and that too when the thread has already been drawn fine enough. Camoens, like all the Neo-Latin masters, preserves the simplicity, the directness and the straightforwardness, in which at all times the music beautifies the baldness—dare I say it? —of the words. Take for instance (l. 13) :—

> *Pois se a troco de Carlos Rei de França,*
> (Then if in truck for Carlos King of France).

If this were an English original most critics would write "prosaic line" on the margin.

With much more sense of the fitness of things Sir John Harrington compressed into 90 a Canto of nearly 300 Stanzas. So David Scott,[1] when exhibiting his picture

[1] Nat. 1806; ob. March, 1840. His picture was sold after his death for £400; and placed in the Town Hall of Leith. (Jur. v. 352–56).

of Adamastor appearing to Da Gama appended to it lines in which the shrinking process was attempted :—

> So awful it came, so surcharged,
> It put in our hearts great fear ;
> Moaned the black sea with a far-off roar
> As if a black rock were near.—(V. 38.)

Mr. Duff has carefully read his Spenser, and has borrowed a charm from that sweetest of English "arch-poets." Indeed some of his best lines are to be found amongst the Alexandrines :—

> The path, by valour trod, to worth and honour leads !—
> (P. 210.)
> Subdued that kingly heart which chose her for its Queen.—
> (230.)
> Who formed a human shape, each time they cast a stone.—
> (241.)
> One hand my sword doth wield, the other holds the pen.—
> (279.)
> Unto your sons bequeathing sweet repose,
> A life of slothful ease, from which corruption flows.—(300.)

and finally :—

> Uproot these tender shoots, if once they raise
> Their haughty heads, they will o'ershadow all your days.—
> (303.

On the other hand Mr. Duff has an unpleasant trick of dividing his lines without the regular cæsura at the fifth syllable : this constantly recurs, and a few specimens will suffice :—

Still chastened all. Doth any one enjoy, etc.—(P. 154.)
An infant God. My word, Great King ! I plight, etc.—(166.)
That savage rage. Before the sight dilate, etc.—(258.)

and, finally :—

In so remote a realm. The Envoy went
Right up the river which its waters blent
With ocean's waves.—(260.)

Not a few of the rhymes are hazardous ; as "bourne" next to "born" (p. 5) ; territory, sea, and gelidity (87) ; rife and thrive (131) ; victory and glory (169 and 292) ; alabaster and Lancaster (230) ; pre-eminence and eminence (266) ; shone and shown (276), etc. The epithets fair, great, brave, and so forth are too trivial ; *e.g.* great Mir-almuminim (111) ; great Semiramis (270) ; the Portuguese great Scipio (297) ; great Bedála (382). *A formosissima Maria* (119) should not be rendered "The beautiful Maria." And the author takes a wilful liberty in turning the simple and charming Bonina of the Daisy-stanza (129) into the mawkish "lilies of the valley."

The list of errors is lengthy. In the biographical notice we twice find (xxii. xxv.), Camoens' nurse and faithful slave called "John" :—Can this be a translation of Iáo, a Javan? Why should we have the Spanish Sierras, Alphonso and Alfonso for the Portuguese Serras and Afonso or Affonso? What can be the meaning of "Lampedusa's isle" (p. 18). The realistic description

of the poet (i. 48) becomes here unintelligible. *Ricas peças* (p. 23) are not "precious gems." The "Thauma's daughter" (76) is not intelligible. Why "Clicia" for Clytia (85), "Perillo" for Perillus (98), and "Lysa and Lusus" (92) for "Lusus or Lysa"? "Varvels" (186) are the rings of a hawk's jesses: Camoens alludes to the bells. It is not right to render "liquid tin" by "liquid space" (311). The Catual is made to speak instead of Da Gama (viii. 82). Camoens knew better than to talk about the "spacious port" of Gidá (Jeddah, p. 326) or about "Ceylon's fair groves" (329). It is not Da Gama but Tethys (ix. 86) who discloses rank and name. How does "Temistitam" becomes Temistuan lands (361)? The "brave Heroas" (393) assuredly does not represent Heroöpolis-town. Finally Cape Jack (Jasque) *was*, not is, called Carpella (396).

§ 4. Minor, Partial and Miscellaneous Translations of Camoens.

BYRON truly said, "It is to be remarked that the things given to the public as poems of Camoens, are no more to be found in the original Portuguese than in the Song of Solomon." The most noted of the partial translators is "Lord Viscount Strangford" as he printed

himself in the days that "loved a lord."[1] Born in Ireland (1780) he became secretary of Legation at Lisbon; and, as British Ambassador, he accompanied to the Brazil the flight of D. Joam VI., and the Exodus of the Empire. He subsequently represented his Court at Stockholm, Constantinople and St. Petersburg, and died in Harley-street.

The "Remarks" show how utterly incapable was the author to understand the meaning of great man. The microcephalic cannot enter into the macrocephalic brain or mind: as well attempt to pour a gallon into a pint-pot. It is the "property of true genius to disturb settled ideas"; a process which mediocrity detests.[2] The

[1] Poems, | from the Portuguese of | Luis de Camoens: | with remarks on his Life and Writings. | Notes, &c., &c. | by | Lord Viscount Strangford. |

—Accipies meros amores.—*Catull.*

London: | Printed for J. Carpenter, Old Bond Street, | by C. Whittingham, Dean Street. | 1805. | 1 vol. 12mo. same format as Mickle's 4to. Edit. of Lusiads (3 vols.); 2d Edit. 1808; 3rd, 1810, and 4th, 1824. The Canzons, Canzonets and other specimens of the *Rimas* neglect the numbers of the original and render reference to the text difficult. There is a valueless portrait of Camoens; a dedicatory page containing the family-arms of "Denham Jephson, Esq."; and "Remarks on the Life and Writings of Camoens," with all the obsolete errors.

The phrase "loved a lord" is taken from my old and regretted friend Charles Savile, who published sundry second-rate novels, and who left in manuscript some first-rate poetry.

[2] Sundry excellent remarks on the relations of genius with medio-

eloquent and animated attempts of Camoens to reform Society were received, as are those of Carlyle and Ruskin, with the normal cry of ignorance and impertinence by a society which, like all societies, theoretically confessed its sins and practically considered itself sinless, perfect. The Lord's "poems" exemplify that fatal Irish fluency, that flowery fruitless Hibernian facility which culminated in Thomas Moore. They prove by such lines as :—

> Canst thou forget the silent tears
> Which I have shed for thee ?—

that the author could print trash fit only to be improvised at a lady's tea-table. Consequently the volume, with its occasional "higher form of common-place," fulfilled every requirement for a popular book in England and America, during the earlier part of the present century. A pleasant theme is treated in a pleasant way, which the average intelligence can thoroughly understand, without a sentence that the reader thinks he could not have written. Whatever goes a step beyond these limits breaks from the magic circle of "popularity"; and the farther it goes the worse it fares.

Among the "Poems" is a fragment of six stanzas

crity and dulness are found in Dr. Langhorne's "Life of William Collins." They are aptly and happily applied to the Portuguese Arch-poet by Mickle (p. cxxix.); and repeated by Mitchell (Compendium of the Life, &c. xxi-xxii.).

(Canto vi. 38–43) entitled the "Night-scene in the sixth Lusiad." The last page (160) tells us that the lines "afford a fine specimen of that 'eking-out tautology' which the constraint of octave measure compelled Camoens to employ, and which is, perhaps, the greatest blemish in his Epic Poem." The English, printed *recto* facing the Portuguese, well illustrates this so-called defect. Stanza 41 begins in Camoens with :—

'Tis not, quoth Velloso, a just thing, etc.

The Strangfordian version caricatures this to—

Perish that thought ! the bold Velloso cries.

In fact the critique gives us a just measure of "Hibernian Strangford with his eyes of blue";[1] whom Byron accuses of stealing from Moore, and of being a favourite with each "love-sick miss," bidding him mind his morals and his taste. There is, however, nothing objectionable in his excerpts from Camoens except their perfect inadequacy. That sore struggling for originality, the disease of minor minds, causes each stanza to end with a long length of Alexandrine—a drawl quite subversive of Camoens' style. Briefly, the little volume has every claim to a high place in the "catalogue of Noble and Royal authors."

Mrs. Felicia Hemans, whose amiable Muse was often obliged, by the res angusta domi, to take in piecework, published in her "Translations from Camoens

[1] Alluding to a Note in his p. 127.

and other Poets" (1 vol., 8vo., Oxford, 1818), 15 Sonnets, some Redondilhas; parts of Eclogue xv., and the Adamastor-episode. The latter is in the Mickle-manner, but less unfaithful; and Quillinan found the versions good, considering that the Poetess knew so little of Portuguese. Mrs. Hemans ended a life of honourable labour in 1815: as a lad I used greatly to enjoy her "sugared" verse. Unhappily advancing age prefers bitters.

James Murphy ("Travels in Portugal," 1 vol. 4to., London, 1795) describes the tombs of D. Pedro the Cruel and his ill-fated Queen at Alcobaça. His version of the Ignez-episode was used by La Harpe, and his book was translated into French (Lallemand, Paris, 1797). Southey (Quart. Rev. xxvii.), reviewing Adamson, and Zoïlus-Macedo's failure-poem, translated several sonnets with slender success (Adamson, pp. 94, 105, 251, 256, and 265). A sonnet and an Elegy, Englished by Mr. Cockle (1808), also appear in Adamson (i. 68, 77–83): here also (i. 250, 257, and 261), we find Mr. Hayley ("Anon." 1818) who, in his "Essay on Epic Poetry" addressed a copy of verses to the Memory of Camoens. Adamson himself tried his hand and succeeded as well as, but not better than, the rest (i. 173, 252, 254–5, 258–9, 260, 262–3, 266–7). Mr. Harris (1844), a British merchant at Oporto, printed anonymously a "Translation of the Episode of Ignez de Castro" (Porto, Typ. da Revista: 8vo. brochure, 1844). Mrs. E. B. Browning's forty-four "Sonnets from the

Portuguese" is simply a misnomer intended to mislead. There are doubtless many other versionists, the Library at Rio de Janeiro contains 21 Englanders; but distance from home and want of books perforce abridge my list.

It would be beside the purpose of this Commentary to enter upon the subject of Camoensian translation into the languages of the Continent: I have, however, thrown names and particulars, derived from various sources, into Appendix, Table II. The Portuguese poet and littérateur, Viscount de Almeida-Garrett ("Camoens," 1863) gives 42, entire or partial: Viscount Juromenha (vi. 473–5) increases the number to 83 and promises others in his seventh volume.

Thus we see that the world, which at times knows nothing of its greatest men, has often heard of Camoens.

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§ 5. The Translation now offered to the Public.

I HAVE attempted to show in my Preface some reason for printing the labour and the solace of so many years. The study began, without fixed design, at Goa, where, in 1847, a few stanzas which struck me most were translated for an Anglo-Indian newspaper.[1]

[1] The old *Bombay Times*.

It was resumed in West African Fernando Po (1860–64), and energetically continued in the Brazil (1865–69). Mr. William Scully kindly printed in his paper, the "Anglo-Brazilian Times" (February, 1867), a biographical sketch borrowed from Viscount Juromenha, and specimens of Canto i. The look of the latter in type caused me to tear up the whole manuscript, and to begin anew. Little progress was made during a troubled two years at Damascus (1869–71). My work was resumed at Trieste (1872): a visit to England (1878) enabled me to consult books; and it was finished at Cairo (1880).

I had begun with the stern resolution to render line for line and word for word; nothing was to be increased or diminished, to be curtailed or expanded. As a gymnastic for the brain the process was perfect; but the result was the usual mincemeat English; poetical prose printed like poetry; hashed, inverted, and garnished with rhyme more or less faulty. Of this "first style" a few specimen-stanzas may be found in the *Lendas da India.*[1] I have preserved it in the "Arguments" which precede each Canto; and, for better comparison, the originals and the translations are printed together. From these fragments it was easy to judge how great was the labour and how ungrateful.

The "translator's compromise" then suggested itself. I resolved to steer between the wild licence of Mickle

[1] Pp. l. li. 200 and 237. The book is discussed in chap. iv. § 1.

and the rude literalism of Mitchell; avoiding by the way the liberties of Fanshaw and the Lakisms of Quillinan. My new rule was to render word for word when the Portuguese became English verse. But when the music of the Neo-Latin tongue, waxed harsh or slow in our rude Northern Runic, I determined to apply the necessary modification the genius of the two languages demanded. Ours, I repeat, abounding in monosyllables habitually packs matter into a smaller compass than any of the Romance tongues; practised translators agree with me that a page of Italian, poetry or prose, loses about one fifth in English.[1]

The idea of expressing what is contained in the author's words would, if abused, lead to exaggeration, and end in a caricature of his picture. Here, however, the translator must depend upon his tact, and his power of pleasing the reader by satisfying his wants. A single instance suffices for explanation. There is no practical English rhyme for *Gentio* (Gentile); and, the word being wanted to end the line (i. 8, 7), I changed it to "Gentoo-misbeliever." This is evidently a loss of power, a sacrifice of force by diffusion. But translations, even in tongues that at times produce facsimiles, must sacri-

[1] Language-learning has been called a "knack"; and we may say the same of translating. In other words the faculty is born with the man. There are many who can talk nonsense in half a dozen tongues; and there are not a few who can produce a good version, especially from the classics, when they would fail to write an original couplet worth reading.

fice something; and the scrupulous translator's object is to sacrifice as little as possible. Where poetry and correctness have counter-claims, I should prefer the former in verse, the latter in prose version.

This modification allowed me to retain the "Camonianisms," the expressions which characterise my Poet, even to the *là* (there, yonder) which is frequent as the *Sí* in Italian. Mr. Aubertin, who had not then begun his work, objected the Chinese shoemaker of the popular story. Still I held, and I still hold, that these mannerisms aid in producing a correct copy, by preserving, in the disguise of a foreign tongue, the individuality of the original and its peculiar costume, as well as its sense, sentiment, and sound. It may here be noted that Camoens does not effect the formulæ or stock-phrases of Homer and Virgil, except, perhaps, in the case of his two heroes, Portugal and Da Gama. The Episodes have seduced me to a little more liberty than usual: here Pegasus would at times say ho! ho! and fling the rider upon his shoulders. Where the original is so intensely personal, the translator, like Fanshaw and Harrington, is sorely tempted to follow suit. These *écarts*, however, are rare. The few stanzas of my own insertion demand some apology, but they are placed below the page and duly railed off, so that their source is unmistakable.

I have purposely introduced archaisms, or, as Prof. Mahaffy calls them "Archaicisms," to give a sort of Quinhentista flavour. Here my great exemplars have been

Childe Harold[1] and the modernised forms of the Faërie Queene. I took the trouble to write a whole translation in the orthography of Fanshaw; but critical friends fought furiously against "obsolete words and quaint terms of expression."[2] In the rhymes excessive care has been purposely avoided, especially when sound demanded a sacrifice of sense. It appears to me a blemish not a beauty: it may satisfy the Bœotian ear, but it ends by palling upon the finer organs. The masters of verse, both in English and in the Continental tongues, use imperfect consonance and assonance as the masters of harmony use discords.

In proper names I have followed the example of gay Pulci and his translator Byron: both write according to convenience, Macon, Maconé, and Mahomet; Carlo, Carloman, and Carlomagno; Gan, Ganellon, and Ganellone. Shakespeare never hesitated at the requirement of metre to confuse St. Crispin with his brother St. Crispian; nor Chaucer to change "Arcite." Hence I have ventured upon such variants as Mahomed and Mahomet, besides the Mafoma and Mafamede of The Lusiads; Da (not di) Gama, the Gama, or Gama (also used by Camoens); Portingall, Portugueze, and Portueguezes, forms in use at various times. As regards

[1] In Canto i. we find mote, ne, losel, fere, feeres, kibes, fytte, &c. The archaisms of Virgil and Lucretius need hardly be mentioned.

[2] Charles Knight apologises, with scanty reason, for their occurrence in Fairfax (Life, lii.).

classical words, older and freer English had no scruple in docking them for verse or rhyme; *e.g.* :—

> Down Theseus went to hell, Pirith his friend to find;
> O that the wives of these our days were to their mates sokind!—
> (Nicholas Grimald.)[1]
> On Sicil hills, one such at night brought home, etc.—
> (Fairfax.)

Thus I have used Meduse, Ampeluse, and Demodoque (Demodocus), especially when the classical word has a French form.

I have attempted to imitate Camoens' hendecasyllables and double rhyme whenever the context permitted. Reminiscences of familiar expressions and passages have at times been introduced. They serve quaintly to recall what once struck the thought, and even the Poet of The Lusiads was not above quoting. Many words will be found with the internal *sdrucciolo* or elision (mem'ry for memory). It is an old practice to use i, u, and y as consonants before other vowels, and to slur them over in mid-line: moderns have learnt similarly to treat light syllables in which a liquid separates two vowels; we now do so everywhere except at the end of a line, where the voice is free and where no pressure from other words justified compression. Without adopting or rejecting the theory of "Emphasis Capitals" in Shakespeare, proposed by Mr. Allan P. Paton, and in Milton's first edition of Paradise Lost, I retain my

[1] "Of friendship" quoted in "Notes and Queries," Nov. 22, '79.

belief that we have not gained by abolishing these "figures of print," which the Germans have more wisely retained. They form a resting-place for the eye; they draw attention to what demands it, and thus they make long passages read easily.

And here I would warn readers that I did not intend archaisms or other peculiarities to represent the "English of the Period." A certain air of antiquity is only decent in translating an author who dated before Spenser. But I had in view another object. Camoens, who in his lyrics rarely uses a hard word or a harsh construction, chose another vocabulary for his Lusiads. He imports Græcisms (*Celeuma* and *Philautia*) Latinisms (*nitido, aura*);[1] archaisms and neologisms of which Juromenha (v. 448–50) quotes 184. He cites a line of Petrarch, as Spenser uses *alla Turchesca*, and Chaucer *Belle chose.* He changes the quantities of his vowels (*Heliogabálus, Semirâmis*). He affects technical terms in navigation (*traquetes*); in heraldry (Canto iii. ss. 53, 54); and in astronomy (*rapto*); colloquialisms (*beiços, fartar, chupar*); Orientalisms (*anafis* and *pangaios*) and bizarre terms (*convocando* for "invoking together"). His words are subjected to syncope (*cuidoso* for *cuidadoso*) and apocope (*lisonje* for *lisongeie*); to aphæresis (*'te* for *ate*, etc.), to diæresis (*Hebrêu*, a trisyllable) and to paragoge (*Joanne* for *Joam*); to elision and the sdrucciolo or slurring; to some modifications for poetical purposes (*fructo* for

[1] Fons. (Index, pp. 570–72) gives a list of 112 Latinisms and archaisms.

fruito), and to violent changes (*Amásis* for *Amisius*; *Sylla* for *Sulla*; *Ninus* for *Ninyas*, and *Asaboro* for *Asabon*). The half-critics of his day were angry with him, but the Master had the power to put them down. Time only can show whether the Disciple is equally doughty. But one thing is certain: translating The Lusiads, without imitating these peculiarities, would not fairly represent the original.

Some will argue that Portuguese, being then in its youth, called for such treatment; whereas the English of the nineteenth century deserves more reverence. But even conceding that the language of Barros and Sá de Miranda was imperfect, I decline to hold that any language, English or other, is definitively settled. Every year brings out candidates for a *dictionnaire néologique*; nor can fault be fairly found with such charming Latinisms as "nitid" and "inclyt."

I do not doubt that my "vocabulary" will lose me many a reader; but these will not be of the class by which I would be read, and the loss will rather be looked upon as a gain.

The notes are borrowed from many sources, and these are not named unless a special reason suggests itself. Mr. Edwin Arnold protested strongly against foot-notes, which break the page and injure its appearance. Technically he is right; but in practice readers will not read terminal notes; and Camoens can hardly be understood without annotation. I have therefore adopted both systems: the necessary are placed under

the text, and the illustrative at the end of the Commentary. In the next Edition I will expunge the former. Reference to classical dictionaries has been avoided, nor was it thought advisable to swell the bulk of the book by textually citing parallel passages from the Greeks, Latins, and neo-Latins. I have done my best to spare the mortification of *variæ lectiones;* but, as Prof. Connington says (Preface to Agamemnon) the duties of a translator and a philologian combine; and disputed passages are apt to be attractive to the student.

To conclude: my ambitious attempt aims at reversing Mr. Matthew Arnold's dictum, "In a verse translation no original work is any longer recognisable." My Commentary is intended to contain all that the general reader requires to know concerning Camoens. Whether I have or have not succeeded must be left to the decision of the Public. I can only assure it, once more, that no difficulty has been shirked, no labour has been spared.[1]

[1] Mr. J. J. Aubertin has been kind enough to forward me the following critical remarks upon my version:—

"Canto i. 9 and 17, you translate 'eternity of fame,' I 'religious eternity.' (N.B. He is right.) Stanza 49, *Cordas* are not 'shrouds,' but ropes hanging down the ship's sides. In Canto ii. 7, *Aventurados* (bold, desperate) applies to the *criminosos;* and (80) why 'purse-proud' (for 'reckless') cities? Canto iii. 17, *gloria estranha* is 'extraordinary' (not 'foreign') glory: in stanza 28, the word 'give' should be repeated all through; in stanza 57, the word 'obey' should recur; in stanza 101, *mandar* should run through the lines; and in 140, 'so blame himself,' should be 'is condemned' (*se condena*). In stanza 139 and elsewhere, *parecer*

means 'appearance' (*i.e.* show, beauty). Canto iv. 17, 'For Diniz' should be 'by Diniz' (through ancestral valour). *Torva* (stanza 35) is savage, not 'sidelong' (*torta*); and *affronta* (36) is 'danger, assault.' In stanza 94, *experiencia* should be repeated; and in 82 Camoens says, 'all were Death's victims who did not cut it (the poisoned flesh) off.' In Canto vi. 11, 'lower' should be 'more rapidly' (*asinha*). In the last couplet of stanza 50, 'their King' (*seu rei*) must refer to the King of the Champions, not of the ladies. In stanza 99, the last Quatrain, as shown by the initial *Este*, refers especially to Da Gama: you have made the reference general. (N.B. Right again.) In viii. 47, as *Que* shows, it is still the augur's tale; not a statement of facts (N.B. Not so); and in stanza 54 'adviser' should be 'bad adviser.' The last line of stanza 99 is apparently sarcastic, making a 'virtuous show' (*Cor*). In Canto ix. 24, *Derredor* is 'around,' not 'behind the goddess.' In stanza 83 I would alter 'not to judge' into 'than to judge'; and in stanza 95 the fifth line should be 'do not invent (or call things) impossibilities': this is shown by the next verse.

"There is little to say about Canto x., which is mostly Geographical. In stanza 63 'Fletchers' means arrow-makers, and the 'Fletchers' Company' was prohibited by charter from joining with the Bowyers. (N.B. Pure carelessness!) Lastly, in stanza 156, a very difficult passage, your allusion to Medusa's head should be in the past, not the future."

CHAPTER III.

(HISTORICAL.)

§ 1. The Annals of Portugal before D. Joam II.

THE Lusiads has been justly called the Fastorum Libri of Portugal,—a small country, but a great kingdom. This Epic is her Book of Joshua, her Iliad and Odyssey, her Landnámabok, her Domesday-book. So far the poem is most happy in its subject. Little invention was wanted on the author's part: the Annals of his natal land offered all the charm of Romance (i. 11). But what made it easy to the Portuguese writer is a source of difficulty to foreign readers. Following Homer rather than Herodotus, he sought inspiration from high-flown Calliope (iii. 1), not from sober Clio. Consequently he abridges or extends incident at pleasure, he tells a story by implication; and he deals in allusions which, not always familiar even at home, are outer strange to the rest of Europe.

The historico-chronological section of The Lusiads covers upwards of one third: the annalistic stanzas addressed to the king of Melinde alone number 333. Most commentators have sacrificed unity by interpreting in detached notes: I have adopted a continuous form,

hoping thus to save space and to prevent the text being burdened by masses of explanations. It is by no means my intention to write a History of Portugal; I deal only with the legends of Portugal preserved by Camoens and mostly abolished by Herculano. References are everywhere given to the text.

Death of Lusus or Lysas, who came from the East, and reigned in "Lysia" for 20–33 years. Pliny (iii. 3) derives "Lusitania" from the games (lusus) of Father Bacchus; or from the fury (*lyssa*) of his acolytes. Camoens (iii. 21) makes Luso or Lysa "Sons *or* Companions" of Bacchus; whereas elsewhere (viii. 3) Lusus is the "Son *and* Companion" of the rosy god. La Harpe believed that Lisbon was originally "Lusus-town": remains only to prove that there was a Lusus. B.C. 2653 (?), or B.C. 2487 (?).

The word, like Lisbon, is evidently Keltic and præ-Latin, derived from the Celtiberian Lusi or Lusones of the upper Tagus (Strabo, iii. 4, 13), who, joining the Iberians,[1] overran the land. Modern anthropology sug-

[1] Iberia (Ebro-land) is properly the sea-board of Spain and Portugal; and we still use the convenient term to denote the whole peninsula. So Herod. (vii. 165) speaks of "Iberia of the Iberes," and "Tartessus in Iberia" (i. 163): he is followed by Strabo, Appian, and a host of writers. Tubal Cain is the Biblical father of the Iberes, who never heard his name; they were Asiatics identified with the Virk or modern Georgians. "Hispania" (once applied to the whole Peninsula) is derived from the Heb. *Saphan* (a rabbit; the Biblical "Coney" or Hyrax); or from the Basque *España* (a border); or from Safan *thezaurizare*, alluding to the

gests that the prehistoric peoples were Aryans, dolichocephals as they still are, who supplanted the Iberians supposed to have been Mongoloids. Research has also proved that Portugal had her age of unalloyed copper preceding the bronze: her earliest implements were of the simple metal.

Death of Bryx,[1] Brygus or Brigus (iii. 8), son or grandson of Tubal Cain, who came with colonists from Phrygia; founded Burgos and Brigantium (Braganza); and, as heros eponymus, gave a name to Castile (Brigia, afterwards Castellobrigia). He reigned 52 years, and left his mark in Segobriga (Segovia), Lacobriga (Lagos), and other places. Ulysses, after marrying (?) Calypso, daughter of Cassilia by *Gorgoris famoso*, who then ruled Lusitania, founded according to Strabo (ibid.) Ulyssipo, Olisipo or Ulysséa, now Lisbon (iii. 57; viii. 4). So, according to Justin, Tydides (Diomede) gave his name to Tudæ, Tui or Tuy[2] (iii. 89).

B.C. 2108 (?).
B.C. 1096 (?).

B.C. 1190.

mines. "Hesperia," or "Hesperia Ultima," the land of fable lying west of the Greeks, and properly meaning Southern Italy, is used by Camoens poetically.

[1] The Bryges were neighbours of the Macedonians (Herod. vii. 73 and 185). The word is a form of Phryges; the Macedonians pronouncing Bilippos for Philippos. Phrygia, or the Central Plateau of Asia Minor, is the linguistic cradle of the European (miscalled Indo-European) branch of the Aryan family.

[2] A townlet in Gallicia, four leagues from Vigo; built on a plateau whose base is bathed by the Minho (Minius): it played a somewhat important part in the Peninsular War of the early nineteenth century.

Camoens says nothing of the great-grandson of Abraham, who is supposed to have founded Lisbon in B.C. 3259. The Capital of Portugal, originally a settlement of the Turduli or Turdetani, in Hispania Bætica, was successively occupied by the Romans, Alani, Vandals, Suevi, Goths, Saracens, and Portuguese. The Arabs, who have no p-sound, would corrupt Olisipo to Lisibo or Lisbo; and hence (?) Lisiboa, Lisboa, Lisbon. The chief merit of the Ulysses-tradition is that it produced the "Ulysséa" of G. Pereira de Castro and the "Ulyssipo" of Antonio de Sousa Macedo (mid-seventeenth century), which ranks after The Lusiads and before the "Malaca Conquistada" of F. de Sá de Menezes, and the "Cerco de Diu" of Corte Real.

B.C. 228 to 205.

The Phœnico-Carthaginians under the Barcines (House of Barca),[1] Hamilcar, Hasdrubal, (founder of Carthagena or New Carthage), and Hannibal, attacked Spain, but spared Lusitania. After the two Scipios (P. Cornelius and Cneius) had been killed (B.C. 211), S. Africanus, the son

[1] We find the word in the Barca region of Herod. (iv. 160) still applied to the Cyrenaic. It is not from Bar (a desert), Birkat (a tank), or Barak (lightning), but from Barakat, a blessing. So in Denham "Barca" is a benediction, and Clapperton speaks of the chief Barca Ghanam (Ghánim=the wealthy). Carthage is Kariyat (Kar=settlement) El-hádisah, Newtown, opposed to Utica (El-Atíkah), Oldtown. Hence also Melcarth=Malik Kariyat, King of the City. Hamilcar is Hámiy el-Kar or Protector of the City: Hasdrubal Há Sadr-Baal, the Front of Baal or the Sun-god; and Hannibal Haná-Baal, the Joy of Baal.

of the former, took (B.C. 210) Carthagena and Gades (Cadiz). African supremacy in the Peninsula was overthrown by the Second Punic War (B.C. 218–201).

Rome reduced Hispania into Provinces, but she could not prevail over the savage Lusitani (iii. 22), who used to mutilate or sacrifice their captives. According to Strabo (iii. 3, 2), Lusitania or Gallicia was most difficult to subdue. In B.C. 151 Consul L. Lucullus killed 20,000 of the Vaccæi tribe, who, like the Vectones or Vettones (Lucan, iv. 9), were accompanied to battle by their wives, and who carried poison in case of being taken prisoners.[1] During the next year Prætor Sergius Galba cleared off 30,000 Lusitanians. B.C. 197 to 178.

The shepherd Viriathus, "Romulus of Spain," escaping Galba's tender mercies, became a bandit by profession and by bravery a Captain. Aided by the Celtiberi,[2] whose Capital, Numantia, heroically held out till B.C. 133, and fell with Carthage, this Guerilla-chief kept the Romans in check, and won six pitched battles over Vectilius; the Prætors B.C. 150 to 133.

[1] The same was done in 1878 by the gallant Austrian officers, when fighting against the ferocious and treacherous Bosniac "Turks."

[2] In The Battlefields of Paraguay (94 et pass.) I have shown that this ancient race is reviving by the union of Basques and Spaniards. Cervantes in his tragedy "Numantia" (which was performed in Saragossa during the famous siege), makes "Viriato," the boy who alone survived, throw himself from the tower with the keys of the City in his hand.

C. Planctius, Claudius Ammianus, and Caius Nigidius; and the Consuls Q. Fabius, Fabius Servilianus, and Cn. Servilius Cæpio. On one occasion three hundred of his partizans put to flight a thousand enemies (viii. 36). He compelled a Proconsul to save his army when surrounded, by recognising him as an equal and independent power. D. de Castéra holds that he named Lisbon "Lysipolis"=City of Lysis or deliverance. But did Viriathus speak Greek? He was presently assassinated (B.C. 140) by two traitors under orders of Cn. Serv. Cæpio, Governor of Hispania Ulterior. Florus remarks, Hanc hosti gloriam dedit, ut videretur aliter vinci non potuisset. The Cava de Viseu[1] is still shown as his hiding-place and death-scene, with the remains of

[1] At Viseu was buried (some say) Roderick the Goth, whose sin was expiated, during life, by the doom of Prometheus, a serpent gnawing at his vitals. He lay near the monk San Roman; and a recessed tomb on one side of the High Altar has:—

Hic jacet, aut jacuit, postremus in ordine regum
Gottorum, ut nobis nuntia Fama refert.

Hence the lines:—

Es gloria à Lusos, de Arabos castigo,
Setta de Affonso, trionfo à Viriato,
Berço à Duarte, marmore à Rodrigo.

(To Lusia glory, to the Moors disgrace,
Afonso's hurt, to Viriatus gain,
Duarte's cradle, and Rodrigo's grave.)

The verses allude to the many Arab defeats, to the wound of Afonso Henriquez, and the birthplace of King Duarte. Viseu also produced the historian Barros.

his encampment, an enormous vallum. One of the greatest heroes of an heroic race, this Lusitanus latro of Seneca is repeatedly and deservedly mentioned in The Lusiads (i. 26; iii. 22; and viii. 6–7).

Quintus Sertorius of "frigid Nurcia" (Norcia), Tribunus Militum, Quæstor, Prætor and Liberator (viii. 8), opposed Dictator Sulla and the aristocrats in favour of his old commander, Caius Marius, and the popular party. He beat Paccianus, baffled Metellus Pius, who put a price upon his head, and surprised Cn. Pompeius the Great before Lauron (Laury) in B.C. 76. Here he made the famous remark, "I will teach this young scholar of Sulla that it is more necessary for a general to look behind than before him." His successes won the alliance of Mithridates, the Sun-gift (Mihr-dád). Camoens highly praises (viii. 8) his brother Monocular: Sertorius also had lost an eye in battle. The Poet alludes to the subtle art of the fatidic doe, *cervam albam trahebat*, a white hind given to him by Diana, which followed him to battle and rendered him invincible. His place of arms was the "nóble City" of Evora.[1] Here he constructed the famous aqueduct (iii. 63) 12,000 paces long, rebuilt by D. Joam III., and lately restored. After five B.C. 82 to 72

[1] A central site, the ancient Capital of Alemtejo. It shows, besides Sertorius' castellated aqueduct, a Temple of Diana, described by Murphy, a Cathedral, and an archiepiscopal Library. Formerly famous for the number of its printed works, Evora is now a University.

years of success (B.C. 72), he was murdered at a feast by Perperna, or Perpenna, one of his lieutenants. Many of his followers slew themselves upon his grave; and the national movement died a natural death. Perperna was put to death by Pompey, who, despite Lucan (ii. 549) barely deserved his triumph.

B.C. 45 to 60.

Julius Cæsar, victorious over the sons of Pompey at Munda[1] (B.C. 45), pacified Lusitania, which had bravely defended herself. Ulyssipo became Felicitas Julia; and Evora Liberalitas Julia, while Præsidium Julium was the name given to Scalabis (Pliny), Scalabicastrum, Sanctarem (Sta Iria or Irene)[2] now Santarem.

B.C. 27 to 13.

Augustus distributed Iberia into three Provinces. Hispania Citerior (Eastern) became Tarraconensis: hence Tarragonez for Arragonese (iii. 19). Hispania Ulterior (Western) was changed to Bætica (iii. 19, 85), the Valley of the Bætis,[3] or

[1] "Munda" is a disputed site. I have examined the ground, and agree with those who place it, not at Monda of Malaga, nor near Cordova, nor at Jerez de la Frontera (Cæsaris Acidona), but at Ronda, the old Arunda (La Munda de los Romanos, etc. Por D. Rafael Atienza y Huertos: Ronda, 1857.)

[2] An Hispanian Virgin and Martyr (A.D. 653). The Moors called Scalabicastrum "Kabilikastro"; but we nowhere find Scabelicastrum nor the Scabelicastro of Camoens (iii. 55). Santarem, twenty-five leagues from Lisbon, lies on the right bank of the Tagus, which presently becomes unnavigable. It has a Moorish Alcaçoba (El-Kasabah), and the famous Graça Convent where Pedr' Alvares Cabral was buried (?).

[3] Hod. Guadalquivir = Wady el-Kabír, the great river-valley.

Tartessus River, and to Lusitania. The latter, nearly corresponding with modern Portugal, was separated from Tarraconensis by the R. Durius (Douro); and from Bætica by the R. Anas (Guadiana). Augustus established military colonies in the places named by his uncle, and called Braga[1] after himself, "Bracara Augusta."[1] Augusta Emerita (Merida) was the Capital. Thus the Lusitanians became Romans with the Jus Latii and a gens togata. The Julian æra (B.C. 45) was preserved in Aragon till A.D. 1358; and in Portugal till A.D. 1415 (Depping, ii. 2).

After 400 years of powerful and peaceful Roman rule, Lusitania was overrun by the Suevi (Swabians), who made Braga their Capital. A.D. 409 to 710. In A.D. 568 Liuva and Leuvigildus destroyed the city, and made the country Visigothian. Gothic rule[2] was mild, and Alaric II. issued the famous "Code Forum Judicum."

Tárik ibn Ziyád, a Berber slave and lieutenant of Musá ibn Nasír, commanding the Caliph's hordes in North Africa, passed over to Spain. Hence Gibraltar, the Gibletorre of Teongue in 1675–79; meaning Jebel

[1] Braga, of the Bracari tribe, is still an important place, ranking after Lisbon and Setubal. Its modern interest is mainly ecclesiastical; and the Bom Jesus de Braga has an annual "patron," which attracts many pilgrims.

[2] The ruler of Scandinavia still styles himself "King of Sweden, the Goths and Vandals, and Norway." I hope to prove that the Goths, like their ancestors the Scyths, and their cousins the Gypsies, were an early wave of the Jat (Yu-Chi) race.

el-Tárik or Tárik Mount; which the Moslems called Jebel el-Fath (the Mount of Victory). The great battle on the Xeres plain, in the Valley of the Guadalete,[1] enthroned D. Roderick, and broke the power of the Visigoths (A.D. 711).[2] In Lusitanian Merida, a remnant resisted but in vain. The survivors of the ruling race either submitted to the Conquerors or fled for refuge to the Asturias Mountains. Here they were headed by the semi-fabulous Prince Pelagius (D. Pelayo), the Visigoth who founded the kingdom of Asturias. The Caamaños (Camoens) family is said to have first distinguished itself under D. Pelayo.

A.D. 756 to 1020.

Lusitania thus became the westernmost province of the mighty Khalifat, which exceeded the limits ever known to Rome. The word, which went forth from the now forgotten Palace of Damascus, echoed from the Atlantic to the

[1] Wady el-Lethe, the River Limia or Limæa, now Lima, in the beautiful country called by the Romans "Elysian Fields." So Diogo Bernardes sings:—

Junto do Lima, claro e fresco rio,
Que Lethe se chamou antiguamente.

(Hard by the River, fresh transparent flood
Entitled Lethe by the men of old.)

[2] Every one knows the "Vision of Don Roderick." It may be observed that Caba, the common name for the hapless Florinda, daughter of Count Julian, is the Arabic Kahbah, meretrix. Voltaire and Gibbon had doubts concerning the popular story, which rests upon a very slender base. Miguel Luna in his translation of the

:s of China, and from Tartaric Samarkand to Africa.[1] When Abú Abbás (A.D. 733) founded his dynasty upon the massacre of his predecessors, Spain (A.D. 755) invited the young Ommiade, Abd el-Rahmán, to rule over her. After two victories, at El-Musárá and Munecar, he made Cordova his Capital; and Lisbon, so favourably situated for international commerce, first became a ship-building city.

Camoens, following his Age of Ignorance, has done the grossest injustice to Moorish rule. The so-called Arabs were civilised when the Christians were mere barbarians. The former were great in literature, while their rivals could hardly read their prayers: their travellers had explored China before the Portuguese reached West Africa. They encouraged commerce and agriculture, and they built splendid edifices, of which many remain.[2] The world-famous "merino" sheep takes its

(apocryphal) "True History of the King D. Roderick," from the Arabic of Abu 'l-Kasim Tarif, quotes a letter from Florinda to her father, describing the "fracture of an emerald" by the King. It is dated from Toledo, Dec. 3, year of Cæsar 750, which would make the Julian æra begin in B.C. 38 instead of B.C. 45. Musgrave (Camoens, 464–66) gives a long account of this epistle.

[1] During nearly two years at the Capital of Syria, I failed to make certain where the building stood: it must have been near the Castle, but the latter is comparatively modern.

[2] Some hold the Casa dos Piques at Lisbon to be Moslem; others consider it more modern. At the foot of the Cintra cone, I found a deserted Mosque not mentioned in Jur.'s "Cintra Pinturesca" (Lisbon, 1838). There is still much to do in identifying the Moslem remains of Portugal as well as of Spain.

name from the Amírs (?). According to Robertson ("Charles the Fifth," i. 134) the Spaniards confess that eight centuries elapsed (A.D. 712–1492) and 3,700 battles were fought, before he of Granada, the last of the Hispano-Moorish Caliphs, submitted to Infidel Arms.

After the death of Abd el-Rahman I. (A.D. 787), dissensions arose in his family; and the kingdom began the process of partition: its vicissitudes belong to the history of Spain. At the end of more than two centuries of fighting, Lusitania had her Moslem King at Badajoz,[1] and Algarve[2] at Lisbon; rulers who were afterwards called Reyes de Táifas (Kings of Companies), and who divided the country according to the rule of the Caliphs (A.D. 1040–1200). Andalusia alone had six Kings. In A.D. 1031 El-Hishám III., last of the Hispanian Ommiads, lost the masnad (throne) by a sedition, and the power of the Cordovan "successors" ended. The particulars again belong to Spanish history.

A.D. 1010 to 1036.

"Cintra" is supposed to be derived from "Cynthia," and the block is Ptolemy's "Mons Lunæ" (ii. 5, 3). I sketched this interesting site in "Fraser," Oct., 1865.

[1] "Pax Augustæ," or the Arab "Balad el-Aysh" (City of Provaunt). This Captaincy-General of Estremadura, familiar to English history, lies on the left bank of the Guadiana, seven kilom. from the frontier. In the times of which Camoens speaks, the dull old place belonged to Spain, who had taken it from the Moors.

[2] El-Gharb, the West (Province), hence Trafagar or Trafalgar = Tarf el-Gharb, Edge of the West. Some make it erroneously Tarf el-Ghár, Cape of Laurels.

The African Almoravides (El-Murábitin)[1] or Reformers, after conquering El-Maghrib (Tunis, Tripoli, Algeria, and Marocco), crossed the sea under their chief, Yúsuf, to defend their Saracen (Arab) co-religionists. They attacked, and in time reduced, the Reyes de Taifas; occupied Lisbon and held it for half a century. El-Islam in Iberia was now under two heads, the old Arab houses and the "Moors" proper. A.D. 1086 to 1091.

The Kingdom of Asturias increased, especially under Alfonso III. (the Great), in A.D. 862. In 938 King Ramiro gained his great victory over the Moors at Simancas, and founded Compostella.[2] The impulse was now given. Many nobles and knights crossed the Pyrenees to crusade against the Moslems (iii. 24). The

[1] El-Murábitín, *i.e.* men "bound together" by the Faith: hence the French "Marabout," a santon, a religious. D'Herbelot under "Morabethah" treats of this movement which destroyed the Zayrides (Zegri partisans).

[2] Famous for the legend of St. James. The body after martyrdom was placed on board ship; and, guided by an angel, landed in Gallicia, where its dignity was unknown till revealed to a friar. Hence Sigurd, the Skald, called Gallicia "Jacob's land." During the "Holy War," the Saint appeared thirty-eight times to the Spaniards, and during the height of his fame 100,000 "Saint Jaquè's pilgrims," many of them English, who preferred it even to Canterbury and her "holy blisful martir," made pious visitations to "Sanctus Jacobus Apostola" (Compostella). The cockle-shell was the badge of this tribe, as the palm was of the "palmer" or Jerusalem pilgrim. Our "remember the grotto" is connected with Saint James; those who could not visit him purified themselves by almsgiving.

leader of the movement was Don Alfonso the Valiant (VIth of Leon and Ist of Castile), born at Compostella (A.D. 1035), and throned at the old Phœnician Toletum, now Toledo.[1] Amongst them was one Henrique (Henry), to whom the King gave his natural daughter Taraja, Tareja, Teresa, or Theresa, dowered with the County of Portugal, part of the modern kingdom. Camoens like Galvarno, expressly says (iii. 25) that Portuguese report makes him the son of a Hungarian King;[2] but that strangers derive him from Lotharingia or Lorraine (viii. 9). T. Godefroy (*Traité de l'Origine des Rois de Portugal*, Paris, 1612) settled the question by a MS. of the twelfth century, found in the Abbey of Fleury, and printed at Frankfort (P. Pilhou). Henri of Besançon, son of Henri,[3] was grandson of Robert "the Old," Duke of Burgundy, great-grandson of Saint Robert (III.), and great-great-grandson of Hugues Capet, Count of Paris.

Under D. Henrique of Burgundy, Portucalia assumed her modern title. Some explain it from the old name of Villa-de-Gaia, Calé (=Kala'ah, a fort), like Calahorra or Kala'at el-hurrah (the "free fort"). Camoens

[1] Toledo was succeeded as a capital by Madrid, the Arab Májerit, supposed to be from Má jári = flowing water.

[2] Some suggest St. Stephen (Ist) the "Apostolic King" (A.D. 997). Hofrath Alfred Ritter von Arneth, Pres. of the Acad. of Sciences, Vienna, kindly gave me his opinion concerning the Hungarian origin of D. Henrique. The latter was connected with, but not descended from, the royal family of Magyar-land.

[3] Fons. (p. 527) makes his father Guy Count of Vernol, and his mother Joanna, daughter of Gerold, Duke of Burgundy.

(vi. 52) assumes Portus, Porto, or Oporto to have originated "Portugal." M. Charles Vogel (*Tableau Politique*, &c., Paris, Gillaumin, 1860) writes that as all this tract was then in Gallicia, we have an easier derivation, Portus Galliciæ.[1] Millié (Canto vi., note 19) determines that D. Henrique adopted the word in order to remind the world of his Burgundian origin, by adding to Porto, "Gallo," Port of the Gauls, French-Port, or, rather, "Port of the Strangers." During the Napoleonic irruption (1808), an attempt was made to revive "Portugallo," but it notably failed.

The cradle of the monarchy contained the two rich provinces of Entre-Douro-e-Minho and Tras-os-Montes, to which Beira was presently annexed. Lastly, Gallicia was added as far as Lobeira Castle. In this beautiful *Medulla Hispanica*, the Caamaños family had its seat. The capital was Oporto; the secondary towns were Coimbra, Viseu, and Guimaraens,[2] (iii. 35), to which

[1] Gallicia, of old Gallæcia, according to Mediæval history (Hector Boetius, Virgil, Polydore, and others), was named from Gathelos, son of Cecrops who, compelled to fly from Egypt in Moses' day, touched at Spain before settling in Ireland. The word is evidently a congener of English Cornwall (Cornu Galliæ) and Cornouaille (now Quimper), in Brittany, the ancient Armorica (Ar-mor, "at the sea"). The Gallicians were mighty warriors and hunters, who are said to have composed and sung verses in the præ-Roman days.

[2] The older "Vuimaraens," near the Ave-Azevilla confluence. Here took place the Miracle of Wamba the Goth (A.D. 672–680); and the porch of Na. Sra. da Oliveira still shows, surrounded by

D. Henrique transferred his Court. After the death of his father-in-law (A.D. 1109) he became virtually independent, styling himself "By the Grace of God, Count and Lord of all Portugal." He beat the Moslems in seventeen battles, and annexed Cintra. Camoens, in two places (iii. 27, and viii. 9), makes him take part in the first Crusade (A.D. 1094), or Peter the Hermit's, led by Godfrey de Bouillon.[1] But the poet has wise doubts concerning all these old legends (iii. 20); and the pilgrimage is as improbable as that of Carolus Magnus, whose *Journey* is based upon a Chanson, an old Song. After a fighting reign he died (æt. 77) at Astorga (A.D. 1112), and was buried with D. Tareja, who long survived him, in the Cathedral of Braga, on either side of the altar.

an iron balustrade, the tree or its descendant that came from the blossoming goad. There is an old town which incloses the Roman Thermæ, and the ruined castle where Afonso Henriquez was born: his baptismal font is still preserved. The new town dates from 1427.

[1] Gibbon, "D. and F.," lviii. Born A.D. 1061, eldest son of Gustavus, 2nd Count of Boulogne, and descended from Carolus Magnus, Duke of Bouillon in the Ardennes, married Ida, sister of Godfrey le Bossu, Duke of Brabant (Basse Lorraine), and died 1st King of Jerusalem (1109). Godefridus de Bulion and Baldovinus, his brother and successor, are buried near the Chapel of Adam, in the "Holy Sepulchre"; and the fanatical Syrians, miscalled Greeks, have disgracefully mutilated the tombs because they are reverenced by the Latins.

Afonso Henriquez.[1]

(A.D. 1112–1185.)

Aged three at his father's death, the first King of Portugal was under the regency of his mother, Theresa, who had privately intermarried (?) with Ferdinando, Count of Trastamara. This was looked upon as a crime of *lèse-majesté;* and Camoens (iii. 29–31), unjustly enough, makes the warm widow more abominable than the worst feminine monsters of antiquity. When aged eighteen, D. Afonso defeated the usurping pair near Guimaraens (June 24, 1128); banished his step-father, and imprisoned his mother in the Lanhoso tower near Pinheiro. Her curse afterwards cost him dear (iii. 69–72).

D. Theresa raised D. Alfonso (VIIIth of Leon and IIIrd of Castile) against her son (iii. 34), who was victorious in the affair of S. Mamede[2] (A.D. 1128). The place is still called Vega-da-Matança (Slaughter-field), and the "Battle of the Seven Counts," because so many general officers were taken prisoners. The Spaniard was also wounded.

[1] -Ez or -es (son of) forms the Basque patronymic, as Lopez,—son of Lope. English translators seem mostly to ignore this equivalent of Ben, Bin,—eides, Oghlú, Ing, Mac, O', Ap, Sen, Son, etc.

[2] Alias Arcos de Valdevez, the bridge of the Vez river-valley, between Monçam and Ponte de Lima, the Lethe or Lima before mentioned. The latter is the Forum Limicorum of the Romans: the modern name is derived from its bridge of twenty-four arches.

Afonso Henriquez was presently beleaguered by the Castilians in Guimaraens (iii. 35), and was saved despite himself. His guardian, heroic Egás Moníz, finding defence hopeless, secretly visited the enemy, and promised the homage of his liege if the siege were raised. When D. Afonso saw the hostile forces retiring upon Castile, he learned the cause, and furiously tore up the convention. The guardian, another Regulus, nobly offered himself and his family as victims (iii. 38-40; viii. 14, 15); the Spaniard was magnanimous enough to pardon him; and the "Surrender of Egás Moníz" decorates the walls of almost every roadside inn in Northern Portugal.

Afonso Henriquez now initiated the policy of his successors; that of systematically warring down the "Moors." Alemtejo, the Transtagan region, was the first humble objective. The Arabs and the "Almoravides" still occupied the South-Peninsular Kingdoms" of Granada, Cordova, Murcia, Lisbon, and Seville; with Malaga, Jaen, Almeria, Tortosa, Majorca, and Denia, which last included the Balearics.

The great action, which began the fall of El-Islam, was the CAMPO D'OURIQUE, in A.D. 1139 (iii. 15). "Ismár" (Ismail) led five Moorish Kings, fifteen knights, and 400,000 men. These numbers are not so improbable as they appear. A "King" was a petty chief, after the fashion of King Og, the Kings of Wessex, the Roi d'Yvetôt, and the absurd Kings Pepple, George and Jack of filthy Bonny, and the foul towns of the

Biafran Bight,—*Orrey daquella terra* (the "King of that land") in the language of the Ruttiers, meaning the headman. Again, petty principalities, like West African Whydah, can levy immense forces when all the males between sixteen and sixty become Básh-Bazuks. Even in the present day effete Turkey wants only money to enlist millions.

D. Afonso, after over-running Beira, passed into the Alemtejo and Estremadura, and found himself confronting the Moslems with 13,000, or, rather, 40,000 men, according to André de Rezende's "History of Evora." The site is disputed: the popular position is above the Castro Verde village, in a valley inclosed by the influents of the Guadiana. The Portuguese, they say, was reading the fox-like victory of Gideon over the noble Midianite Bedawin;[1] and, after a prayer for similar favour, placed the holy volume under his pillow. Sleeping in his armour, he beheld a venerable man; and, next morning, he recognised the apparition in an ancient hermit, introduced by a chamberlain. The religious, who had lived sixty years in a cell among the Infidels, promised victory by divine commission. As mass was saying and the tents were being struck, took place the miraculous vision (iii. 45), which repeats the Signum of Constantine. The crucified Saviour, supported by two resplendent youths, adoring Him in a flood of glory, arose from the East. The King, removing arms and

[1] Noticed in my "Gold Mines of Midian," chap. vii.

shoes, prostrated himself before the Presence. Opportune as a revelation of Mohammed, the Vision promised success, present and future, against the enemies of the Cross; ordered D. Afonso to assume the title of King, which would apply to sixteen generations, and described the coat-of-arms with which Portugal was to charge her virgin shield (i. 7). Hence the graphic and minute heraldic description of Camoens (iii. 53–4), which some translators have failed to appreciate.[1] The tale is told at full length by Azevedo, P. de Figueredo, and many others; while the learned Herculano has, as usual, thrown historic doubt upon the whole affair, suggesting that a mere fray became a great fight. But, despite the art which worked upon the superstitions of a rude and fanatic soldiery, we ask, can anything be more repulsive to Christianity, or to the practice of its Founder, than such encouragement to "battle, murder, and sudden death"?

The "Marathon of Portugal" began at dawn, and lasted till noon of July 25, 1139. The Moors, who had chosen their ground badly, were put to flight with prodigious loss. D. Afonso was proclaimed king by acclamation (iii. 46), a Portuguese custom not yet obsolete. He placed the miraculous arms upon his

[1] An Englishwoman writes: "Less fidelity, perhaps, might have been desirable"; and Millié carries out the idea by slurring over details. Could neither of them see the skill of circumstantial narration which gave a local existence and a name to a most romantic, if improbable, event?

standard; but he was not invested with the Regalia for six years afterwards; when the famous Saint Bernard persuaded Innocent II. to sanction the kingdom of Portugal.

The new king, after transferring his capital to Coimbra, convened the Three Estates at the "Cortes de Lamego," now supposed to be a "pious fraud." The order of succession was settled without regard to the Salic exclusion.[1] The Magna Charta of eighteen statutes embodied the right of deposition, with scant regard for the Jus divinum, Laudian, or other. D. Afonso received the Crown of the Visigoths in the Cathedral Church of Santa Maria de Braga, at the hands of its Archbishop.

Followed new wars with the Moors. Leïría[2] was first taken (iii. 55). Dom, afterwards Saint Theotonio, Prior of the Canons Regular of Coimbra, captured Arronches town (iii. 55); a triumph commemorated by the crea-

[1] In default of male heirs an Infanta could succeed, but not unless her husband was a Portuguese: this proviso led to abundant trouble. The Prince-Consort could not be styled King till he had male issue. "If the King's daughter wed with a foreigner she shall not become Queen; for we will not that our people be compelled to obey a King who is not Portuguese-born" (*Exposé des Droits de S. M. Très-Fidèle D. Maria II.*; Paris, 1830). The whole passage, quoted by M. Clovis Lamarre (pp. 142–43), is well worth reading.

[2] On the Lis River, occupied alternately by Goths, Moslems, and Christians. Its ruined Castle, perched on a rock, was founded by D. Afonso Henriquez. Leïría was the first City in the Spains, and the fourth in Europe, which had a printing-press, an invention extensively used by the Sephardim Jews.

tion of the short-lived military order, *Da Aza de S. Miguel* (of St. Michael's wing). Mafra[1] and Cintra next yielded (iii. 56). Presently "noble Lisbon" (iii. 57–60; viii. 18) was torn from the Moors, with the aid of a naval armament, part of the Second (St. Bernard's) Crusade (A.D. 1146–48). It consisted of English, Flemish, Lorrains, Germans, and Italians, under Guillaume Longue-Épée, Duke of Normandy, and Count Arnaud d'Ardescot (Fons. pp. 457–58). Camoens specifies only "Holy Henry" (viii. 18), a German knight who was killed during the siege, and whose memory was honoured by a miraculous palm that sprang unplanted from his tomb.

The warriors of the Second Crusade encamped where the Martyrs' Church now stands; the Portuguese position being marked by that of S. Vincent. The citadel, with its gallant Alcaide-Mór (Governor), held out for five moons (iii. 59); and the Moors lost, they say, 200,000 men. Martim Moníz, a son worthy of his sire (viii. 20), threw himself between the gate and its stanchions; he was crushed to death, but his followers stormed the place. This crucial event happened on October 16, 1184 Julian era=A.D. 1147. The date is supported by two inscriptions, Latin and poetic, preserved in the Sé

[1] From Mahfarah, a "Cave" or Mafrah, "rest-place." This "Escurial of Portugal," the Palace of D. Joam V, containing 870 rooms, not to speak of Church, and Convent of 300 cells, lies seventeen kilom. from Lisbon. It employed 25,000 workmen for thirteen years (1717–30); and, if it could be rolled, American fashion, into Lisbon, it would make a grand Museum.

[Cathedral] or Basilica de Santa Maria. One epigraph adds that it was the day of the holy martyrs, SS. Crispinus and Crispinianus: Bishop Arnulfo prefers the "Day of the Eleven Thousand Virgins."[1] André de Rezende had an Arabic summary of the History of the Goths, which gives the same year (1184=1147), and specifies the sixth hour of Friday. Herculano must be consulted for his version of the capture ("Hist. of Port.," i. 375–79).

The Tagus, before Moslem, was now Christian from the mountains to the mouth. The terror of the Portuguese name overwhelmed all Estremadura, with Obidos,[2] Alemquer (Alan-kirk),[3] Torres Vedras,[4] Elvas,[5] Moura,[6] Serpa, and Alcacer-of-the-Salt (iii. 61–2). Beja[7]

[1] As Dale Abbey shows, the preposterous number came from *Sca Ursula cum* xi. M(martyrs, not mille) *v'ginum*.

[2] A mediæval walled town, with aqueduct, citadel, and Gothic remains, five kilom. from Caldas da Rainha, and now famed for apples and fevers.

[3] "Church of the Alans," founded by those invaders A.D. 406 (?). It is the birthplace of Damiam de Goes, and was supposed from a misunderstanding of Sonnet c. to have been that of Camoens.

[4] On the right bank of the Sizandro, ten leagues from Lisbon; founded by the Greeks; became a Præsidium under the Romans, and left its "Lines" to English History (1810).

[5] One of the strongest *Praças d'Armas* in Portugal, on the right bank of the Guadiana, ten kilom. from Lisbon, and also famed for its "Lines."

[6] Alias Arouche = El-'Arúsah, the Bride.

[7] Pax Julia, richest in Roman remains after Evora, and the birthplace of the great Spinoza.

expiated for the capture of Trancoso, where the Moors had butchered all the citizens (iii. 64). Followed the historic Castle of Palmella and "piscous Cezimbra,"—*piscosi mœnia Bari.* The King of Badajoz lost his capital (iii. 65–7). Giraldo Giraldez, who, banished by D. Afonso, had taken service under Moor Ismail, returned to his allegiance, and captured Evora stronghold, with 120 men (Fons. pp. 459–460), by a trick like that of Burnam Wood. He covered himself with leaves, scaled the *Torre da Vigia* (watch-tower), slew the sleeping guardians, a Moor and his daughter, misled the garrison by a false beacon-signal, and admitted his followers. Hence his *Alcunha*[1] (agnomen), "Sem-Pavor," the Sans-Peur knight (iii. 63; viii. 21), who, with plenary pardon, received the government of his conquest. Thus arose the "Chevaliers of Evora," military Cistercians, afterwards called from their Castle the "Order of Avis" (the Birds). The Shield of Evora still shows a man on horseback, with drawn sword in one hand and two heads hanging from the other. Herculano (iii. 401) casts a doubt upon the exploit, which, however, like that of Egás Moníz, is firmly rooted in popular print.

In 1180 D. Fuas Roupinho,[2] the "Portuguese Luta-

[1] El-Kunyah properly denotes patronymics, matronymics, and names derived from brother and sister, son and daughter. It is necessary amongst Moslems, whose names are exceedingly limited; but in Europe the "Alcunha" became a nickname.

[2] This knight, miraculously preserved from a "diabolical stag," built the Ermida (Chapel), of Na. Sra. de Nazareth, near Alcobaça, for the Statue of the Virgin, carved by St. Joseph and

tius," took Gamir, Moorish King of Merida, who was attacking his castle near the Porto-de-Mós. He then destroyed, with twenty-one galleys, a Moslem fleet of fifty-four galleons (i. 12; viii. 16), cruising about Cape Espichel. A similar achievement next year off Mount Abyla cost the gallant victor his life (viii. 17).

Territorial disputes involved D. Afonso in difficulties with his son-in-law, D. Ferdinando II., of Leon. The old King (æt. 75), sallying out from Viseu, was disabled by his charger striking his leg against an iron gate (iii. 69), and was taken prisoner,—the effect of his mother's curse. But the imprecation had lost virtue by long keeping: the victor treated his prisoner with respect, released him without ransom, and claimed only the bone of contention, Badajoz. "Alboiaque," King of Seville, hearing the Portuguese defeat, attacked the Alemtejo, and was driven back.

Ensued a war with the "Almohades,"[1] properly El-Muwahhidín (the Unitarians), a Puritan sect, the Wahhabis of the day. They were militarily organised in North Africa by Mohammed 'Abd el-Mumin, to reform the corruptions of the "Almoravides"; and were summoned to his aid by a Wali, or Provincial Governor of Algarve. These chiefs were almost independent of their

painted by St. Luke. It had been brought to Spain by San Roman, the companion of Roderick the Goth.

[1] D'Herbelot, under "Moahedoun," gives notices of the dynasty of thirteen to seventeen princelets; and he calls the sect *Bandits et croquants.*

liege-Lord; and their disorders did good service to the Christian cause. Bernardo Froias, the "Cid of Portugal," stoutly opposed the invaders. But under Yúsuf bin 'Abd el-Mumin, they besieged the Infante D. Sancho in Santarem, and would have won the day had not his aged father hastened from Coimbra to his aid (iii. 80). Yúsuf was slain; and, shortly afterwards, D. Afonso, a warrior king and unaimable personage, died (Dec. 6, 1185), æt. 76 years and 4 months. Camoens, who admired his fighting qualities, and his wars with the Moors, has left him a noble and kinglike epitaph (iii. 84).

Sancho I.

(A.D. 1185–1211.)

The second son and successor of D. Afonso, is known as *O Povoador* (the Peopler, *i.e.*, of *povoados*, or villages). He was crowned, æt. 31, at Coimbra (Dec. 9); and, having some experience of warfare at Seville, Elvas, and Santarem (iii. 85), he proceeded to gain more. He began by taking Sylves, or Silves,[1] and "proud Tuy" (iii. 85–89). An Armada, sent out for a Third Crusade

[1] Capital of Moslem Algarve, a curious old walled town, thirty-nine kilom. North-west of Faro. The Cathedral was founded by D. Sancho (1187), and one of its bishops was Osorius (Jeronymo Osorio), the "Christian Cicero" (1506–80). His History De Rebus Emmanuelis, etc., Libri xii., was translated into French (Paris, François Etienne, 1581), and into Dutch.

(A.D. 1188-92) by the Emperor, Red Frederick (I. or Barbarossa) to save Guy de Lusignan from the Conqueror Saláh el-Dín (Saladin), assisted him in reducing South Portugal (iii. 86–7); and he entitled himself "King of Algarve." The assumption was premature; he was driven out by Bin Yúsuf, the Moor (1188–90); and he lost stomach for Moslem conquests. Allowing Ya'kúb bin Yúsuf to take Madrid, he applied to the arts of peace, repaired the ravages of war, personally inspected his possessions, and continued to build the great Alcobaça[1] Monastery begun by his father. He died after ruling twenty-six years; and, despite his pacific career, he is well spoken of by Camoens (iii. 85–89).

Afonso II.

(A.D. 1211–1223.)

O Gordo (=Crassus, the Fat) was born at Coimbra in 1185. He took part in the famous action, *Las Navas*[2] (the Plains) *de Tolosa* (1212), where D. Alfonso VIII. of Navarre defeated Mohammed el-Násir li'l-Din-Illah, son of Ya'kúb; slew 124,000 (?) of his 600,000 (?) men, and broke the "Almohades." The capture of Alcántara[3]

[1] Called from the Alloa-Baça confluence.

[2] Nav (Basque), become Nava in Span. and Port., means a plain: hence Navarre, Navia, etc.

[3] El-Kántarah, the Arch, often debased in England to "Alcantára." The Order of Calatrava (=Kal'at el-Turáb, Fort of Earth)

(1214) induced the Knights of Calatrava to change their name for that of the new conquest. A fleet of 300 sail, manned by Netherlanders and Frisians, under Wilhem Count of Holland and Georg von Wied, touched at Lisbon en route for Palestine. They assisted the warlike Prelate, miscalled Dom Matheus (viii. 23–24), who fought successfully against the 95,000 men led by the four kings of Cordova, Seville, Badajoz, and Jaen. In 1217 the Portuguese gained the Battle of Alcacer-do-Sal,[1] and annexed the town (iii. 90).

D. Alfonso followed his father's example. He convoked the Cortes, reformed the Church, compelled the monk-drones to carry arms, and allowed appeal from ecclesiastical to laical jurisdiction,—a bold measure. He was honoured with excommunication, but he kept up his courage to the last and died, as Camoens says (iii. 89–90), "esteemed of all."

was founded by Raymond de Fitero, a monk of Cîteaux, who, after the Second Crusade, offered (1153) D. Sancho III. of Castile to defend the place against the Moors. He raised 20,000 men, and established the military rule, whose members wore on the breast a cross gules with fleur-de-lys vert.

[1] Camoens calls it (iii. 90) Alcacere by paragoge. The Salatia Imperatoria of the Romans is a townlet on the Savo River, South-east of Setubal, and still shows a Moorish Fortress. The battle-site is called *Valle da Matanza.* Aubertin (ii. 279), who copies a chronological table from Mr. Murray's incompetent "Handbook of Portugal," gives two affairs, one in A.D. 1158, when the Castle was taken, and the other in A.D. 1217, when the great fight was fought.

Sancho II.

(A.D. 1223–1248.)

This eldest son of his predecessor, born at Coimbra in 1207, is derisively called *O Capello*, the Hood. An incapable Prince, he became a slave to courtiers, minions, and a beautiful "brawler" in the shape of a wife, D. Mencia. The people, who did not stand upon ceremony, then and there tore her from the Coimbra Palace and sent her to Castile, where she died childless. Some writers praise Sancho II. for his great public works which began an age of civilisation in Portugal. However that may be, he was deposed (July 24, 1245) by an excommunicatory Bull of Innocent IV.; he retired from regal business to Toledo; he lived there in obscurity till 1246; and he was buried in the Cathedral. Camoens judges him harshly (iii. 90–93); and hence Padre Macedo (i. 191) discovers a "certain disposition for insulting the Kings of Portugal."

Afonso III.

(A.D. 1246–1279.)

Born at Coimbra in 1208, the fifth King was titled *El Rei dos Pobres* (King of the Poor), and *O Bolonhez*, because he had married Matilda, Countess-proprietary of Boulogne. He became regent by intriguing against

his brother; but he was magnanimous enough to honour the adherents of the fallen cause, who stoutly denied the Papal pretensions to make and mar monarchs in Portugal. He favoured Martim Freitas, when the faithful servant refused to yield the Keys of Coimbra before placing them in the hands of his dead master; nor did he assume the regal style till after his brother's decease.

Afonso III. owed much of his success in conquering the Algarves to D. Payo Correa, Grand Master of St. Iago in Castile. This worthy repeated the miracles of Moses by bringing water from the rock, and of Joshua by causing the "sun to stand still," in presence of a people who still believed in the Ptolomeian or geocentric system. It was the result of his prayer to the Virgin :—

> Santa Maria
> Dettu tu dia ! (give us thou Day !)

Faro and other neighbour-places were easily taken. The treacherous Moors had murdered during a truce six Portuguese Knights of Saint Iago, who were sporting outside Tavila or Tavella. Camoens calls them the "Seven Huntsmen," including the muleteer, Garcia Rodriguez, who, although a "villein," lost life in the fight. Correa flew to revenge them, took the town, and slew all within its walls (viii. 25).

The Conquest of the Algarves (1252) completed the ancient inheritance of Lusus' Sons (iii. 94); and gave the Portuguese scutcheon an augmentation of Seven

Castles.[1] D. Afonso was compelled to yield half his new Province, and to do fealty for the rest to Alfonso the Wise (Xth of Castile); but this humiliation ended when, after repudiating Countess Mathilda, he married the Spaniard's natural daughter, D. Beatriz de Guzman.[2] He supported the third estate against the nobles and against the clerks, egged on by Urban IV.; but, being old and infirm, he at last yielded to episcopal exigencies. In 1279 he died at Lisbon (æt. 69), regretted by his people; and Camoens (iii. 94) honours him as The Brave.

Diniz (Dionysius.)

(A.D. 1279–1325.)

O Lavrador (the Husbandman) succeeded (æt. 17), and married (1283) D. Isabel, daughter of Pedro III. of Arragon. His mother, disappointed in not crowning her second son, fled to Castile, and persuaded her brother, D. Ferdinando, who presently died, to declare war against Portugal. After regulating the gold and silver mines of the Algarves, and annexing the Riba de Coa on the R. Douro, Diniz applied himself to rural

[1] Hence the Castles are not alluded to in the description of D. Afonso's shield (iii. 53–4); and they appear upon D. Joam's flag (iv. 25).

[2] This high-sounding name, says Ford, is nothing but Gutmann, Goodman, El-bueno, a canting title given by King Sancho (El Bravo) to the founder of the family, Alonzo Perez, at the first Siege of Tarifa, in A.D. 1292 (?).

economy. He planted the *Pinhal real* (pine-forest) on the sandy ground about Leïria with shoots from the Burgundian *Landes;* thus arresting the desert-growth, and producing timber for ship-building. He founded agricultural establishments, and fostered commercial intercourse with England, France, and Flanders. He curbed clerical abuses, and opposed landed property being bequeathed to religious houses,—a measure in advance of its age and still sadly neglected.[1] His firmness in dealing with the nobility made the lieges sing:—

O Rey Dom Diniz,
Que fiz quanto quiz.
(What King Diniz willèd; He ever fulfillèd.)

Yet he did his devoir to the Church: in conjunction with his saintly Queen he built (1305) the Church and Convent of Sam Diniz de Odivellas, where he and his natural daughter are buried.

D. Diniz was lenient, despite Rome, to the Knights Templar, whose terrible cry "Beauséant" had done long and good service against the Moslems. After a temporary exile from their commanderies at San Thomar and elsewhere, they of the White and Black Banner gradually returned to form the *Ordo Militiæ Jesu Christi*, created in 1319 after the rule of Calatrava. He protected letters, and founded (1284) the Lisbon University,

[1] England in the nineteenth century, as some of us know by personal experience, still wants in this matter the hand of D. Diniz.

which was removed to Coimbra in 1308. His treatise, *Dos principaes Deveres da milicia*, is still known to Catalogues; and one of his *Cancioneiros* (Song-collections) was printed at Rome under D. Joam III. His later life was troubled by the dissensions of his sons and by the rebellion of his successor. He died at Santarem, January 7, 1325, æt. 63, of which 46 were spent on the throne. Camoens speaks well of "the Husbandman" (iii. 96–8); and the Trobaires (Troubadours) even better. Dante, who hated peaceful kings, alludes to him (Parad. xix.); and the Ottimo Commento unjustly says,—"Wholly given up to the acquisition of wealth, he led the life of a merchant, and had many dealings with all the great traders of his reign: nothing regal, nothing magnificent can be recorded of him."

Afonso IV.

(A.D. 1325–1356.)

O Bravo, was a bad son, a bad brother, and a bad father; a good soldier, a good lawgiver, and a good king: he was also a politician after Macchiavelli's heart, whose maxim was that all things are permissible provided they succeed. At the age of 24 he began a careless life, which he presently reformed: his council threatened to depose him for wasting a month in hunting. He convoked the Cortes and favoured the Commons against the feudal lords. His daughter, the "loveliest

Maria" (iii. 100–104), presently came to implore his aid for her husband, Alfonso XI. of Castile. "Abenestarim, alias Abu 'l-Hasan, King of Fez; Yusuf I. of Navarre; and Yusuf Abu 'l-Hajjáj of Granada, with "Forra" (Hurreh?) daughter of the King of Tunis, had passed over 440,000 men (says Mariana, xvi. 7), and were besieging Tarifa (iii. 98–9). The Portuguese and Spaniards united at Juromenha (Jeromenha?) in the Alemtejo, South-West of Badajoz. On Oct. 29, 1340, was fought the memorable BATTLE of TARIFA, or the SALADO (Salt-stream). D. Afonso won his title by opposing his Council of War, which, as is usually the case, inclined not to fight. The Moors, according to the same annalist, lost 200,000 of their 400,000 foot and 40,000 cavalry; while of the 25,000 Iberian infantry and 14,000 horse only 20 were killed. And this is history! At the absurd battle cannon, made at Damascus, were, according to Condé (iii. 123), first used in Europe.[1] The Portuguese King began the action by an impetuous charge; routing the heavily armed troops of the Granadine, who fled the field for his capital (iii. 113–14). He then crushed Fez, and enabled the Spaniards to dispose of the Maroccans: the latter soon lost the day; and the Abu 'l-Hasan, who saw two sons slain by his side, hurriedly escaped to Africa *viâ*

[1] This subject is treated in note to Canto vii. stanza 12. Viardot has shown that cannon was known to the Moors in A.D. 1200, and D. Alfonzo, the Valiant, of Castile, used them at the Sieges of Madrid (1283) and Seville (1284).]

Algesiras. This was the last African invasion of importance; D. Afonso refused the rich spoils of the camp,[1] accepting only some arms, standards, and Abu 'l-Hasan's brazen trumpet.

The Victor's triumphant return was followed by the memorable murder of D. Ignéz de Castro, which supplied Camoens with his most touching Episode (iii. 117–133). She was the grand-daughter of Sancho IV., the "Great and Brave," of Castile (1284–95): her father was D. Pero (Pedro) de Castro, Lord of Gallicia, who had taken refuge at the Court of Portugal, and died there in A.D. 1345. He had been followed by many Spaniards, escaping from D. Pedro the Cruel of Castile; and Portuguese politicians began to fear their increased numbers and influence. His daughter's uncommon beauty won for her the *Alcunha* of *Collo-de-Garça* (Hern's-neck), or *Collo-de-Prata* (silver-bosom); and she became maid of honour to the Princess.

The Infante D. Pedro, heir-apparent to the Crown, had married (1335) D. Constancia, great-grand-daughter of Ferdinand III., the "Saint and Holy" of Castile; and by her he had a son. His violent passion for the lovely Agnes became, it is reported, known to the wife and caused her death. The people murmured against D. Ignéz, whose sorrow for her mistress is said to have been

[1] In those days European as well as Asiatic campaigners carried their treasure, and especially their gems and precious stones, whose occult virtues secured health, safety, etc. Russian officers still use the turquoise as a talisman in war.

sincere. D. Afonso feared lest the throne should fall to the eldest of the Castilian beauty's three children, D. Joam, who became afterwards so infamous.[1] By way of test, an honourable union was proposed to D. Pedro, who (æt. 28) rejected it: the fact is he had married D. Ignéz with a dispensation from Rome, in the presence of D. Gil, then Dean and afterwards Bishop of Guarda. Nothing now remained but to put her out of the world (iii. 123).

D. Ignéz had been placed in the Palace adjoining the famous Convent of Santa Clara, which was founded in 1286: a few ruined walls in the fields are now the only remains. A local tradition declares that D. Pedro visited her through a Conduit which ran from the Fonte-dos-Amores. This fount is known to have been so called in 1360. D. Afonso, accompanied by his three Councillors, who hated the Castro family, Pedro Coelho, Diogo Lopes Pacheco, Lord of Ferreyra, and Alvares Gonçalves, Meirinho-Mór (Grand Seneschal), travelled from Montemór-o-Velho to Coimbra. His son was out hunting. The party knocked at the Quinta-das-Lagrimas (Villa of Tears). "When Dona Ignéz," says the chronicler, "heard of the King's coming, she met him at the doorway in tears, leading her three innocents; and, with death in her face, implored his pity." The hard old man's cruel heart was moved: he turned away as if

[1] He murdered, with his own hands, his wife D. Maria, sister of Queen Leonor, wishing to marry D. Brites (Beatrice), the latter's daughter, and thus to qualify for the Crown.

granting pardon. But his "hangmen,"[1] feeling themselves compromised, wrung from him leave, and butchered her almost in his presence. It is said that she was slaughtered while sitting on the stone bench facing the Tanque-das-Lagrimas, whither she had fled from the Quinta,[2] and was hastily buried in Santa Clara. The brown pebbles spotted with a red lichen are supposed to bear the blood of Ignéz, and the long filaments of the aquatic plants represent the beautiful victim's hair.

D. Pedro flew to arms, ravaged the murderers' estates, wasted Entre-Minho-e-Douro, and besieged Oporto. The Queen and the Archbishop patched up a peace, and soon after Afonso died in Lisbon (1356). He was deeply regretted. "Nothing succeeds like success"; and he had been cruel chiefly to his own family. He seemed to repent the murder of Ignéz; and his last advice to the "hangmen" was flight. Camoens makes him (iii. 118) equally prosperous in war and peace.

PEDRO I.

(A.D. 1356–1367.)

O Cruél, as his foes called him; and *O Justiceiro* (the Justiciary or Doer of Justice), as he was termed by

[1] Camoens uses the term *Algozes* (iii. 124), and I have translated the term literally.

[2] It belongs, or rather belonged when I visited it (1865), to one of the Castro family. Mitchell gives an illustration of the scene.

his folk, began by publickly impeaching and confiscating the estates of his wife's murderers. He then made, with his namesake of Castile, the civilised extradition-treaty, unjustly blamed by Camoens (iii. 135). Pacheco escaped. The two others were executed before the Palace, says the Chronicler, "so that the King, whilst dining, could see them die; and the words used on this occasion, as well as the inexpertness of the hangman, were dolorous things." Coelho suffered first: when brought before D. Pedro, the latter struck him, in his fury, several blows across the face with a whip-handle. The felon Knight's heart was torn out through his breast; Gonçalves' through his shoulders; and, lastly, both were burnt. During this time the King was sitting at meat.

D. Pedro, in presence of the Papal Nuncio, the Nobles, the Clergy, and the Cortes convoked at Castenheda, produced the Dispensation; and proclaimed, swearing upon the Gospels, his secret marriage with Ignéz and the legitimacy of her children. He then returned to Coimbra for a "strange and awful ceremony." The Corpse was exhumed after seven years; habited in royal robes; crowned and throned for the Grandees and Courtiers to kiss its hand and confess it Queen. A splendid car, followed by an immense procession, carried it, between two unbroken files of torches, over the seventeen leagues from Coimbra to Alcobaça, then the sepulchre of Portuguese royalty. With masses and other solemnities the body was placed in a sarcophagus of white marble; and by its side was a

tomb to be occupied by the husband. Their two recumbent effigies are still to be seen in the mid-enclosure of the mortuary chapel; with the noses knocked off by the barbarous French invaders, who also violated the graves, opening side-holes in search of treasure. They found both corpses well preserved: the Queen especially had been so embalmed that all marvelled at its beauty.[1]

D. Pedro rigorously carried out the work of reform (iii. 136). He was never without a scourge in his waist-belt; and, like certain Electors of Brandenburg, he used it with his own hands. "The Law was no longer a spider's web, which breaks the little flies and is broken by the big flies." The lieges declared that Portugal had never seen so happy a decennium; and that such a Prince should never have been born or should never die." D. Pedro was a man of letters. Two poetical laments, in Portuguese and Spanish, treat of the murder.[2] The former ends:—"Blood of my heart, heart that belonged to me, heart that hath thus been stricken, who could (dare) strike thee? His heart I will tear out!" And, as has been seen, so he did.

His portrait at Belem shows a hard-featured man, with an expression of settled melancholy. He died early (æt. 45) at Estremoz, the Castle of D. Diniz, on Jan 18, 1367.

[1] Miss Pardoe's "Traits and Traditions of Portugal."

[2] The *Résumé*, etc., of Fred. Denis (chap. ii.) gives specimens of the *Cancioneiro de El Rei Dom Pedro;* and I see at times the Song-book in Mr. Quaritch's list.

Fernando I.

(A.D. 1367–1383.)

O Formoso (Le Bel) succeeded (æt. 22) under favourable auspices: the Chronicler tells us that he had 800,000 gold pieces and 400,000 of silver in his capital, besides abundant wealth elsewhere. He began with building the walls of Lisbon, and fortifying Evora in part. Unfortunately he was induced to claim Castile from D. Henrique of Transtamara, natural son of Alfonso XI. and Eleonor de Guzman, who had now established his rights by killing with his own hand his brother Pedro the Cruel of Castile (1369). Gregory XI. intervened, and a peace was signed (March, 1371); D. Fernando marrying by proxy D. Eleanor of Castile. But he became madly enamoured of D. Lianor (Leonor), daughter of Martim Afonso Telles; and caused her divorce from Joam Lourenço da Cunha, Lord of Pombeiro, on a plea that the near relationship made the marriage ecclesiastically void. Although the lieges, headed by the tailor Velasquez, broke into the Palace and conjured the ruler to spare them the disgrace, he espoused her publicly at Eixo. Thereupon men sang:—

La vam leis
Onde querem Reis.
(Laws are nil, when Kings will.)

He also concluded an alliance with John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, fourth son of Edward III., who,

having married the Infanta Constancia, daughter of Pedro the Cruel, also had a lien upon Castile (vi. 47).

D. Henrique the "Gracious," hurt by this double violation of faith, wasted Beira and besieged Lisbon, which endured all manner of miseries. Meanwhile D. Fernando was living at Santarem with Queen Leonor and her reputed lover, Juam Fernandes Andero, Count of Ourem (iii. 138). The same Pope again interfered; and the two sovereigns, meeting upon the Tagus (March 19, 1373), signed a new treaty. About this time Vasco Pires de Caamaños, flying from Gallicia and from his enemies, the Casteras, received the lordship of large lands in Portugal. He was the father of Joam Vaaz (Vaz), father of Antonio, father of Simam, father of our Poet.[1]

D. Fernando, turning his attention to the navy, despatched the Queen's lover to England, with the view of raising 6,000 men-at-arms. In 1381 he again attacked Castile with 16,000 troops, including 1,200 British soldiers under the Earl of Cambridge. He was met by D. Juan of Castile with 60,000 men, between Elvas and Badajoz: here Froissart, the "dittor," places the tilting of Sir Tristan de Roye with the Englishman Miles Windsor. No general action ensued, but the Portuguese was completely unsuccessful; and, after two disastrous twelvemonths, he concluded a third peace by giving the Infanta D. Brites (Beatrice) to D. Juan I. Having ruled

[1] Comp. note, Canto iv. 6.

sixteen years, he died in Lisbon (æt. 38) on Oct. 22, 1383; and his widow, contrary to custom, absented herself from his funeral in the Sam Francisco Convent, Santarem. It is added that she offered to purge herself of the charge of adultery by the ordeal of fire. D. Fernando was a feeble Prince, but Camoens is accused of harsh-judging him (iii. 137); and the excuse in the last stanza (143) is said to have been introduced at priestly instance.

Regency and Interregnum.

(A.D. 1383–1385.)

D. Leonor, appointed Regent by her husband, resolved to secure Portugal, in the default of heirs male, for their daughter D. Brites: the lieges, however, refused allegiance to the wife of a foreign King, and spread reports of the Infanta's illegitimacy (iv. 7). There were two other claimants, both "Johns": hence the babe's prophetic and acclamatory words (iv. 3) were "as ambiguous as they were marvellous." D. Joam, son of Ignéz de Castro, was in the minority: not so D. Joam, Grand Master of Avis, a bastard of D. Pedro the Just (iv. 2) by a Gallician dame, D Theresa Lourenço. This claimant (æt. 26) was hated by the Queen-regent, but supported by the gallant old knight, Alvar Paes. Appointed to the Government and banishment of Alemtejo, the Mestre rode out of Lisbon, met an armed troop of friends, returned to the Limoeiro Palace, and sought out the

Count of Ourem. Those were days of vigorous action. The pretender struck the minion on the head with his *terçado* (short sword), and Ruy Pereira finished him with a thrust (*estoque de armas*).

The people rose and committed excesses (iv. 4–6) upon the dead favourite's family and friends. The Castilian D. Martinho, Bishop of Lisbon, was stripped and cast headlong from the Western tower of his own Cathedral, because he belonged to the Queen's party and he delayed to ring the bells. His corpse was dragged naked through the streets and thrown to the dogs in the Rocio Square. The Prior of Guimaraens and the Tabelliam (notary), Duarte Nunes de Liam, were also killed. D. Leonor, saved by the claimant, left Lisbon that evening for Alemquer, without, however, abandoning her claims; eventually she died in the Tordesillas Convent.

D. Joam, powerfully supported by the "Portuguese Scipio," D. Nuno Alvares Pereira (viii. 27–31), one of the founders of the Braganza house, was made "Defender and Lieutenant-General of the Reign." When the interregnum had lasted eighteen months, D. Juan I. of Castile attacked Portugal, but he lost heart before the Archbishop of Braga, and the Holy Constable, D. Nuno (viii. 28).[1] The Portuguese fleet forced the Tagus-bar, in the Spaniards' teeth, with only one great loss: its Commander, Ruy Pereira, was killed after per-

[1] *Chronica d'El Rei D. Joam I.*

forming prodigies of valour. Camoens, who often praises exploits of secondary rank, has done (viii. 34) scant justice to this victory which, aided by famine and pestilence, cleared off the invader.

The Cortes were convoked at Coimbra to decide between the three Pretenders. The great lawyer, afterwards Chancellor, Joam des Regras,[1] supported the national cause and the claims of the "Liberator": he unjustifiably attempted to prove the illegitimacy of Ignéz' sons, D. D. Joam and Diniz. When the Assembly still hesitated, D. Nuno (æt. 25), a warrior who "caused the earth to tremble," half-drew his sword (iv. 19), left the hall and appealed to the people. The result was the acclamation of D. Joam, first King of the Avis line.

JOAM I., ALIAS JOHN THE BASTARD.

(A.D. 1385–1433.)

THIS Prince *da boa memoria* (of "good memory") was the second founder of the Portuguese Monarchy. He had a preliminary brush with a Spanish force at Trancoso,[2] where St. Martin, riding a white horse, was

[1] The tomb of "John of the Rules" is still shown at Bemfica, where rests the Viceroy, D. Joam de Castro.

[2] A townlet between Viseu and Guarda, which still shows the shoe-prints of the miraculous charger. At Trancoso D. Afonso Henriquez defeated Abulcazan (Abu 'l-Hasan) King of Badajoz: here was born the great "Sebastianist" prophet and ballard-monger, the cobbler Gonçalo Eanes Bandarra (chap. iii. § 4).

seen fighting on the Portuguese side. The country was then attacked by a fleet and army of 33,000 to 90,000 (?) men, led by the Castilian King in person (iv. 8–12). D. Nuno hastily levied some 11,000 soldiers and, on Aug. 14, 1385, fought the battle of ALJUBARROTA, which was to the Castilian what OURIQUE had been to the Moor. Camoens (iv. 24–44) minutely describes the action, forgetting, however, to mention that the ten Spanish *trons* (pieces of artillery) shook the Portuguese van. The fight began at the foot of the Canoeira Ridge, now called Batalha; and the Castilian rear extended to Aljubarrota. The Spaniard had the best position for the sun, being to the West of the field on a hot afternoon: he made, however, the mistake of extending his lines to outflank the enemy. The Portuguese attacked in three bodies. The King commanded the centre; Mem Rodrigues the right wing, and D. Nuno the left. The broken ranks were rallied by the latter (iv. 34); and his life was saved by D. Joam (iv. 36–9), who also had a narrow escape. As he was cutting with his battle-axe at one Gonsalez de Sandoval, this brave knight dragged him from his horse, and would have slain him had he not been struck down by Gonçalo de Macedo and other Portuguese cavaliers. Priests and even women battled in the Lusian ranks.[1] After half

[1] The little village of Aljubarrota still shows the baker's shop whence the good wife, Brites d'Almeida, sallied forth and killed six or seven Spanish soldiers with her wooden oven-peel, or shovel. This weapon is set in the wall of the Town-house; and

an hour (?) the Castilians had lost 14,000 (?) men, and were irretrievably beaten by the genius of D. Nuno: the inferior number and the poor weapons of the victors added, as at Agincourt, to the mortification of the vanquished.

D. Juan, who had bravely commanded his men from a litter, was compelled to mount a gennet and ride nine leagues to Santarem. Thence he embarked at Lisbon, where his fleet lay, and made for Seville. At Aljubarrota Vasco Pirez de Caamaños, who fought in the Castilian ranks, was taken prisoner: he lost all his lands, except the Camoeyra fief near Evora.

The rejoicings lasted the usual three days, while the victor held the field (iv. 43). This knightly but most unsoldierly practice did little damage on that occasion, for D. Nuno followed and cut up the fugitives at Valverde near Lerida (iv. 45–6). The King, after a pilgrimage to Guimaraens, began at Batalha (near Aljubarrota) the Dominican Monastery of that name, a mountainous pile of flamboyant Gothic, at once a monument of devotion and a family tomb.[1] Spanish historians, who hold

the people still say, *Endiabrada como a padeira d'Aljubarrota*—Curst as the Aljubarrota bakeress.

[1] It has been compared with York Minster, and is said to have been built by an Irishman (Hacket?); but it is probably the work of a Freemason guild, one of the many disciplined by the monastic orders, notably the Benedictines. I know no building in Portugal more glorious except "Belem"; unfortunately it is unfinished, and it is falling to ruin. The Capella do Fundador shows, on a tall tomb, D. Joam, in crown and cuirass, extending his arm to

D. Joam a traitor and usurper, object to this post-pugnal piety, and Faria y Sousa declares that Castile won high honour by the defeat, as the Virgin, "the true Bellona" (!), fought for the Portuguese.

D. Joam, recognising the superiority of Castile, obtained a dispensation and married (Feb. 2, 1387) Philippa, eldest daughter of "time-honoured" and time-serving Lancaster. English blood mixes well with the Iberian, witness the Northern districts of Tenerife, together with California and Peru. The five sons are truly called by Camoens (iv. 50)—

Inclyta geraçao, altos Infantes.
(Of inclyt Infants a right royal race.)

The one daughter, Isabel, married (1430) to Philippe le Bon of France, became mother of Charles le Téméraire.

Lancaster joined his son-in-law with an army and attacked Leon, while France defended by sending Louis de Bourbon. Mismanagement ensued: the allies quarrelled, and D. Joam, losing health and heart, retired to Lisbon. The Duke concluded a peace of his own; and

Queen Philippa. Over his head stands the legend of Portugal, "Pour Bien"; alternating with that of the King, "Il (le bien) me plaist." Four recesses in the South wall contain the sarcophagi of four Infantes, D. Duarte being buried in the choir. D. Pedro is known by "Désir"; D. Henry by his well-known "Talan (talent) de bien faire"; D. Joam by "J'ai bien reson"; and D. Fernando by "Le. Bien me plaist." The tombs were violated and the bones scattered by the French.

converted the rival Kings into brothers-in-law by giving his younger daughter Catherine to D. Henrique, the heir-presumptive and afterwards the IIIrd of Castile.

D. Joam applied himself to extending the royal prerogative over the nobility, a labour ably forwarded by the "Portuguese Justinian," Joam das Regras; by "one of his eyes," the Great Constable, and by the other "eye," D. Lourenço de Lourinhãa, eighty-sixth Archbishop of Braga. The impulse of civilisation made him cultivate the national, as well as the learned or Latin language; and change the Julian for the Christian era. He gave equal attention to foreign commerce and internal improvements, agriculture, and architecture. Before this time the Hanseatic League[1] of eighty cities, organised against piracy in the twelfth century, and their "Easterlings" (Eastern merchants), rivalled in the North the Lombards of the South. Bruges (vi. 56) was the common meeting-place: hence the latter throve marvellously and became the "schoolmistress of husbandry to Europe."

After the capture of Tuy (1389) took place the famous tournament of the "Twelve of England," who should be called "of Portugal." The legend apparently dates from the sixteenth century.[2] According to Mickle

[1] Especially Lubeck and Hamburg, which, like Cambrai, derived its name from the Beer-King Gambrinus: about B.C. 1500 this Bacchus governed the lands between the Rhine and the Ural Mountains. From "Easterlings" came our term "sterling."

[2] Viscount Juromenha informs me (June 16, '79: see the

our chronicles ignore it; but it is mentioned by José Soares da Silva [1] and other peninsulars. The "Geste," old as the days of Herodotus, certainly belongs to the age following those who "jousted in Aspramont." G. E. d'Azurara,[2] the Chronicler, says of D. Joam I's day, "And you see, Sire, how the young nobles of your Reign ask permission to wander over France and England, and to win fame by feats of Arms: some term should be placed to their ambitious proceedings." About the same time as the Luso-British tournament, took place two affairs between a score and a decade of Portuguese and French knights: of the latter there is documentary evidence. Compare in Brittany the Combat of the Thirty (1351), won by the treachery of William of Montauban; and the Battle of the Fives, at Vannes, twenty-nine years afterwards; the many similar tiltings described by Froissart, and the famous Disfida di Barletta.

The leader of the Lusians was D. Alvaro Gonçalves

Athenæum of July 5) that he is engaged in a monograph of the "Twelve of England." The learned commentator has heard of a chronicle dating from the fifteenth century; and a Madeiran gentleman promised him a confirmatory document from family archives. He suggested that a notice of the Tournament might be met with in Godwin's Life of Chaucer, where the grand epoch of such functions in England (temp. Edward III.) is described. A friend kindly consulted the biography and found nothing.

[1] *Memorias para a Historia de Portugal:* Musgrave (pp. 494–99).

[2] I have noticed him in "Wanderings in West Africa," ii. 42. His "Chronica do Descubrimento de Guiné" was written in 1453.

Coutinho, by *alcunha* "Magriço" (the Meagreish); son of Gonçalo Vasques Coutinho, first Marshal of Portugal, and brother of Vasco Coutinho, first Count of Marialva. The second was the "Spanish Hercules," Alvaro Vaz d'Almada, one of the Aljubarrota-men, Knight of the Garter, and created by the King of France Count of Avranches in Normandy (iv. 25). The other two were the brothers Lopo and Joam Fernandes Pacheco, progenitors of the Dukes of Escalona; Alvaro and Ruy Mendes Cerveira, who stood by the English at Agincourt; Joam Pereira of the Cunha family, to which "The Constable" belonged, afterwards called "Agostin," because he killed an English (?) knight of that name; Pedro Homem da Costa; Luis Gonçalves Malafaya; Martim Lopes de Azevedo; Ruy Gomes da Silva and Soeira da Costa, famed in the maritime exploits of Prince Henry, who gave his name to a river in West Africa. The "Fate of the Twelve" is fully told by Camoens with more than usual gusto and animation (vi. 43–66).

The time had now come for a change of venue: the Moors, formerly the invaders, became the invaded. D. Joam resolved to assail Ceuta,[1] the townlet in sight of "Gib.": in those days it was the key of El-Islam in Marocco; and the port whence many a "Razzia" had sailed to assail the Peninsula. Meanwhile Lisbon was

[1] Called by Ibn Batutah in the twelfth century "Subtah": Camoens writes the word Ceita; it is now Ceuta, and belongs to Spain. The latter, after vainly attempting to exchange it for Gibraltar, has lately (1879) collected there a large military force.

attacked by the Black Death; and one of the victims was Queen Philippa, who, true to her blood, prayed that her fate might not hinder the "Holy War." D. Joam and his five stalwart sons, with a fleet of 200 keel, captured (Aug. 15, 1415) the stronghold (iv. 48–9); "Dom Henry" (æt. 21) leading the forlorn hope. They returned in triumph (Sept. 2) after a fortnight's military promenade, and after annexing a place which was destined to give Portugal much trouble. The Governorship of Ceuta was intrusted to D. Pedro, Count of Menezes (viii. 38), afterwards Marquess of Villareal, a Captain so feared by the "Moors" that they slunk away from the sight of his staff.

Englishmen, who remember with pride that he was half an Englander, hardly want a detailed account of "Prince Henry, the Navigator,"[1] the "Lusitanian Prince" of Thomson's oft-quoted lines. D. Henrique, Duke of Viseu, Lord of Covilham, Grand Master of the Order of Christ, the third son, was born at Oporto, in 1394. A brave soldier, he was taught by his good genius that his strength lay in the labours of Peace. He had mastered the Spirit of his Age; he had foreseen the course of events; and the "Marine Institute" which he founded at Sagres (Cape St. Vincent), together with the West African (trading) Company at Lagos, were the nurses of Portuguese enterprise, and the departure-points

[1] His life and labours are treated in Mr. R. H. Major's "Discoveries of Prince Henry the Navigator, and their Results" (London: S. Low).

of those portentous successes which astounded Europe. When he began his labours Cape Nam (Fish Cape)[1] was the *ne plus ultra.* In 1418 Zarco and Tristam Vaz came upon Porto Santo, where Columbus afterwards lived with his father-in-law, Bartholomeu Perestrello. The same gallant pair discovered Madeira ("Wood-island") in 1419 (v. 5). This was a re-discovery, as Robert Macham had died there more than half a century before (1344). The Azores were added in 1429 by Gonçalo Velho, but they were not colonised till 1431. The first steps were slow, still each was pure and sure gain. Camoens gives the "Virgin Prince" well-merited praise (viii. 37).

The Great Constable married his only daughter to D. Afonso, natural son of D. Joam: in 1442 this Count of Barcellos became first Duke of Braganza. Nuno Pereira then retired to a Carmelite Convent, and died on May 12, A.D. 1429. He was buried in the Carmo Church of Lisbon, his own foundation: the people long visited the tomb, scattering roses, and singing rude Spanish verses, which ended,—

Que Santo es el Conde.
(For a Saint is the Count.)

[1] Of which the proverb said, *Quem passar o Cabo de Nam, ou tornará, ou não,* "Whoso passeth Cape No will come back or No." The word is properly Nún in Arab. a fish: hence Jonah is termed Zú 'l-nún (Lord of the Fish). I have noticed Porto Santo (and the allegations against Columbus), Madeira, and the Canaries in "Wanderings in West Africa" (vol. ii.).

Four years afterwards (Aug. 14, 1433) D. Nuno was followed by D. Joam, of whose seventy-six years forty-eight had been passed on the throne. Camoens shows how deeply the King "of good memory" was regretted (iv. 48). He was a great man: he made his country independent; he endowed her with laws; he avoided useless wars; he adorned the town with splendid edifices; he raised the rank of her marine; and he was ardent in the course of discovery, the foundation of her future greatness.

D. Duarte.

(1433–1438.)

O Eloquente (æt. 32) was a theoretical explorer like his father. Cape Bojador (the pot-bellied),[1] whose breakers and rollers made its name terrible, was doubled in 1434, by running forty leagues to sea. The explorer Gilianes (Gil Eanes), on a second cruise, sailed fifty leagues South to the Angra-dos-Ruyvos (Red-mullet-Bay), where "Moors" were seen. A third expedition (1440) of Antam Gonçalvez and Nuno Tristam covered sixty more, making a total of 110 from the formidable "paunchy" Headland; and brought back "twelve souls," *i.e.* slaves.

D. Duarte was induced (1436) by the rash counsels of his youngest brother, Fernando, to break peace with the

[1] From *Bojo*, a belly; *bojudo*, pot-bellied. Barros identifies it with Ptolemy's Ganaria Promontorium (i. 1, 4).

Moors by attacking Tangier.[1] The Pope, in full consistory, pronounced the memorable opinion, "This war is neither just nor expedient, unless waged by Portugal for her own preservation. Otherwise it is unjust and inexpedient; seeing that Air, Earth, Water, and the Elements generally were made for the benefit of man; and cannot be taken from man without violating natural and national rights."

The Armada, led by D. Fernando, sailed on Aug. 22: the Army, under D. Henrique, numbered 7,000–8,000 instead of 14,000 head. Tetuan yielded at once (Aug. 26); but Tangier was full of troops; and the Kings of Fez and Tafilet hastened to succour it with 90,000 horse and foot innumerable. The Princes were saved only by agreeing to yield Ceuta, D. Fernando remaining in pledge. D. Henry returned with his men to carry out the arrangement; but Rome opposed the cession. The princely hostage was removed to Fez by the Governor of Ceuta, Çala-Bem-Çala (Sálih bin Sálih), and committed to a cruel Moor, one "Zaraque," who threw him into a foul dungeon.[2] His seven years' cap-

[1] Capital of Mauritanian Antæus (iii. 77), and the Tingi or Tinge (Tingitania) of The Lusiads. It became Tangere, Tanger, Tangier, and against all rule "Tangiers." England obtained it with Bombay, and gave up a place which some day will become valuable. In 1879 the Maroccans were reported to be fortifying the land side.

[2] This would naturally be reported in Portugal, but El-Islam usually acts otherwise. When reading this episode we ask ourselves whether religious scruples or poor spirit prevented the "Saint" absconding. As the escapes of Cervantes show, no Moorish prison should hold a man of pluck for a month.

tivity won for him the title of the "Constant Prince" and the rank of Saint-cum-Martyr, June 5th being the day assigned to him. His corpse, stuffed with straw, was hung, they say, over one of the gates of Fez; but a faithful follower carried off his heart to be buried in the Batalha Convent. His remains were translated to the same place by D. Afonso V. (June 17, 1472). Camoens highly praises this "Holy Infante" (iv. 50–1); but the panegyric is not literally correct.

Meanwhile D. Duarte was plague-stricken at Thomar,[1] while making a royal progress to console his pest-afflicted people. After a reign of five years he died (æt. 37) on Sept. 19, 1438. He was a man of letters; and his three treatises have been honoured by a modern reprint.[2]

[1] The Roman Nabantia, once famous for the Head Quarters of the Templars, and still visited on account of its Convent.

[2] In 1842 the "Eloquent's" works were reprinted by Snr. Roquete, with an Introduction and Notes by the learned Visconde de Santarem. They are:—(1) *Leal* (not "fiel"); *Conselheiro*, the loyal Councillor; (2) *Da Misericordia;* (3) *Do regimento* (the ordering) *da Justiça*, and (4) *Livro da Ensinança de bem cavalgar toda sella* (good riding in every selle). The latter is preserved in the Bibliothèque of Paris. Cervantes erroneously attributed to him the Romance *O Palmeirim de Ingleterra*, "the Palmer of England," which was written by Francisco de Moraes. "Palmer" is opposed to a Romeiro, in Ital. Roméo (not Rómeo), a pilgrim proper, or visitor to Rome. The last important publication on early Lusitanian Poetry is *Il Canzoniere Portoghese della Biblioteca Vaticana*, vol. i. fol., by Ernesto Monaci, Halle, Lippert, 1875. The Poems of *El rey dom denis* occupy pp. 39–81; and the following volumes will treat the later lyrics.

Afonso V.

(1438–1481.)

O Africam, was six years old at his father's death, and his people refused to acknowledge the regency of a foreigner, the Queen-mother D. Leonor of Arragon. The King's uncle D. Pedro, Duke of Coimbra, who has been compared with Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, governed provisionally for ten untroubled years. He had fought against the Turks under the Emperor Sigismund; he had visited the "Seven parts of the World," and he was the recognised "Ulysses of the Age." Exploration flourished. In 1440, Antam Gonçalvez brought back the first negro or negroid "captives"; and this was the germ of Africa's export slave-trade.[1] Cape Branco was doubled in 1441; and next year the Rio de Ouro, a mere lagoon, was named from its gold. In 1445 the Verdean Headland and Archipelago were discovered by Diniz Fernandez; and Pope Eugenius IV. (Gab. Con-

[1] It is hard to say whether the export slave-trade has upon the whole done more good or more evil to Africa. Its use was to save life. Sale was and still is the Negro's form of transportation; and he sold, instead of slaughtering, wizards, poisoners, war-prisoners, and condemned criminals. Its abuse led to an equally enormous destruction of human life, when supplying the market. The question is excellently treated by Capt. Bedford Pim, R.N., "The Negro in Jamaica" (London: Trübner, 1866). The writer has personally studied a subject in which ignorance, not knowledge, and sentimentalism, not sense, have long governed the practical English mind.

dolmera, 1431–9) granted to the Portuguese all the lands opened, and to be opened, beyond Cape Bojador.

D. Afonso married (May 6, 1448) D. Isabel, the Regent's daughter, but this union could not prevent a family scandal. D. Pedro, as shown by his melancholy verses in the *Cancioneiro* of Garcia de Resende, was haunted by the saddest presentiments. At length charged by the intriguing Councillors, especially the Duke of Braganza, with the murder of D. Leonor and two brothers, and flung out of office, he retired to his domains, and raised some 6,000 men to defend his life against his nephew son-in-law. During a skirmish at the Alfarrobeira[1] rivulet a lance-thrust, some say a bolt from a cross-bow, pierced his breast. The "Spanish Hercules" (A. d'Almada), who had come from Africa to support his friend, when unable to stand after the fatigues of fight, threw himself upon the ground, saying:—"Satisfy yourselves, Varlets!" He was cut to pieces, and his good sword was buried by his side.

In A.D. 1453 the Capture of Byzantium, miscalled Constantinople, formed the definite fall, after a long decline, of an empire which had outlasted eleven centuries. Amurath (El-Murad II.), captor of Adrianople and organiser of the Janissaries, had been held in check by the famous Scanderbeg (Huniades), who, in 1433, regained the Albania of which his ancestors had been sovereigns. But on Murad's death in 1451, his young

[1] The "Carob-tree" is now a little village, near Alhandra, where the lines of Torres Vedras ended.

son (æt. 23), Mohammed II., the warrior and the poet of the House of Othman, found the path open to him. The horrors of the siege and the assault caused a cold shudder to run through Christendom;[1] the last (XIVth) Emperor, Constantine Palæologus (i. 60; iii. 12) was killed; the Turkish Capital was established on the much coveted Bosphorus; and the Mediterranean cities, especially Rome and Venice, were threatened with destruction. Already in A.D. 1073 Gregory VII. (Hildebrand) had dreamed of uniting Western Christianity against El-Islam; and this seemed to offer the fittest opportunity. Visions of Crusades, not against the Saracens, but to check the Osmanli and to tear from him the "Holy Sepulchre," began again to fill the hot-heads and stir the hot-spurs of Europe. As will appear, serious action was taken too late; and, when it was taken, only three men seemed to believe in it, Camoens, Cervantes, and Dom Sebastiam. Their confidence caused the ruin of Portugal.

D. Afonso resolved to abate the family scandal by obeying Pope Calixtus III. and by revenging D. Fernando upon the nearest Moslems. Some five years and a half after the fall of Byzantium (Sept. 30, 1458), a fleet of 200 sail landed 30,000 men upon the beach of Alcazar, and easily captured the unimportant town. The Portuguese then took Tripoli, and exchanged the wife and

[1] "The power of the Turks once terrified Europe; their weakness now alarms her jealousies;" wrote the *Edinburgh Review* some forty years ago.

children of its Governor, "Muley Zegue" (Shaykh), for the remains of his "martyred" uncle. Slender grounds these for such a title as "The African!"

Prince Henry, the Navigator, died (æt. 67) in 1463, after forty years of useful labour. It is not easy to explain his indifference and neutrality amid domestic troubles. The African conquests continued, and two campaigns (1464 and 1471) added the townships of Tangier, Anafe and Arzilla (Asílá). Near the latter D. Joam Coutinho, Count of Marialva, was slain; and the King, when knighting his son and successor in presence of the corpse, said:—"God make thee valiant as this Count who lies before thee!" D. Afonso nearly lost his own life when an ambuscade drew him from Ceuta to the "Mountains of the Benazafer" (Benu Zafar). He was saved by the death of D. Duarte de Viana, natural son of D. Pedro, Count de Menezes, both mentioned by Camoens (viii. 28). One of the Poet's great-grandfathers, Joam Vaaz, son of Vasco Pires de Caamaños, served for many years (1439–81) under D. Afonso; and married his son to Dona Guiomar da Gama. Thus became connected the families of the future Discoverer and of his noblest Singer.

In 1471 the Equator was passed. Explorers, however, were mostly satisfied with "commercial enterprise," which now began to mean slave-buying on the Guinea Coast. The landing-place was Lagos.[1] These "Moors"

[1] "The Lakes:" hence our "pest-house" in the Benin Bight: it is corrupt "Lacobriga" (lake of Βρύξ or Brigius). Portuguese

(Negroids) and Negros were called "Captives," and it was held pious to transport them where their souls might be saved.

Happy had it been for D. Afonso, says Camoens (iv. 54–7), if ambition had not urged him against Spain. Having contracted an irregular union (1475) with D. Juana, daughter-heiress of his brother-in-law, the Infante Henrique of Castile, he claimed the Crown; and led 25,000 men to take it. He was met (May, 1476) on the Toro[1] plains by his celebrated sister-in-law, Ysabel the Catholic, and her husband D. Ferdinand. The valour of the Portuguese heir-apparent barely warded off that destruction at the Battle of Toro, and caused Ysabel to exclaim, "But for the cockerel the cock was lost!" The Spaniards thus avenged Aljubarrota, and Camoens compares this disastrous action with the day of Philippi (iv. 58–9).

D. Afonso hurried to Paris with the view of winning over Louis XI., *le plus soubtil homme de son vivant.* Though received with favour he failed, returned to

"Lagos" is a town, port, and fine bay East of Sagres: it was the chief station of D. Henrique's Company; was created a City by D. Sebastiam, and suffered severely from the great Earthquake of Nov. 1, 1755.

[1] Toro on the Duero, or upper Douro, whose rich plains were the "granary of the Goths," the *Almenas* sung by Lope de Vega, was a place of some importance. After the death of D. Ysabel, the Cortes here confirmed the succession of D. Ferdinand (Jan., 1506): here, too, the Conde Duque (of "Gil Blas") died haunted and in disgrace (1643).

Portugal and again engaged in hostilities with Spain. The only results were that he was compelled to sign the Treaty of Alcantara (Sept. 4, 1479); and to abandon the cause of the Infanta Juana, who retired to a nunnery. After a long nominal reign of forty-three out of forty-nine years, he died on Aug. 28, 1481. His memory is stained with his brave uncle's blood.

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§ 2. D.D. Joam II. and Manoel.

THESE reigns are rightly brought together. A long career of peace, broken only by the shortest of campaigns, enabled either King to reap the crop sown by the toils of eighty years (iv. 64). The African invasions of Joam I. and Afonso V., and the expedition fitted out by Prince Henry, culminated in the Discovery of India and the Conquests in Indo-China. A new era opened for Portugal: she took the lead of European nations; she became Queen of the Eastern Seas; and, if she could not keep what she won, it was by misfortune rather than by her fault. A strip of country 356 miles long, a nation barely numbering one and a half millions,[1]

[1] During the following reign the numbers fell to about one million. Portugal now contains some 4,745,000 souls (Behm and Wagner's estimate, in "Die Bevölkerung der Erde").

could hardly be expected to conquer and to govern lands broader than what belonged to Imperial Rome. Nor is her lesson without its modern use: History may repeat the story of Portugal; and those who advise England to give up India are preparing for her an ignoble old age.

JOAM II.

(1481-1495.)

O Principe perfeito, began by showing the imperfection of his position. He succeeded to a Kingdom wasted and spoiled: "I have inherited the highways and by-ways of Portugal!" was his complaint. But brighter times were in store. D. Afonso's reign was the evening of the Middle Ages: Modern History dawned to D. Joam with the subversion of feudalism.

The new King at once convoked the Cortes at Evora and conciliated the Clergy. Vigilant and inflexible, he brought to the scaffold (June 22, 1483) the Duke of Braganza, brother-in-law to his Queen. Unable to apprehend the Marquis de Montemor, Grand Constable of the Kingdom, he executed him in effigy. The panoplied statue, says the royal Secretary Garcia de Resende, after being judged and sentenced, was carried in procession to a scaffold draped with black: one by one the banner, the armour-pieces, and the drawn sword were removed; and, when only doublet and hose remained, it

was beheaded by the common hangman. A gush of artificial blood added to the illusion; and, lastly, scaffold and all were burnt. Even so Marino Faliero's portrait was beheaded at Venice. The Marquess died of a broken heart—grief and rage.

D. Joam poniarded with his own hand another enemy, the young Duke of Viseu; and drew up his *procès verbal* on the spot: this is popularly called Jedburgh Justice, or Cupar Law (hang at haste and judge at leisure), and the deed has been roundly termed murder. The King also decapitated two of the Duke's friends, and caused the Bishop of Evora to perish miserably in jail.

These whole measures, this heroic treatment, quieted the kingdom and allowed the "Perfect Prince" to carry out his projects against Genoa the Superb, and Venice the Victorious. A naval-architect, a mathematician, and a cosmographer, D. Joam employed learned men in mapping and in instrument-making; while he carefully applied to naval purposes the artillery which had come into general use about the middle of the preceding century. In 1481 a Fort built on the Guinea Coast entitled him *Senhor* (Lord, not King) *de Guiné*. After a raid which captured Maroccan Azamor, he gave up campaigning for Discovery, and was invariably successful. The kingdom of Benin was presently explored, and a Beninese Prince was brought to Portugal (1484). The Congo Empire, with its noble river the Zaïre (v. 13), was reached in 1585 by Diogo Cam, who presently added 200 leagues of Southern Coast.

Convinced that Africa would lead to India, D. Joam sent out (Aug. 2, 1486) Bartholomeu Dias in command of two "little friggits," each fifty tons, with a provision-tender. This expedition has been obscured by the greater light of Da Gama's: it is time that we should give due honour to the greatest navigator of his day, the day of Columbus and Magellan, who spent his life in, and who lost it by, voyage and travel. Dias was absent for seventeen months, and returned in 1487. He had pushed over 350 unknown leagues; he had doubled the *Cabo Tormentoso* (of Storms), which the King himself changed to "Good Hope," and his terminus was the Rio do Infante (Great Fish River) on the Eastern flank of the Dark Continent. The name was taken from Janifante (Joam Infante),[1] the lieutenant of Dias, and Captain of the Sam Pantaleam. As sometimes happens, a petty jealousy pitted him against the originator and commander of the expedition.

The Ancients had doubled The Cape; but apparently they never utilised their knowledge of South Africa. Crates, who founded the School of Pergamus (B.C. 160), recognised that the Earth is a globe, containing four, not two, Continents, as the earliest geographers held; and that the four were separated by Ocean-belts. The Northern half, Europe, Asia, and Africa, which does not cross the Equator, is balanced by the Austral, and here we have a fair prolepsis of lost Atlantis, of Australia,

[1] Castanheda calls him Lopo Infante, and others Pero Infante.

and of hypothetical Lemuria temporarily under a cloud. Ptolemy cuts the Dark Continent short about S. Lat. 20°; and Sanuto follows him in A.D. 1320. If Marco Polo's map, found at Alcobaça in 1406, marked The Cape, as Ramusio says, it had very little effect.[1]

Meanwhile D. Joam, wishing to engage relations with *Preste Joam das Indias*,[2] organised (May 4, 1487) the well-known land-mission which determined the voyage of Da Gama. The four members ran in couples after the Jesuit Missioner-precept *misite illos binos*. The less known were two Jews, Rabbi Abraham of Beja, and Master Joseph, a learned shoemaker of Lamego. Their more fortunate rivals were the two royal equerries, Pero da Covilham of that ilk, and Afonso (whom some call

[1] See chap. iv., Geographical, § 2.

[2] The "old original" Presbyter John was he who, with Aristion at Ephesus, supplied the traditions for the Gospel of St. John according to the fifth Evangelist, M. Rénan (*Église Chrétienne*). Another and a well known Prester John was placed in Tartary by Mathew Paris (A.D. 1250); Marco Polo (i. 43) and Maundevile (chap. xxvii). This "Emperor Prester John" had been identified with Ung-Khan. Prof. Lee (Ibn Batutah, p. 54) may or may not be right in suggesting that the title was the Persian Ferishtah Jan, the "Angel of Life," not "John the Angel" (Hakluyt's Varthema, p. 63); Angel being the Arab. Rasúl, one sent, a messenger. Any Tartar or Mongol noble, converted after the eighth century by the Syro-Nestorian missionaries, who introduced the Peshito character, would serve the purpose. Vasco da Gama was especially enjoined to enter into relations with "Prester John." The latter becomes in heraldry a Bishop throned on a tomb-stone, with mitred head, dexter hand extended, a mound in the left; and in the mouth a sword fess-wise with point to the dexter side.

"Gonzales") de Paiva of the Canary Islands. Covilham, informed by Joseph that India could be reached by the African Coast, and that Calicut and Cananor were on the opposite seaboard, visited Western India, and crossed its ocean from Goa to Sofálah. From Cairo he travelled to Abyssinia, where his companion had died, and found "Prester John" in the Negush or Nestorian Emperor. This potentate, who bore the common name Sikandar (Alexander), treated the explorer with all honour; but Naut, his successor, detained the guest for life. Such honourable captivity was the practice which took the place of stranger-sacrifices, once general among the "blameless Ethiopians." Till the Egyptian Conquest of our day, a forced residence was customary throughout Dár-For, Bargho (improperly called Dár-Wadai), and other Negroid kingdoms of Central Northern-Africa.[1] This is the mission which Camoens so graphically describes, ending with the pathetic words :—

Lá morreram em fim, e lá ficaram,
Que á desejada patria não tornaram.

(In fine there dying, to their natal shore,
To Home, sweet Home, returned they nevermore.)
(IV. 65.)

D. Joam celebrated right royally the nuptials of his son, D. Afonso, with the Infanta of Castile, daughter of Ferdinand and Ysabel, thus making friends of two

[1] Even in Harar-city, west of Somali-land, the Amír's advisers proposed to detain, in fact to imprison, the first visitor—myself ("First Footsteps in East Africa," p. 363).

peoples, whose feuds and foeship had only weakened both. But, eight months afterwards (July 13, 1491), the Prince was killed (æt. 16) near Santarem by a fall from horseback in the dark after bathing. A terrible plague that raged at Lisbon and Evora increased the King's poignant grief. He had the magnanimity to scorn the advice of his courtiers when Columbus returned from his famous first voyage. The navigator, whom De Lorgnes would canonise, assured D. Joam, with some *fanfaronnade*, it is said, that he had discovered the western passage to the "Islands of India." As this exploit was to the benefit of Spain, and to the detriment of Portugal, the murder of Columbus was suggested to and rejected by the King.

From this voyage arose our venerable blunder of "East Indies" and "West Indies." While Columbus explored the direct western passage to India, others were busy with the North-Western and the South-Western. The former was attempted for Henry VII. of England (1496–7), by John Cabot, and his son Sebastian born at Bristol in 1477. The geographical feat has been reserved for our day, when Captain McClure, R.N., proved it possible and thoroughly useless. Magellan succeeded (1520) in opening the South-Western for Charles V., and this line will be kept till the Panama Canal shall make it as obsolete as doubling the Cape of Good Hope. Finally, the North-Eastern passage is also a modern success, the gallant exploit of Professor, now Baron, Nordenskjöld.

D. Joam, after hearing Columbus, applied with increased ardour to the Discovery of India by sea. He chose as leader Estevam da Gama, a gentleman of Alemtejo, and Veador (comptroller) of his household; descended from an ancient, valiant, and loyal house. In 1494 was signed the Treaty of Tordesillas, or "of the Limits," proposed by the Papal Mediator Alexander VI., Cæsar Borgia. After some modifications, the celebrated "Demarcation-line" was drawn (1506) under Pope Julius II. (Julian della Ruvere); D. Manoel and Portugal contenting themselves with the Eastern, and Spain with the Western hemisphere.

D. Joam had the normal aversion to his heir-presumptive Manoel, Duke of Beja, brother to the poniarded Duke of Viseu. He would have left the Crown to his natural son D. Jorje, but the step was generally opposed, especially by the Queen. Symptoms of blood-poison, the result of drinking at a tainted fountain (Oct. 1485) and of the sufferings caused by the Plague four years before, appeared, and were not cured by the sulphur baths of Monchique, in Algarve. The King's last moments were those of a hero. After confirming the succession to avoid civil war, he ordered the gates of his quarters at Alvor[1] and the doors of his death-chamber to be thrown open for the people who were struggling with the body-guard. In him there was a touch of the dry humour which distinguished Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

[1] A village four leagues from the beautifully situated Monchique, whose waters are still used.

When the Bishop of Tangier began the prayers for the agonising, he stopped him with—"'Tis not yét time; I have still two hours to live!" And he kept his word, dying, as by his own will, when the sun set (Oct. 25, 1495). According to Damiam de Goes, he ordered himself, when moribund, to be placed on the ground—a Jewish rite. Ysabel of Castile hearing the death, pronounced the dead King's eulogium, "The *man* is gone!"

Manoel (Emmanuel.)

(1495–1521.)

O Fortunado, first of the Viseu House, was crowned (æt. 26) at Alcacer-do-Sal, on Oct. 27. He had married early in life (1497) D. Afonso's widow, whose ill-advised conditions were the conversion or expulsion of all the Hispano-Moslem and Jewish refugees—the working bees of the hive. This fanatic became, by her brother's death, Princess of the Asturias, and heiress of Castile; she died, however, suddenly, and was followed in two years by her only child. D. Manoel then married the Infanta Maria, sister of Ysabel; and, lastly (1517), Eleanor, sister of "Pichrocole"—Charles Quint.

Manoel's only European campaign was an expedition to support Venice against the Turks. His main object in life was the Discovery of India. He retained the exploratory arrangements of his predecessor, but, Estevam having died, his son became the Commander. Vasco

(Ferdinando) da Gama, of the hind, *de la Biche*, was born in 1469, others say earlier,[1] at Sines, the Latin Sinus, a townlet between Lisbon and Sagres. The family, whose crest is a girthed Doe,[2] dexter-passant, is said to derive from a knight who accompanied Giraldo Sem-Pavor to the capture of Evora (1166). There are ample details concerning it after 1280, when Alvaro Annes da Gama, of Olivença, served under D. Afonso in his conquest of the Algarves. Some cottages now occupy the site of the old mansion, near the northern entrance of Sines Castle; and the mean little church, built by the Navigator when he became Viceroy, does service even now. Da Gama's house at Evora, called *Casas pintadas*, because painted with Eastern figures, is still shown—"restored."

Vasco was a third brother. Paulo, who accompanied him, was the eldest; then came Ayres, and the youngest was Estevam. A noble contest took place for the honour of *not* commanding; it was compromised by Paulo carrying the royal standard, and Vasco giving orders. The elder, one of the kindest and most lovable of men,

[1] M. Ferdinand Denis holds this opinion; and judges from Canto iv. 93 (where mother and spouse are spoken of), that he was married before 1469 (p. xii., Introduction to Stanley's Correa, which will presently be noticed). A "Brief Notice of Sines" was published by Dr. F. Lopez of that town, Lisbon, 1850.

[2] When Portuguese orthography was unsettled we find "da Gamma" (Roteiro, p. xviii.). Non-Portuguese stultify the name by writing *de* or *di* for da; and the particle is misprinted by Fons. (p. xxiii), and even by the exact Adam. (ii. 317). Fanshaw rhymes with De Game,—a hideous Frenchification.

had been in trouble for a trifling matter of wounding the Judge of Setubal, but the King graciously pardoned him.

No event in the annals of Portugal is more famous than the subject-matter of The Lusiads; and, during this period, the Portuguese, like the modern Chinese and Japanese, seem to have documented every event. We have year and day for almost all the petty actions of the Lusitanian princelets; yet in the case of a world-interesting feat, a new departure for Europe, the dates of sailing, of making India, and of returning to Lisbon, are doubtful. Even the names of the ships differ in different authors. Here and elsewhere[1] I shall borrow textually from the "Roteiro."

The Exploring Squadron set out (Sat. July 8, 1497) with four hull, and returned with two. The *Capitaina* ("Ammirall" or flagship), Sam Gabriel,[2] of 120 tons, carried the Capitam Mór or Commodore. Vasco's pilot was Pero d' Alanquer, who had doubled The Cape with Dias (1487), and his head-writer (purser) was Diogo Dias, brother of the navigator. The Sam Rafael, of 100 tons, was under Paulo (iv. 79, etc.), with Joam de Coimbra and Joam de Sá. The captain of the "Berrio"

[1] Details are given in Chap. iv. (Geographical) § 2.

[2] Barros (i. 4, 2): Correa calls her the Sam Rafael, and this was the name given to the Caravel, whose model on wheels was carried by one of the emblematic cars during the Tercentenary Festival of Camoens (June 10, 1880). But the naming of the "Shoals of Sam Raphael" ought to show that she was not the flagship.

or Birrio,[1] named after a Lagos pilot, her former owner, was Nicoláo Coelho, regarded by both the Gamas as "nothing less than a brother"; his pilot was Pero Escobar (not Escolar); and his purser Alvaro de Braga. Pedro Nunes (or Gomez ?), a servant of the Gama family, was placed over the provision-ship (200 tons), bought from Ayres Correia, and apparently unnamed. Vasco wisely enlisted as many relatives and dependents as he could, foreseeing their use in days of difficulty.

Bartholomeu Dias personally superintended the construction of the two ships first named. He was also directed to accompany them in his Carvel,[2] as far as the parallel of Sam Jorge da Mina (S. George d' Elmina), where he was bound for the Guinea trade; the place is still one of our Gold Coast "pest-houses." The vessels were built of one pattern, and about the same size (100 to 120 tons), that the tackle and fittings might suit both. They were provided with three sets of sails, with merchandise, drugs, and presents (v. 29); and they carried six *Padrams* (memorial-columns), to be planted in sign of possession (v. 78).[3] The expenditure was such

[1] She is also called Sam Miguel.

[2] Also written "Caravel" and Caravell (Ital. Caravella). It was supposed to be a dimin. of "Caravan"; but moderns derive it from the Gr. Kárabos, the Romaic Karábi, and the Lat. Carabus, a sea-crab. This fast sailer, between 100 and 200 tons burden, carried a high square poop, and was lateen-rigged, though some had square sails on the foremast.

[3] The memorial stelæ of Sesostris (Herod. ii. 106) were smoothed rock-tablets; and one has lately been found to bear Hittite (Kheta)

that the brave Duarte Pachero used to say, "No one would believe him if he named the large sums expended upon so small a matter."

The Armada had its "priest for confession," Pero de Cobillones, "of the Order of the Trinity." Correa (p. 96) gives the over liberal allowance of two chaplains per ship. Besides sundry scribes "who knew languages," there were two interpreters, Africa being supposed to speak only Arabic and the *Lingua dos Negros*. Fernam Martins had learned the former, and Martim Afonso had picked up Bunda or Angolese,[1] in the "Kingdom of the Manicongo." The convict Joam Nunez (Correa, p. 159) was versed in Hebrew as well as in Arabic. The total of *degradados*, sent, after the fashion of the time, to risk

hieroglyphics. The Assyrians had the same usage; as the inscription of Sennacherib, near Bayrut, proves. The Portuguese made their Padrams cruciform columns of white marble, bearing two scutcheons charged with the arms of Portugal and D. Manoel's Armillary Sphere. Correa and others mention (1) that set up at Sam Braz and pulled down by the Kafirs; (2) S. Rafael at the Zambeze mouth; (3) S. Jorje at Mozambique; (4) S. Estevam at Melinde; (5) S. Gabriel at Calicut; and (6) Santa Maria at the Island of that name, one of the "Mulki Rocks."

[1] The Vocabulary is given by Tuckey (Append., 391–99) and by me in "Cataracts of the Congo" (p. 230). The "Fiote" is a member of the great South-African Family, which is spoken, with a hundred dialects, from the Equator to the Cape. Correa (p. 79) makes the "Cafre of Guiné" (Guinea-black) understand the true Kafirs, Amazulus, Amatongas, etc., of the South-Eastern region. On the Congo I made myself intelligible by speaking simple sentences (e.g. *njía hápá*, "here's the road") in Kisawahili, the lingua franca of Zanzibar, Island and Coast.

forfeited lives in desperate enterprises, is usually given at ten to twelve. Correa, however, assigns six to each ship. The crews, soldiers (men-at-arms), and sailors, in those days distinct,[1] were picked men, paid seven cruzados (= 26s. 3d.) per mensem, and inspirited by liberal promises. Camoens entitles them "Barons" (braves), "Argonauts," "Heroes," and so forth; the truth being that they were neither stout-hearted nor in the best discipline. The number is estimated between 148 and 180; Barros says, 170: we may assume 160 (148 + 12 convicts) to have been the total; and of these 55 to 67 returned.

The details of the Voyage belong to the Geographical Chapter. India was sighted on Friday, May 17, 1498 (Correa, Aug. 26), and Da Gama anchored off Calicut[2]

[1] Camoens calls the marines or epibatæ of the classics "gente," the mariners "marinheiros" (i. 48, etc.), and both "navigantes" (ii. 10), or "gente maritima" (i. 62). The Captains, Commodores, and Admirals were soldiers, and the ship was worked by the master and his men, who were hired when wanted and cast adrift after the voyage. They were, however, armed and drilled; and at times they fought. England preserves traces of this obsolete organisation; and we speak of the "Army and Navy" (not the "Navy and Army"). Thus the precedence need not offend the self-esteem which every where characterises the Sailor profession.

[2] Which Camoens writes "Calecut," The word is another form of "Calcutta,"=Kálí-kot, Fort of Kálí, the black goddess. Calcutta has still a famous Pagoda of Kali, whose Sikhara, or Spire, is especially noticed by Mr. Fergusson. I should suggest that its origin is the Egyptian pyramid, which may have travelled East with the alphabet; and which, like everything in India,

on May 19. He lay there three months and a half, quarrelling with the "Moors"; escaped, like Captain Sharpeigh, "by a slight"; sailed on Aug. 30, when the south-west Monsoon was still raging, and left India on Oct. 3, in the fine season. His return to Lisbon (July 10, 1499) is told in various ways.[1] The feat was a notable triumph. D. Manoel took the proud title, "Lord of the Navigation and Commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and India." The *Mare liberum* of Hugo Grotius was not then invented; so this meant a strict and pernicious monopoly, and death to interlopers who lacked passports or safe-conducts.

The King bestowed upon Da Gama and his family the title of Dom (Dominus); such prefix[2] in the palmy days of Portugal was, like our much-abused "esquire," either inherited or conferred by the Crown. The Discoverer was permitted to quarter upon his shield the *Quinas* or Cinques (inescutcheons and bezants) of Portugal. He was created Admiral of the Indian Seas, and his emoluments were a pension of $300 (milreis), with permission annually to invest 200 cruzados in the Indian

assumed effeminate proportions. It is hard to look at a Hindú temple without this impression. Calicut was in those days a large and important city, capital of Canará, the richest region of Malayálam. Hence our "calico," which Hakluyt calls "Calicut cloth."

[1] Chap. iv. § 2.

[2] Dom and Don precede the baptismal, not the family, name; a fact apparently unknown to those who write anent "Don Garcia" and "Don Silva."

trade; this meant a profit of $2,800. Barros would have named him Gama da India.

The opening of the Cape-India route, which led to discovering the Brazil, and which raised Portugal to incomparable splendour, was, like the addition of a "new world," part of a mighty movement of mediæval civilisation. Eight Crusades (1096–1270) had mixed East and West. The application of gunpowder to artillery (1330–40) had diminished the destructiveness of war. The manufacture of paper (fourteenth Century) and the Printing-press in the mid-fifteenth, following the "block-books" of China (1457–60); the Revival of Classical learning when "Greece crossed the Alps" (1485–1514), and the Renascence of Art, brought a larger temper to the human mind, and produced the protest against ecclesiastical tyranny, called the "Reformation" (1517–34). Lastly, in the Fourteenth Century, the spread of exact science and mathematics developed that instrumental apparatus without which Geography and Exploration are vague and nugatory. The commercial coupling of the Orient with the Occident, Portugal being the connecting link, made conquest the business of man's life, and fanned the enthusiasm of adventure to a blaze. Europe was on the path of progress, and only one stumbling-block stood in her way.

The world was then divided into two denominations; the East, Moslem, and not disunited; the West, Christian, and torn by intestine feuds. After the capture of Constantinople, or rather, Byzantium, a noble old name

which will revive, nearly half a century before the voyage of Da Gama, the Crescent began to shine bright, and the Cross to grow dim in the troubled air of politics. The first Sultan Selim (1512–20), called "El-Fátih," or the Conqueror, was succeeded by his son Sulayman II. (in 1520–66), "The Magnificent"; and the two extended their pretended "Caliphat" over Syria, Egypt, and either side of the Red Sea. Thus, the "unspeakable Turk" monopolised the "overland" transit and traffic which had been opened to Europe by the Greeks and Romans. Thus, too, the "Moors,"[1] by which we must understand Mahometans in general, became virtually sovereigns of Asia and Africa.

The navigation of Da Gama turned the difficulty, and opened a way which has held its own for nearly four centuries. Only in our day we have returned to an older line; and we are moving towards the oldest, Tyre and Sidon, Baalbek and Palmyra, the Euphrates Valley, and the Persian Gulf. The immediate effect of the Cape Route was a dire blow dealt to "vested interests." Direct trade with the Region of Spices had enriched every nation that commanded it; and such was the

[1] I have suggested (Pilgrimage, etc., i. 274) that Maurus, Moro, Moor, and kindred forms derive from the Arab Mag*h*rabi (plur. Mag*h*rabiyún), a man of the *Gh*arb (West) opposed to Saracen, a man of the Shark (East). The italicised guttural being unmanageable to classic organs would be elided; and so Syrians and Egyptians turn Mag*h*rabi to Ma'aribi; whence Mauri, etc. Camoens uses Moro (mod. Mouro) as a substantive, e.g. *O Moro frio;* and Mauro as an adjective, e.g. *A Maura lança.*

value of pepper to Europe, that pepper may be said to have discovered India. The trading cities of the Levant, Alexandria included, began slowly but surely to decline, and sank gradually to the nadir of their fortunes.

Amalfi and Pisa, Genoa, Venice, and Ragusa, which received, *viâ* Egypt, the riches of the East, and dispersed them over Europe, were threatened with a similar eclipse. The Queen of the Adriatic, who entitled herself Empress of the Sea, and denoted herself by a woman riding a lion, had begun her descent under Doge Vendramin (1478), who greatly modified the purely aristocratic Constitution of the Serenissima Repubblica. Presently she was opposed by Pope Julius II., the Emperor Maximilian, and Louis XII. of France, at the League of Cambrai (Dec. 10, 1508). This coalition cost her dear, despite the "Holy League" made for counteraction. Her commerce suffered, Italy was relieved of her terror, and the damage continued till Margaret of Austria and Louise of Savoy brought about what is called the *Paix des Dames* (Aug. 5, 1529). But Venice and her sister had no intention of yielding tamely. They struggled and intrigued with womanlike persistency, and won over Toman Bey, Soldan of Egypt and successor of "Campson Ghory,"[1] who foresaw his own losses. He

[1] This last but one of the Circassian Mamlúk dynasty, which should be called the "Soldans," in opposition to the "Sultans," defeated and slain by Selim, near Aleppo (1501), was succeeded by his nephew El-Ashraf Toman Bey, who was conquered

sent Abbot Marinus, of the Mount Sion Monks, to Julian della Ruvere (Julius II.), demanding, or rather commanding, Christendom to equip no more fleets for the Indian Seas. The Pope referred the Abbot to D. Manoel, who returned a spirited answer, regretting only that he could not abolish Meccah and El-Medinah. And he seems to have had some idea of attacking the head-quarters of El-Islam : happily for himself and his country it never took the form of action.

A second Armada of thirteen sail was at once despatched to carry out the exploration of the first. The command was given to Pedr' Alvares Cabral, although the King had remarked, "He is an excellent man, but not very fortunate in affairs of the Sea"; whereto D. Vasco shrewdly rejoined, "Whoso meeteth with disasters at sea should shun the sea." The new Captain-Major sailed on Mar. 9, 1500. Driven westward by a storm, he accidentally sighted (April 24), between South Latitude 10° and 17° 30′, a new coast, which he called *Terra de Sancta Cruz*, from the Day of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross (May 3). This was the magnificent Brazil.[1]

and hanged by the Turks in 1507. His proper name is "Kansúh Ghori"; but I found Kansúr in an inscription. ("Midian Revisited," ii. 243.)

[1] The "Land of Dye-wood," a change of name bewept by ecclesiastical authors. Popular history tells us that it took its name from the Cæsalpinia, then known as *brasyll*, or *brasido*, i.e. coloured like *brasas*, braise or burning charcoal. If that were the case, "Brazil" should be "Brazal." The name was used, by a curious coincidence, long before the land was discovered, by the

He went his ways in utter ignorance of what his discovery was, leaving two men to collect information from the Savages. Then his ill-luck prevailed, and fearful storms off The Cape (v. 43) wrecked nine of his dozen ships. The brave Bartholomeu Dias, sailing with this fleet, was drowned (May 23) on the passage between South America and South Africa—a national loss.

Cabral discovered "Rich Sofala," captured two fully laden Moorish ships off Mozambique, and learnt at Melinde that the people of Western India were treacherous and dangerous. His landfall was at Angediva (Sept. 13); and thence he made the Port-capital of the "Samorim."[1] This Rajah received the strangers well; but presently factories were established at Calicut and Cananor, and hostilities began on the part of the "Moors"—Arabs and Moplahs.[2] The Portuguese Factory, manned by sixty hands, was surrounded by some 3,000 natives, who butchered two out of eight Franciscan

wild Irish of the Galway Coast. *Hy* (island) *Brazyle* was a land far to the West seen especially when there are fog-banks. I have treated the subject in my "Lowlands of the Brazil,"—still in MS.

[1] We find also Zomodri (Barbosa), Samori, Zamorim, and Camorim (Roteiro): Varthema (Hakluyt, p. 134) writes "Somory," and translates it "God on Earth." It is a mere corruption of Tamburi, Buchanan's Tamuri, the highest caste of *Nayrs* (double plural); and it is a titular name, the dynastic being Mana Vikram ("Goa and the Blue Mountains," pp. 177–79).

[2] Noticed by me in "Goa," etc., and in chap. iv. § 2. These fanatic and ferocious mongrels made Calicut untenable by the foreigners.

Friars sent to missionarise, and the head man, Ayres Correia:[1] only sixteen regained the ships. Cabral, failing to procure satisfaction, burnt seven small and eight large craft, killed the crews of ten prizes, and bombarded the city for two days. As the Hindus were starving him out by withholding provisions, he made for Cochim, or Cochin (Káchhi), some sixty miles south, and built a factory, after concluding a treaty with Trimumpara or Triumpara, the Brahman Rajah, who had revolted against his suzerain, the Samorim. From Cananor, where he loaded spice (Jan. 15, 1501), Cabral turned homewards; and, in July, crossed the Lisbon bar. He had not been "fortunate in affairs of the sea,"—nor of the land.

Joam de Nova,[2] a captain whose name afterwards became notorious, sailed with four ships on March 15, 1501. He discovered the Mozambique island called after him; and, reaching Cananor in November, he defeated the flotilla of Calicut. But he could do no more; and he sailed homewards, discovering on the way Saint Helena Island and Conception, now Ascension, our "hulk" off the West African Coast. These two failures led to the second Expedition of Da Gama (Feb. 10, 1502); its ostensible object was to avenge Ayres Correia, and its true aim was to extend Conquest and Commerce. Chris-

[1] The curious escape of his children is told by Correa (pp. 358–69).

[2] Not Juan de Nueva as in Varthema (p. 123), who thus makes him a Spaniard.

tianity was not forgotten; the fleet of twenty well-armed ships was stocked with more Franciscan Friars. Pero Afonso de Aguiar was told off to explore with two Carvels the Sofálah Coast of the Gold Mines. Da Gama, after receiving the submission of the Wali of Mozambique and punishing the traitor, Mahommed Arcone,[1] renewed friendship with Melinde, and was carried by a gale over the "middle passage" to Dábul, the second port of Bijapur.[2] Thence he ran down coast, plundered Baticala (Sedashivgarh), and Onor (Hunawar) in the Rajahship of Garçopa (Gairsoppa); and, guided by the far-famed land-mark, Mount Delli ("of Cardamoms"), he reached Cananor on Oct. 3 (1502); "went to prayers in the church and heard mass."

The Admiral had shown himself more bloodthirsty than the Commodore. He began by piratical attacks on the Coast; and off Cananor (Sept. 29) his son Estevam fell upon a pilgrim-ship from Jeddah, belonging to Egypt, not to Calicut. The 300 "Moors," who had some thirty women, fought with the bravery of despair against prodigious odds, till all on board were burnt, speared or drowned.[3]

[1] He is also called "Ancony" and "Anconij." A long account of him is given by Capitaine Guillain (*Documents*, etc., "Afrique Orientale," Part i. p. 343, *et seq.*), who thus supplements Correa (pp. 297-300).

[2] Not to be confounded with Dabul-bandar (now Tháthá) in Sind. (See chap. iv. § 3, for this and other places in Western India.)

[3] Green's Collection, etc. (i. pp. 51-2) quoted in the Hakluyt

The Samiry Rajah sent to propose peace, but Da Gama unreasonably demanded the expulsion of the 4,000 Moslem families (Varthema says at least 15,000); many settled for generations in Calicut. They were mostly Arabs from El-Hijaz, Hazramaut, and 'Amman ('Oman); Syrians; Persians, from Fars; Egyptians, from Cairo and Suez; Ethiopians, or East Africans; and Peguese, Malays and Islanders from Sumatra, Java, and her neighbours. They had converted in ancient times (vii. 32) Sarmá Perimal, one of the Princes of Malayálim;[1] they monopolised the long-sea trade; but, unlike their European rivals, they never attempted to conquer the country.

Da Gama then bombarded Calicut, and hanged to his yard-arm with circumstances of peculiar brutality, it is said, forty Moors, the number of murdered Portuguese, who had already been revenged. He attacked the Samiry's fleet, and loaded his ships with "loot." Leaving his uncle, Vicente Sodré, with six ships to protect his new factories at Cochin, Cananor, and Coulam, the latter governed by a Nayr Rani (Queen), he sailed for Portugal in Dec. 1502, and reached Lisbon on Sept. 1, 1503. There he was created Count of Vidigueira, and was shelved for a score of years (1403–24): he lived in

Varthema (pp. xl–xli), with the Portuguese authorities for this outrage.

[1] The Perumál Princes of Malayálim (Malabar; see chap. iv. § 3) are noticed in the Administration Reports of Travancore and the Indian Antiquary, March, 1880.

what Camoens (x. 53) calls a *desterro* or exile at Evora, avoiding the Court and complaining of D. Manoel's niggardliness.

Sodré crossed the Indian Ocean and lay waiting off the Bab el-Mandeb for the rich "Mecan Fleet," sent yearly from India (x. 1–4). The attempt failed, and the ships were wrecked (July–Aug. 1503) upon the Abd el-Khuri rock,[1] the "Brothers" and other outliers of Socotra, not to be confounded with the Curia Muria island-reefs, far to the North.

Fortunately D. Manoel, without waiting Da Gama's return, had equipped another fleet. "Terrible Albuquerque" (i. 14) now appears upon the scene, and a brilliant light blazes on Melinde's Sea (x. 39). The great Afonso was born in 1453 at Alhandra, near Lisbon, the second son of Gonçalo, Lord of Villanova, by D. Leonor de Menezes. After carrying arms in Marocco (1489), he began the Indian career which immortalised him. My space allows me only the merest sketch of his conquests as far as they concern Camoens: the "Commentaries" of his son Braz[2] deal with them in detail.

[1] The islet is confounded with the Curia Muria Islands by the Editors of Correa (note p. 376) and the Commentaries (ii. xxiii). The "Charyan Maryan," or Zenobian Isles, of Sprenger ("Alte Geograph.," p. 97), are reefs off the East Coast of Arabia, with four larger items, once famed for piracy. Those who wreck Sodré on the Curia Murias suggest the idea of a squadron blockading the Gibraltar Gut being lost in the English Channel.

[2] "The Commentaries of the Great Dalboquerque," etc. Edited

A squadron of six ships was sent (April 6, 1503) in two divisions, commanded by Afonso d' Albuquerque and his cousin Francisco. They were followed (May 3) by Antonio de Saldanha[1] and Ruy L. Ravasco. The cousins, who seem to have been on bad terms, arrived in time to save the remnant of Sodré's force; and carried off Trimumpara of Cochin from the "Sacrifice Rock," where he was surrounded by his enemies. The Rajah was restored to his capital, where the Portuguese built a fort. This has been the invariable practice of European nations in India; and it has always meant, in the end, subjugation of the land.

Severe conditions were proposed to the Samiry Rajah, who replied by raising half a lakh of men, providing them with artillery, and sending them in a strong fleet to fall upon Cochin. This was the Campaign (1503–5) in which Duarte Pacheco Pereira won the title "Portuguese Achilles," and glorious praise from Camoens (x. 12–21). With his 900 men-at-arms, and the 30,000 natives under Trimumpara, a beaten and broken force, he fought six actions, losing only 100 hands, and reducing the assailants to two-thirds. Finally, he made a seventh stand upon the Cambalam Islet (x. 13) at the mouth of

by Walter de Gray Birch. London: Hakluyt, 3 vols., 1875, '77, and '80; and yet unfinished. The translation is useful, but it wants the revision of a practical Orientalist; and each volume should have had an index.

[1] Saldanha when returning named Table Bay after himself (chap. iv. § 2).

the Cochin River-lagoon, where, by unexampled courage and conduct, he routed the army and destroyed its fleet. This feat isolated the Samiry (x. 18), who retired as a penitent to the jungle (Barros, i. vii. 8), and placed Moslem ships and commerce throughout Malabar at the mercy of the Portuguese.

Pacheco's end is a disgrace to D. Manoel. The King began by placing him on the left hand during the triumphal procession that followed his return. As the good soldier had wasted his patrimony in the wars, he was appointed to the Government of S. Jorje da Mina. After a short time he was falsely charged with embezzling gold-dust; sent in irons to Lisbon and, after a long imprisonment, allowed to die in a hospital (jail ? tavern ?) at Santarem. His mother and his son, Joam Fernandez, were left destitute. Camoens in four most touching stanzas (x. 22–25) blames the King and deplores Pacheco's fate; nor is Osorio less severe. After loading with spices at Coulam and filling up cargo at Cochin, Afonso d' Albuquerque left India (Jan. 25, 1504). On the return voyage Francisco was lost, "without any knowing where or how he and his men perished."

The sixth Expedition of Lopo Soares with thirteen ships (April 22, 1504) effected little. But it was followed by an important modification of Portuguese policy. Instead of fitting out detached armaments, Manoel resolved to found an Empire by driving all rivals from the field. The internal state of Indus-land was favourable to foreign intrusion: the great Peninsula was pass-

ing through a manner of interregnum. After the ninth century El-Islam had waxed powerful, especially in the northern parts; till it numbered about one-eighth of the whole population. But it had no longer a great central and controlling power. The invasion of Emir Taymúr (Tamerlane) and the incapacity of the Toghlak[1] Prince, Mahmúd Shah, had broken up (A.D. 1400) the Empire of Hindostan founded by the mighty warrior, Sultan Mahmud of Ghazni, who, in the early eleventh century (A.D. 1017), captured Delhi and Canouj.[2] It was not reunited till the reigns of Akbar the Great (1556–1605) and his successor, Aurangzeb (1685). Meanwhile, the Empire of Hindostan had been distributed into more than half-a-dozen Mahommedan kingdoms, of which two, in the South and North, came into close contact with the Portuguese.

The first established was the Bahmani reign of the Deccan;[3] with Gulberga, alias Ahsanábád, for capital. Its founder was an Afghan of low origin, "Hasan "Gangu," the second name being taken from his Brahman patron. He assumed (A.D. 1347) the title of Ala el-Din ("Aladdin") Bahmani; and his dynasty of eighteen

[1] Best known through the travels of his visitor Ibn Batutah.

[2] Thus fell the Hindu Rajahs of Bengal, who ruled from the Himálayas to Cape Comorin, and from the Indus to the Megna or Brahmaputra. The only Pagan kingdom of importance when the Portuguese appeared was that of the Carnatic or Vijayanagar, concerning which more presently.

[3] Varthema (p. 117) calls it "Decan, a very beautiful City of India."

princes lasted till A.D. 1526. Internal dissensions and wars with its Hindú neighbours of the Carnatic, Orissa, Telingana, and Malwa, wars carried on with peculiar barbarity, split it about A.D. 1490 into four offsets.

The Adil Shahi dynasty was established in the South by one Yusuf Adil, a Turk who claimed to be brother of Mohammed II., Conqueror of Constantinople. He built his capital at Bijapúr,[1] a splendid city which gave a European name to the kingdom; and his chief ports were Goa and Dábul (Dabhol). The Adil Shahi Princes (A.D. 1489–1579) numbered six. Yusuf, the founder, lost Goa for the first time; and it was permanently taken from his son Ismail (1510–1534), despite his 10,000 foreign mercenaries. Mallu Adil Shah (No. 3) is the Meale of Portuguese History: Ibrahim Adil Shah (1535–57) is the Hydalchan (x. 72) of The Lusiads. Ibrahim Adil Shah II., joining the King of Ahmednagar, attacked Goa and Chaul (1570), and was beaten off.

The Northern Kingdom was erected (A.D. 1391) by the son of a Rajput convert, who, five years afterwards, made himself independent as Muzaffar Shah. It was of large extent, stretching from Malwa through Cutch, Gujarát (proper), and Kathiawád to Surat and the Concan; and its chief port, Cambay, gave it a European title.

[1] The noble remains of Indo-Moslem architecture, especially the huge domed mosque-tombs of Ibrahim and Mohammed Adil Shah, have been described by Grant Duff (the historian) and Meadows Taylor. Under English rule this "Indian Palmyra" has become a mere waste in the Sattara district.

The Ahmed Shahi dynasty, which numbered fourteen (1396–1572), took its name from Ahmed Shah, grandson and successor of Muzaffar, whom he poisoned. This prince received Mahmúd Toghlak during his flight from Delhi, and built for capital Ahmedabad, now a third-rate Anglo-Indian station. The sixth ruler was Mahmúd Shah, famed in India for his huge mustachios, whence his title Begarrah (cow with crumpled horns); and in Europe for his powers of eating poison.[1] During his reign of fifty-two years, he was often at war with the Portuguese. Bahadur Shah (No. 10) first repulsed the strangers from Diu (Feb. 1331); and finally admitted them (1533) as his defenders against the Emperor Humayun of Delhi. The last "pageant king," Muzaffar III., yielded to Akbar in A.D. 1572.[2]

[1] He is Varthema's Sultan Machamuth (p. 107); and Barbosa (p. 57) repeats the same wild tales; hence he became Butler's "Prince of Cambay":—

Whose daily food
Is asp and basilisk and toad.

[2] The less important contemporary dynasties in Southern India were:—

The Nizam Shahi of Ahmednagar, established (A.D. 1490) by Ahmed, son of Nizam el- Mulk Bedri, the grandson of a converted Brahman, who rose to rank in the Bahmani Kingdom. It numbered ten rulers, and lasted till A.D. 1595.

The Kutb Shahis of Golconda, founded by a Turkoman in A.D. 1512: they numbered five Princes, who reigned till A.D. 1580.

The Imam Shahis of Berar deserve notice only because they united with the two former and with Bengal against Rajah Ram, ruler of Bijanagar. They attacked him at Talikot (Talicota)

Dom Manoel carried out his imperial policy in the East with a high hand. Resolving to govern by his ablest officers raised to quasi-regal powers, he sent out as first viceroy (1505) D. Francisco d' Almeida, of the blood royal (x. 26). Accompanied by his son Lourenço, "Chief Captain of the Sea," he left Lisbon (Mar. 25, 1505) with twenty keel carrying 1,500 men. He deposed "Mirhabremo" (Amír Ibrahim) of Quiloa, where he built Fort Sanctiago, and gave the power to "Mohammed Ancone" (x. 25), under Pero Ferreira. He then burnt Mombasah, which refused to receive him (x. 26); and made his landfall at Anjediva (Sept. 13), where he founded Fort Sta. Christinha. At Cochin he placed a golden crown upon Trimumpara's head. He built a redoubt, S. Angelo, at Cananor (1507), and another at "Coulam" (Kayan Kulam in Travancore): the latter in the same year was bravely defended by Commandant Lourenço de Brito, who was cruising off the coast with 150 men in two ships. The first viceroy[1] also occupied the Maldives and reconnoitered Ceylon.

In 1505 (May 18) the brave Spaniard Pedro de Nhaia[2] (x. 94) was sent by D. Manoel to Sofálah, where he built a fortress and a factory. During his father's absence,

on the Krishna river, defeated him (Jan. 25, 1565), and put him to death. Aurangzeb annexed the whole territory in 1685.

[1] I have modified to illustrate The Lusiads rather than Goa, the chronological list of Portuguese Viceroys, etc. (pp. 446–88), from "A.E.I.," Arabia, Egypt, India: Messrs. Mullan, London and Belfast, 1879.

[2] He is called in the Chronicles Anhaya, Nhaya, etc.

D. Lourenço, who had been the first to leap ashore at "Pannani," engaged off Cananor with only six ships twenty-four of the enemy's, which he burnt. On March 12, 1506, father and son attacked the united fleets of Calicut and Cambay (Gujarat). It was the day of Homeric battles. The Portuguese had only eleven ships to fight the eighty-four large craft and Paráos ("prows," rowing vessels) of the enemy; and the total defeat of the latter is described by Varthema, who was present (pp. 275–88).

Calicut[1] and Mahmud Begarrah of Gujarat applied to Egypt for aid; and the Soldan sent Mir Hocem (Amir Husayn), with twenty-four ships, to join the forty keel of Melique Yaz (Malek Iyas),[2] while Rumi Khan, a Stambuli Turk, made the artillery of Cambay efficient. The formidable movement was brought about by one Cojemamemarcar, Varthema's Mamal Maricar (Khwajah Ahmed Marcar), of Cairo, who had been cruelly flogged by Da Gama, and whose nephew was one of those whom Gonçalo Vaz threw into the sea sewn up in a sail to

[1] Varthema (p. 178) could not sell his merchandise in 1505, because "Calicut was ruined by the King of Portugal."

[2] "Iyás" was a companion of the Apostle of Allah, and "Afras min Iyás" (a better physiognomist than Iyás) in Arabic expresses a Lavater. The Melquiaz of Barbosa (p. 60) was a Turkish officer of distinction sent to Gujarat; and must not be confounded with "Melique" (x. 61), the Arab Malik, a King generally and especially applied to the ruler of Cambay. Varthema, in 1503, says (p. 92), "This City (Diu) is subject to the Sultan of Combeia; and the Captain of this Diou is one named Menacheaz."

prevent the bodies floating. The junction was effected, and D. Lourenço (1508) attacked them off Chaul: he was routed and slain, and his noble death is nobly told by Camoens (x. 29–32).[1]

Next year the father, infuriated out of his gravity and piety (x. 33), entered the bight of Diu, famed for siege and battle, with nineteen sail. Here he met the joint navies preparing for action; when Emir Husayn harangued his men and warned them that the fight would decide the fate of Moslem India. The engagement (Feb. 3, 1509) lasted twenty-four hours, and ended with the utter discomfiture of the allies. "Melique Yaz" had humanely spared his prisoners; Almeida tortured his captives, and blew them from guns at Cananor. Emir Husayn fled to Jeddah, where he built a fortress (Barbosa, p. 23); and Rumi Khan presently went over to the Emperor Humayun. Chronic war raged between the Portuguese and Cambay.

And now, once more, Afonso d' Albuquerque appeared upon the scene of action to become *Primus in Asia*, and the Cæsar of Portugal. He sailed (March 6, 1506) with fourteen ships, the Navigator, Tristam da Cunha and he being in joint command. They touched at Mozambique, and visited Tananá in Madagascar. They reduced East African Lamo, Oja, and Baráwa (Brava,[2] xi 39): in the latter place Da Cunha, wounded in the leg, was dubbed

[1] The last speech of D. Lourenço, advising surrender, is given in the Hakluyt Barbosa (p. 63).

[2] The Braboa of the Commentaries (ii. xii).

knight by Albuquerque. They then annexed Socotra, by which they intended to command and blockade the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. The Arab owners fought stoutly in their strong-work at Çoko (Arab. Súk, the Bazar); but the commanders took it and built "Our Lady of Victory" to control the island.

The Armada now separated. Da Cunha sailed for India with the greater part (Aug. 18, 1507), leaving Albuquerque with six to command on the African coast. The latter began his famous expedition along the eastern seaboard of Arabia, sacking and destroying all he could. He captured and provisioned himself at Calayate (Kalhát); took Curiate (=Karayát, the villages); spared Soar (Sohar), but fired and destroyed Maskat, which had laid a trap for him; and, gallantly aided by his nephew, D. Antonio de Noronha, he pushed forward and broke the power of "Orfacate" (Khor Fakhan).

Albuquerque, despite his small force, meditated nothing less than the capture of what historians call the "magnificent island and city of Ormuz" (Hormuz), a knob of stone and salt in the Persian Gulf, which accident had made a centre of traffic. The port, they say, contained sixty ships, 200 galleys with oars, and 15,000 men-at-arms. The Conquistador had to contend not only against his Moslem pilots but with his own captains: to the remonstrances of the latter he curtly replied; "When it is too late to retire, courage is better than good counsel." "Cojeatar,"[1]

[1] Khwájah Attar, whose name seems to argue a slave-eunuch.

the minister of Hormuz for the king, wished to make terms; but Albuquerque had resolved to fight. He hemmed in the enemy's fleet by forming outside the port a semicircle of ships connected by buoyed cables. He then attacked the Miri or flagship of Cambay, carrying 1000 tons, boarded her; and, after an action of eight hours, slaughtered all the crew. A panic seized the town. Though wounded in the face, Albuquerque landed next morning and fired the suburbs, doing immense damage (x. 40). On this occasion many of the Persians were wounded by their own arrows, probably by their own archers: as the Portuguese had no bows, this became a manner of minor miracle (ii. 29, and Estancias iii.).

The minister was compelled to sue for peace, the conditions being submission to D. Manoel; a war indemnity of 12,000 cruzados; and permission to build a fortress on Morona Point.[1] But troubles ensued, chiefly about the division of the prize-money; there were traitors in the fleet, and the desertion of four sailors caused abundant wrangling. The Arabs sent some 4,000 men in sixty craft under "Xaquear" (Shaykh Yár) to dispute the possession of the watering places; and skirmishes were of daily occurrence. At last, three out of the six ships, persuaded by Captain Antonio da Campo, retired, without orders, to India—in fact, deserted the Commodore.

Albuquerque thereupon ran South, arrived about Guardafui, and wintered at Socotra. His project of

[1] The Commentaries (ii. 112) give a map-plan of Ormuz and the adjacent Islets. For Hormuz see chap. iv. § 3.

making Hormuz the Portuguese key of the Persian Gulf had failed; but with true "Portingall-tenacity" he held on to his hopes. Early next year he again plundered the eastern coast of Arabia, and blockaded Hormuz; but his worn-out ships were driven away by a storm.

Almeida, after his victory off Diu, had returned to Cananor (1508), and had kindly received the three fugitive captains at Cochin. He was preparing to open legal proceedings, the normal persecution, against the hero of Hormuz on his return. But when the sealed letters of succession, brought from Lisbon, were opened, they appointed Albuquerque, as he had been led to expect, Viceroy of India; and ordered his predecessor home. Persuaded by the mutineers, Almeida disloyally refused obedience, and prepared to appoint, as his successor, Diogo Lopez de Siqueira, who had left Portugal for Malacca with four ships, on April 5, 1508. He arrested his rival, loaded him with chains, and imprisoned him in the fortress of Cananor. About three months afterwards this unseemly contention ended by D. Fernando Coutinho, Marshal of Portugal, anchoring his fifteen ships off Cochin.

The first Viceroy, now 60 years old, embarked for Portugal and broke his voyage at the Agoada (or Bahia)-do-Saldanha (Table Bay). A quarrel arose from the Portuguese trying to carry off a "Caffre."[1] Almeida

[1] The remarkable successes of these bold barbarians against civilised troops have not been adequately explained. Firstly, they are larger, stronger, and braver than Europeans. Secondly, the

landed (March 1, 1510), as though the honour of Portugal demanded revenge; he was killed by a wooden assegai piercing his throat; 65 of the crew fell, and the Royal Standard was nearly lost. The bones of the hapless ex-Viceroy were left unburied. Camoens laments this miserable end (v. 45 and x. 37–8): Osorio holds it a "judgment" for insolence, cruelty and disloyalty.

Albuquerque, installed at Cochin on Oct. 29, 1509, began with an act of clemency to Joam de Nova and the mutineer-deserters. He and his nephew, Noronha, accompanied the Marshall, who had orders to destroy Calicut. Coutinho was killed by the Nayrs (Jan. 9, 1509), while burning the Palace; and Albuquerque, who was wounded in two places, had some trouble to rally and draw off his men.

The Viceroy's next, and, as time proved, his most important conquest was Moslem Goa. Timoya, the Hindú pirate-chief of Hunawar (Onor) and Cintacora, now Ankolah,[1] suggested an attack and aided with a sea-force against the "Sabayo,"[2] as the Portuguese called

country and the climate are made for guerilla warfare. Thirdly, the invaders have generally been led by incapable commanders; and, under such circumstances, the best of troops will run. Yet the manifest destiny of these fine negroid animals is to be crowded northwards into the inter-tropical regions, where the race will soon lose all its physical superiority.

[1] For this and other sites here mentioned, see chap. iv. § 3.

[2] Barbosa (p. 75) calls the Governor Sabaym Delcani; others, Çabaio and Soay. It is simply Sipáhdár-i-Dakhan; the Military Governor. Akbar the Great (1556–1605) divided his Empire into

the "Moorish" governor under the Hydalcham or Bijapur king,[1] Yusuf Adil Shah. The strong tower of Pangim fell before an assault (Feb. 17, 25, 1510); the Moors and Rumés (Turks) were disheartened and the governor fled. The conquerors found 40 large guns, 55 falconets and smaller pieces, and 160 Persian (Gulf-Arab ?) horses of the royal stables. The annual revenue was 150,000 xerafins,[2] of which the Custom House yielded 82,000; and yet the garrison numbered only eight thousand.

Three months afterwards (May 20, 1510), Albuquerque was forced to evacuate Goa; and the Port reverted to its lawful owners. But the terrible Portuguese returned with strong reinforcements. He attacked the City on the Feast of the national Saint, St. James the Greater (Nov. 25, O.S., 1570), which thereupon was transferred to Saint Catherine of Mount Sinai (xi. 43). At a loss of only 80 men he beat away the garrison of Ismail, son and successor of Yusuf; and he carried off so much

twelve Great Provinces (Subáhs); and the Viceroys changed the name of Sipáhdár for Subáhdár.

[1] The Portuguese call the Adil Shahis Idalxá and Idalcam, further corrupted to Hydalcan or Hidalcam: the last two may also represent "Haydar-Khán," the Lion-lord, the name of Tipú (Tippoo) Sahib's father. The Arabic term also occurs in Haydar-ábád. Fitche (1583) places Goa "in the country of Hidalcam," while the learned Editor of Hakylut's Varthema (p. 177) curiously mis-explains Hydalcham by "Ed-Deccan."

[2] Corrupted from the native word "Ashrafi." At this time its value was about half a rupee; 2½ = 1 cruzado. In the sixteenth century it was the small Arab ducat = 4s. 6d. See (p. xlvi.) Hakluyt's Varthema, who calls it Saraphi, Sarahpi, and Teraphim.

plunder that the royal tithe amounted to 200,000 cruzados. "Goa the Golden" at once became the centre and capital, the seat of the Viceroyalty and Archbishopric, the depôt and the arsenal, in fact the head and heart of Portuguese India.

Thus, the Europeans were brought into constant and active collision with their Southern neighbours, the Adil Shahis. Fortunately for them, Bijapur was ever at war with the conterminal Brahman kingdom of the Carnatic which, being pagan, was friendly to the Christians.[1] This is the "Narsinga" of The Lusiads (x. 120) and of the Roman traveller, who tells us that the king is the "richest he ever heard spoken of." It extended from the West to Coromandel on the East Coast; and seems to have claimed power over Khatak (Cuttack) and Orissa. It possessed the often mentioned Baticalá on the Western Coast. Bijanagar, the capital, properly, Vijáyanagar (victory-town), on the river Tungabudra (Tumbudra), was visited in A.D. 1442, by Abd-el-Razzák, envoy of the grandson of Emir Taymúr (Tamerlane); Varthema calls it Bisinagar, and compares it with Milan. Barbosa also gives (pp. 85–98) a magnificent description of Bijanaguer's wealth and prosperity, love of justice, and idolatrous customs. Its destruction at Talikot has already been noticed.

[1] Albuquerque, throughout his career, favoured the Hindú paganry against the Hindí Moslems, finding the former much less intractable. This feeling still prevails amongst Europeans, especially missionaries.

And now began to develope itself Albuquerque's policy, whose effects endure to the present day. As we learn from Osorio (De R. Em. lib. vii.) he subverted the system of Almeida who, holding the dominion of the Ocean to be the epitome of monarchy (Bacon), and that the Mistress of the Sea must always be the Mistress of India, objected to a chain of outposts, as Portugal could not afford garrison sufficient for such vast dominions. This was, indeed, the system of Athens and the view taken in Europe by Julius Cæsar. Albuquerque foresaw, not a school for soldiers like the Algeria of the early nineteenth century, but an enduring Eastern Empire after the Roman type, with a capital and dependencies so disposed as to act as harbours of refuge, and to command the river-mouths and main lines of commerce.

Albuquerque, however, wanted the first element of power—men. In order to supply them he baptized his women-captives, and married them to his soldiery. The measure was necessary, but it was the weak point which vitiated the very foundation of his political edifice; and his "higher hopes" (Osorio vii. 14) caused the downfall of Portuguese dominion in the East. The mixed unions produced a race of *mestiços* (Mulattos), half-castes equally despised by Hindú (Pagans), and Hindí (Moslems). This fundamental error of a great statesman and soldier has not been adequately recognised by historians, who still discourse on Albuquerque's "wise provision." The same short-sighted proceeding made the Mongol conquerors of Northern India take Aryan wives; and thus lose their

birthright of prestige. It has been avoided by the sagacious Tartar rulers of China. The European descendants of Anglo-India are too uninfluential a clan to cause injury. "What will destroy British power in India is the ever-growing necessity of promoting natives to posts of trust and importance: the measure is just, but it means ruin."[1]

Meanwhile Diogo Lopez de Siqueira had proceeded (x. 44) to annex "opulent Malaca," properly "Malaka,"[2]

[1] I repeat the words addressed to me many years ago by an Indian Rajah, who had deeply studied his prospects of independence. We are between the horns of a dilemma; the other being to breed a nation of malcontents. The Dutch in Java have taken an almost contrary course. They make every distinction between the rival races: with them the Europeans govern one another, and the natives are ruled by their own laws and customs under the conquerors' superintendence. Thus, there are fewer jealousies, less clashing of interests, and no disintegration of indigenous society. The year 1879 has been described as a "new departure for India." Her pauperism, which many of us have persistently shown up for long years, has at last been recognised by the Press: her fitness to rule herself by Mr. Caird. Let us hope soon to see a wise and liberal economy, the Civil Service reduced, and the useless crowd of local Governors and Commanders-in-Chief abolished; the re-establishment of such customs as the Panchâyat, and the encouragement of manufactures in the teeth of the Manchester School. Our first duty to India is to rule her economically; but as yet our economy has always begun at the wrong end.

[2] Maláka is usually supposed to be Arab. Mulákát = meeting (Commentaries, iii. 77). Others derive it from the Sansk. name of a tree, Amaláka (emblic Myrobolan). Its old civilisation seems to have been connected with Gujarát, in the days when the Hindús were great navigators; days unknown to the Vedas, Puranas, and Menu.

and had notably failed; many of his men falling prisoners. The city, founded in 1252, measured three miles along shore, and lodged 100,000 souls. The land-side was protected by 8,000 (?) cannon, and 20,000 Malays; and the port sheltered a number of Gujarát war-ships, manned by Turks, Gujarátis, and Khorasanis (Afghans), in the Rajah's pay. Albuquerque, after an eventful voyage, followed his lieutenant with 200 men, in twenty-three war-ships (July 1, 1511), some five years subsequent to Varthema's visit (p. 224). Rajah Mohammed, summoned to give up his captives, played the normal "waiting-game," the Eastern policy of promising, procrastinating, and not performing, till the Portuguese, losing patience, burnt the shipping and fired upon the city. The Moslem sent the prisoners on board, offered 300,000 cruzados, gave leave to build a fort, promised general submission—and did nothing. Thereupon Albuquerque landed his men for a double attack on the mosque and the town: he seized the bridge that commanded the main stream; but the Malays showed their accustomed bravery, and forced him to retire. The second onslaught (July 25) was more fortunate: the defenders were fairly tired out. The conqueror divided the "loot," which was large, among his men, reserving only six bronze lions to adorn his own tomb.[1]

[1] The Viceroy attacked a large ship which took fire: three days afterwards the flames proved artificial. The "Nehoada (Nakhudá = Captain) Bugia" (Naodebegea of the Commentaries) commanding another vessel fell pierced with wounds, but blood

Malaca at once became the capital of "Farther India," in splendour second only to Goa. "It is the beginning of one monsoon and the end of the other,"[1] meaning it lies beyond the influence of either. A masterly flanking position on the Bay of Bengal, it commands the highway between India and Indo-China; and it communicates with the Celestial Empire, Japan, and Australasia. The neighbouring Rajahs submitted; the city was rebuilt; and trade flourished with renewed vigour. Two years afterwards, when attacked by the powerful chiefs of Java, the captain, Fernam Perez de Andrada, could beat them off with his native forces.

Before leaving Malay-land the viceroy despatched Antonio and Francisco Abreu with three ships and 220 men upon an exploratory cruise eastward. They covered 500 leagues, visited Java and the Moluccas, and loaded with spice, at Banda, the "Cinnamon island."

Albuquerque then hastened westward, where the Rajahs had united with Ismail Adil, Shah of Bijapur, to overpower the feeble Portuguese garrison of Goa. He was wrecked and "miraculously saved" off Sumatra, and reached Cochin in Jan. 1512. A single victory at the fortress Benasterim broke the confederation; the various

would not flow till they removed his armlet containing a bezoar, "supplied by the animal called *Cabrisia*" (Osorio) or *Cabal* (Commentaries). Perhaps this was the "mad-stone" of England which, found in the deer's belly, cured all poisons from spider-bites to hydrophobia.

[1] Commentaries of Albuquerque: Varthema (p. 224).

cities were compelled to permit foreign forts; the Samorim and his chiefs became vassals; and the Malabar coast formally recognised the sovereignty of D. Manoel.

The Viceroy now turned towards the Erythræan and Persian Gulfs. He had received orders to reduce Aden, then a wealthy and well-fortified city, the Gibraltar of the Red Sea, and now the pestilent Coal-hole of the nearer East. Beaten off on two occasions with loss by the Arabs, he resolved to destroy the Egyptian fleet at Suez; but the winds were contrary. The Christian Negush of Abyssinia suggested to him the gigantic and barbarous measure of making Egypt a desert by throwing the Nile into the Red Sea. He applied at home for some hundred Madeirans, then considered the best "navvies"; but common sense—perhaps we had better not mention humanity—won the day.[1]

In 1514 the great Viceroy returned with twenty-six sail, 1,500 Portuguese, and 600 Malabars to his long meditated annexation of Hormuz Island. A revolution

[1] We find the idea in "Orlando Furioso" (xxxiii. 106), where the stanza begins :—

Si dice, che 'l Soldan, rè del' Egitto, etc.
(They say the Soldan, who is Egypt's King, etc.)

Geographers are not agreed upon its feasibility. My late friend, Charles Beke, a veteran Abyssinian traveller, believed to the last that the Atbara (Astabaras) Eastern branch, could be thrown into the Red Sea (pp. 9c–105, "The Sources of the Nile," London, 1860).

had dethroned the "king";[1] and civil dissensions aided the Conquistador, who won a great battle, slaughtered a host of Moslems, and imposed upon the young prince a yearly tribute of 15,000 xerafins. He rebuilt his fort, and disposed it to command the city. Rais Ahmed, the former governor, was murdered in his presence; and the 13–14 "blind kings," whom political reasons kept in prison, were sent as pensioners to Goa.

Albuquerque had now risen to the zenith of his fortunes. He received ambassadors from the Powers and Princes of the East; he assigned their tribute, he built forts, he improved ports, and he beautified cities. His justice, his courtesy, and his respect for the conquered made him loved as he was feared. His enemies, however, found a vulnerable point through the jealous and suspicious D. Manoel, a king who had never learnt the noble truth, "who trust us raise us." The Viceroy's choice of Goa as a capital was denounced till he was heard to say—"More is due to my liege for protecting Goa from the Portuguese than to me who twice took her from the Moors." He was also accused of cruelty, of abuse of power, and of an ambition which aimed at independence. Even his wish to be created Duke of Goa, a distinction which he greatly coveted, was misrepresented.

A single reprehensible act gave colour and a handle to the charge. According to Osorio, the Viceroy guarded

[1] The "Histoire des Voyages" calls the actual ruler Sayf Addin (el-Dín), a "Prince aged about eleven, while affairs were managed by a brave and adroit slave" (i. 109; Varthema, p. 99).

on board ship, during the siege of Goa, some Indian captives whom he proposed to convert, or to present to the queen: one of these damsels, *una poca di buono* (x. 46), was called his daughter. Ruy Diaz, of gentle family at Alemquer, the son of a civil employé of the army, managed to visit them with sundry of his brother officers. The Viceroy, after a short court-martial, hanged the ringleader on board the Flor-de-Rosa. His companions, whose intercession was rejected, showed imprudent indignation, and were imprisoned: when Albuquerque proposed his conditions of release they demanded to be sent home for judgment. The Viceroy was compelled to cashier them, and to confer their charges upon others—which caused a scandal. Camoens deplores this act in three stanzas (x. 45–8); and one of his expressions, *de cioso* ("from love-jealousy"), seems to hint at private reasons for the proceeding. The injustice of the act has been called in question by certain moderns, who look upon it as a necessity of discipline. But surely our Poet knew more about its accompaniments than any sage of the nineteenth century.[1]

Albuquerque, when preparing to sail from Hormuz for Goa, was informed that two of his dismissed employés had been reinstated and sent back to India.

[1] Vaquette d' Hermilly, who quotes Osorio and F. y. S. (iv. 374), has been followed by Stanley (Correa, introd. p. xli.). Mitchell tells us (p. 306), without naming his authority, that Albuquerque drew and pointed to his sword as his commission. If true, a high-handed proceeding!

Weakened by age (63) and by ten years' service in the Tropics, he felt that the slight was fatal. With raised hands he cried :—"See, I am hated by the king for the love of men; hated by men for the love of the king! Cease, oldster, to live, as Heaven bids thee die!" He wrote to D. Manoel :—"Sire, I pen these lines with a palsied hand in the presence of Death! At home I have a son, and I pray your Seigniory to make him great even as my great services deserve, considering my condition as your servant. For such advancement I order him, at the price of my blessing, to apply. As regards the things of India, I say nothing: they themselves will speak for India and for me."

Too weak to walk, he was borne on board. His last wish was to die in Goa: he expired when crossing the bar, four leagues from the City (Dec. 16, 1515). The loss caused general consternation. His soldiers, who loved him like a father, disputed the honour of carrying his remains to the grave. The natives of India, Rajahs and Ryots, fondly believing that he had been raised to command the hosts of Swarga (Heaven), prayed at his tomb; and, in the days of his cruel and rapacious successes, invoked his aid against the insolence and tyranny of the Frank. Even wrong-hearted Manoel sought consolation by heaping honours and rewards upon the good servant's son.

The Great Albuquerque was buried in Na. Sra. da Serra, the chapel built by himself. About half a century afterwards, his bones were exhumed, not without oppo-

sition of the Goanese, and were deposited (April 6, 1566) in the Capella-Mór of St. Augustine Na. Sra. da Graça, Lisbon. They had many subsequent vicissitudes.[1]

Lopo Soares d'Albergaria[2] (x. 50) had served in India before (1505), when Varthema was in Calicut. Appointed Governor, not Viceroy, he left Lisbon (April 7, 1515) with thirteen ships and 1,500 men-at-arms besides sailors; reached Goa on Sept. 8, and took charge while his predecessor was at Hormuz. After some trouble with Cochin, he sent a fleet of thirty-six keel to the Red Sea; captured Zayla and Berberah (x. 50); made the Governor of Jeddah a vassal of the Crown (?) and failed at Aden. He then turned towards Ceylon; and built Columbo Fort, which proved of such importance to the Portuguese (x. 50).

Lopo Soares also continued Albuquerque's commercial relations with China. Fernam Perez de Andrade had been sent in charge of a magnificent mission whose chief, Thomas Perez de Andrade, was well received by the Emperor at Pekin, and obtained permission for Portugal to trade along the coast. But Governor Soares was not a man to obscure the glory which preceded him. He wanted moderation and magnanimity; and his pride and harshness threatened trouble to India, when he was directed to resign in favour of a successor at Cochin (Dec. 20, 1518). Thence he passed to Cananor and

[1] Viagem de Lisboa à China, by C. J. Caldeira (ii. pp. 45-7).

[2] Mr. Badger (Varthema, pp. 178–79) calls him "Lopez Soarez de Albergaria" (three inaccuracies in four words, p. 60).

returned to Portugal (Jan. 20, 1519), richer in worldly goods than in honour.

Diogo Lopez de Siqueira, after escaping from Malacca and returning to Portugal, was made fourth ruler and third viceroy. He left Lisbon (March 18, 1518) with a fleet of nineteen sail and 1,500 men; and took charge at Cochin (Dec. 20). When tranquillity was restored to Malabar, he built the important naval station, Chaúl, and repressed a rising in Ceylon. He was not equally happy in China, where the insolence of the Portuguese envoy, Simam de Andrade, compromised the good results obtained by his brother Fernam. Diogo Lopez was ordered (1519) by D. Manoel to attack Diu with eighty ships; but he failed to take it. He then personally led an expedition to the Red Sea, where he lost a ship; reduced Masawwah and Arkiko, destroyed Dhalak, and entered into direct communication with "Prester John" of Abyssinia. The "Empire of Candace and Sabá" (Sheba) had never before been reached except *viâ* the Nile; and this opening of a new route enabled the Portuguese to combine with the Negush against the armies of Egypt and the fleets of Genoa and Venice. The move "made epoch," and thus it is mentioned by Camoens (x. 52). Siqueira died in Portugal (æt. 64, Oct. 14, 1530). He was succeeded (Jan. 22, 1522) by D. Duarte de Menezes, of whom more presently.

The avarice of D. Manoel was even more injurious than the short-sightedness of D. Joam II. The former committed the capital error of driving from his service

Fernando Magalhaens of Braga, a pilot accused of peculation. When the King refused to increase his palace-stipend he joined the astronomer Francisco Faliero, also of Braga, travelled to Saragossa, and volunteered to open the South-Western Passage to India for Charles V. He is the first official and recognised circumnavigator, although Sir John Maundevile assigns the honour to a Norwegian, and there were probably several others. He ranks as a seaman after Bartholomeu Dias, and before Columbus. He is the "aggrieved Lusitanian" of Camoens (ii. 55), who tells us (x. 140) that he was a "Portuguese in all save loyalty"; and who again notices him in the Rejected Stanzas. His voyage does not belong to this place.[1]

On Dec. 13, 1521, the same year as Magellan, died D. Manoel, "the fortunate"; unfortunate only in one point: he left the world æt. fifty-two, though he reigned twenty-six years. His career was one course of ill-deserved

[1] Magalhaens lost his life by reckless and useless gallantry at Mactam Island, opposite Zebu, in the Philippines. It was not before 1565 that Spain followed up his discoveries: in that year an Armada from Mexico reduced Zebu; in 1570 the first settlement was made at the Pasig River; and next year Manilla-town was founded. It was taken in 1762 by the English, and restored at the Peace of 1764 for a large ransom never paid. The *Calzada* (carriage-road) has a monumental pillar in honour of Magalhaens, which is sketched in "Hong-Kong to Manilla" (London, 1859), an amusing volume by my fellow-traveller, Captain (R.N.) Henry T. Ellis. Queen Isabella II. ordered a cenotaph at Mactam on the spot where the circumnavigator was slain; and the epitaph gives a wrong date of death—1520 for 1521.

prosperity. The deaths of Pacheco and Albuquerque; of Galvam, "apostle of the Moluccas," and of Çacoto, the African campaigner, directly caused by his jealous suspicion and covetousness, made Portuguese historians prouder of the reign than of the ruler. The former, it has often been remarked, showed to the astonished world a spectacle of exploits whose simplest description becomes a poem, an epos. Of the latter we can only say that he was neither a good king nor a great man. His portraits[1] denote a mixture of shrewdness and avarice: they have the bent brow, the wrinkled cheeks, and the peaky chin of the born miser. But, as the Persians say, An ounce of luck is worth more than a pound of talent; and this king will go down to posterity as Manoel the Lucky.

The outer form and symbol of the age is the present Church of St. Mary of Belem (Bethlehem), a combination of originality, of boldness, and of finish, which makes it well-nigh unique. Had the name a better savour in the nostrils of humanity, we should have called this noble offshoot of Gothic the "Manoelesque."[2]

[1] See the portrait in the Roteiro from a contemporary likeness (p. xii.)

[2] It has been the victim of "restoration," *tout comme chez nous.* On Dec. 18, '79, the lofty central tower, which was being repaired with bad material, fell, doing great damage. D. Manoel and his descendants still occupy their "mean and ungainly tombs" near the high altar; but, since Jan. 8, '80, they have rested under the same roof with the great Gama and the greater Camoens—or, at least, with what is officially held to be their remains.

§ 3. The Reign of D. Joam III.

(1521–1557.)

There is reason why the "Pious King" should have a section to himself. Camoens was born under him, was received at his court, and served him till, and even after, his death. Moreover this was the time when Portugal reached the apogee of her fame—it was her golden age, which, during the end of this reign became silver. The lapse was at first imperceptible; but she ceased to rise, which in empire means she began to fall.

The second of the Viseu house, D. Joam (æt. 19, born in Lisbon, June 6, 1502) commenced with the popular measure of fixing the convocation of the Cortes for every tenth year: hitherto these national assemblies, which discussed taxation and administration, depended upon royal caprice. He married (Feb. 5, 1525) the Infanta Catharina, sister of Charles V.; and her sterling qualities were useful to her adopted country.

Under D. Joam III., "Lisboa," became the *cousa boa*, the splendid city which justified her citizens rhyming saw. He adorned her with splendid and useful works, of which a fair specimen is the aqueduct, which brings in the waters of Cintra. He encouraged the commercial navy; and trade attained unprecedented dimensions. Garcia de Resende tells us that the ships in port numbered 300; and that the markets sold, in a single day, 700,000 cruzados' worth of foreign goods.

Afghanistan supplied musk: Sind and Cashmere shawls and zones; Gujarát drugs, indigo, camlets, silks, taffetas, gold, jewellery, onyxes and precious stones; Malayálim pepper, popularly "the money of Malabar," ginger, opium, myrobolans (*terminalia*), and all manner of spices; Cochin, teak-timber; Calicut, "calicos" and brocades; Golconda, diamonds; Ceylon and Killicare, cinnamon, gems of sorts, rubies and pearls; the Maldives dried fish, cowries, and *cocos de mer*.[1] The Deccan, chintzes; Bengal, muslins "of woven air," and all of them cotton, silk, precious metals and marvellous jewellery. From the nearer East came rose-water, saffron, madder, alum, vermilion, coral, copper and mercury; rich silks, satins, brocades and "damasks" of Damascus; the "gauzes" of Gaza (Ghazzah); the brocades and "baldaquins" of Baghdad; the "carpets"[2] of Cairo and Persia (ix. 60), which suggested mosaic flooring to Greece and Rome; the delicate metal-work of Syria; and the gums, the frankincense, the coffee and the high-bred horses of Arabia (x. 100). The outer regions contributed the cloves of the Moluccas; the tin of Banca, the nutmeg and mace of Banda; the camphor

[1] *Coco* (our erroneous cocoa) in Port. means a goblin, a *Croquemitaine:* the caricature of the human face, formed by three depressions at one end of the nut, may account for the name. "It is like a man's head, for it has something like two eyes and a mouth, and, when green, it is like brains, and has fibre like hair" (Ibn Batutah, pp. 59–60).

[2] The word is supposed to derive from Cairo-tapestry.

of Borneo, the sandal-wood of Timor; the gum-benzoin (*Styrax b.*) of Achin or Acheh; the gold of Malayland and Sumatra; the tea, silk, rice-paper, fans and toys, ivory-work and porcelain of China, and the silver of Japan (x. 131). Africa was represented by "captives"; palm-leaf mats, Maroccan leathers, ebony and elephants' tusks; Malaghetta pepper or Guinea-grains[1] (*Amomum grana Paradisi*), nuggets and gold dust. Even the undeveloped Brazil sent her mite; cotton-hammocks, mantles of splendid feathers,[2] whale-oil and excellent sugar. Lastly, some 10,000 to 12,000 slaves (*mancipia*) of all colours from all quarters of the globe thronged the streets.

But there was a black reverse to this bright picture. Portugal became first a fighting, then a trading country, whose scanty hands were absorbed by the colonies. Agriculture was no longer honoured; and greybeards murmured that not a swamp had been drained, not a field had been reclaimed from the forest. Moreover, the exaggerated piety of "The Pious" introduced two new elements of unknown force, the *Societas Jesu* and the *Sanctum Officium.*

Jesuitism[3] was then in the heyday of its hot youth, intensely chivalrous, militant, and Basque. It brought forth

[1] Hence, the "Grain coast" North of the Guinea Gulf: those curious on the subject will consult my "Wanderings in West Africa" (ii. pp. 36–7).

[2] It is difficult to look upon a cocked hat and feather without noting the survival of primitive and savage taste.

[3] Sanctioned in 1540 by a Bull of Paul III. (Alexander Farnese), and suppressed in 1773 by a Bull of Clement XIV.

a swarm of learned men and gallant missionaries : now retrograde, it then headed the Catholic movement of Europe, and entitled itself, not unjustly, to the "Royal Guard of Christendom." It not only extended the faith; it prevented the Western World having "as many sects as it had heads." P. Simon Rodriguez, aided by ten religious devoted as himself, introduced the new order into Portugal." Even D. Joam was affiliated to it. Before half a century the Jesuits had grown immensely rich by trade and donations; with inordinate ambition they usurped Episcopal rights; they invaded State, Church, and Press at home; they formed colonies abroad, and everywhere they secured the education of youth. During two centuries their power and their pretensions were such, that only a Pombal, the greatest statesman of his age, a combination of Cavour and Bismarck, could successfully contend with these kings of kings.

History gives a strange account of how the Holy Office, established by Saint Dominic,[1] passed into Portugal. One Saavedra, the son of a Spanish Captain, forged, they say, a Bull, in the name of Paul III., and represented himself as a legate *à latere*, commissioned to chastise the contumacious. While making, by permission, a manner of royal progress, condemning to the stake "Jews, Moslems, and Magicians" whom he could not convert, he was

[1] He was commissioned in A.D. 1215 by Innocent III. to abate heresy, or rather heretics; and the tribunal was established by the Council of Toulouse in 1229.

arrested on the Castilian frontier by a banker of Seville, and was sent to the galleys for fraudulent debt. A martyr! His coadjutors, the licentiates Pedro, Cardeñas and Alvarez de Bezerra, continued their holy functions. The Dominicans, or Friar Preachers, became the heads, and persuaded D. Joam to build the Palace of the Inquisition in the Rocio or D. Pedro Square.[1] The redoubtable Tribunal extended to the farthest East and West. The Brazil, who showed a noble spirit of independence even in her earliest colonial days, suffered comparatively little. But at Goa the Grand Inquisitor became more powerful than the Viceroy and the Archbishop; and hence the ecclesiastical abominations, rivalled only by the witch-burnings of the so called Reformed Church, whose judicial murders in England alone numbered 30,000.[2]

[1] The Church deplores its having been converted into a National Theatre (1847). It should be noted that the Roman Curia, so far from frankly expressing its shame and disavowal of the cruelties practised upon so-called heretics, justifies them as a necessity of the times; as less barbarous than popular excesses and indiscriminate massacres; and less monstrous than the fitful and tyrannic measures, the savage and inconsistent laws of petty kings.

[2] The "Witch Act" of James (1603–1680) caused in Great Britain 70,000 deaths. The madness of persecution spread through Puritan New England, fed by such narrow bigots as Cotton Mather, who raged against the "narrow spirit of Sadduceism." The horrid law was not repealed in Scotland till 1736. This abuse arose simply from the "Biblioiatry" of the day, which is now attempting to persuade Englishmen that they are Jews. Truly religions and races have no right to throw stones at one another.

These innovations were the more distasteful to the Portuguese because sundry small posts, conquered from the Maroccans, were abandoned. Here, however, D. Joam showed a soul superior to petty national pride. His favourite saying was that victory never pays war-costs: he therefore kept the peace everywhere, except in the East, where a series of campaigns *did* pay. He consolidated his useless African power by concentrating his forces at a few *places fortes*, Ceuta, Tangier, and Tetuan. He foresaw the importance of the Brazil which now feeds Portugal; he supplied her with colonists, and he sent one of his best men, Martim Affonso de Souza (x. 120) to establish the Captaincies. He expelled the French from *la France Antartique*, and strengthened the growing settlements, Bahia (de Todos os Santos) and Rio de Janeiro, now the commercial and political capitals of a progressive Constitutional Empire.

D. Joam bestowed his best attention to India; and his choice of representatives was masterly. D. Manoel's last nominee (Jan. 22, 1522), D. Duarte de Menezes, Count and head of the house of Tarouca,[1] began well at Tangier and ended badly at Goa. He punished, with fine and tribute, the Hormuz Islanders who had revolted and massacred their Portuguese garrison. He repressed

[1] A village near Lamego, south of the Douro River, and famous for being the earliest settlement of the Cistercians in Portugal. As has been seen, D. Afonso Henriquez owed a debt of gratitude to St. Bernard and St. Mary of Clairvaux; and he paid it by taking (April 28, 1142) all the Cistercians under his protection.

an insurrection which broke out in Goa, Malacca, and the Moluccas, where he built the Fortress of Ternate (x. 23, 123). Thus the name became familiar to Europe, and we find it in Milton (sadly mispronounced) :—

> —— or the isles
> Of Ternate and Tidor, whence merchants bring
> Their spicy drugs.
>
> ("Par. Lost," ii. 638-9.)

Thus also Spenser (equally erroneous) :

> From th' utmost brinke of th' Armorike shore
> Unto the margent of the Mólucas.
>
> ("F. Q.," v. x. 3.)

During his rule the body of Saint Thomas was found at Meliapur (x. 109–119). This knight-errant of the Apostolic Conclave, who visited not only India and China, but even the Brazil, happily set us the salutary example of philosophic doubt.[1] Menezes also attempted Diu and failed. The viceregal salary was raised to 30,000 cruzados per annum, not including expenses of justice and general government. But the Viceroy's insatiable greed threatened disasters, and he offended (1524) the friendly king of Cochin by throwing, despite all remonstrances, a wall round the town. He was recalled, and his successor was the veteran D. Vasco da Gama.

The "Count of Vidigueira" left Lisbon for the third time, on April 9, 1524, in the "Saint Catherine of Mount Sinai," with nine large ships, five carvels, and

[1] See Note on Canto x. 108.

5,000 men. Accompanied by his sons, Estevam and Paulo, he voyaged in viceregal state; and sundry of his lieutenants, D.D. Henrique and Simam de Menezes, Fernando de Monroyo, Lope Vaz de Sampaio, and Pero de Mascarenhas were embryo governors and viceroys. He took also the "mad pilot," Diogo Botelho, who had sailed from India to Lisbon in a "foyst,"—a form of notoriety-hunting by no means obsolete.[1] Da Gama's voyage was bad: tempests raged without and pestilence within the Armada. Near Dábul of Bijapur took place the famous sea-quake to which Jupiter alludes (ii. 47); and the commission was published at Chaul. The Count of Tarouca, being still at Hormuz, Da Gama visited Goa, and was formally installed at Cochin (Oct. 4).

The name alone sufficed to make Portugal respected throughout the Eastern world. Da Gama's viceroyalty, however, which lasted only three months and twenty days, was spent chiefly in auditing accounts, reforming the administration, and punishing defaulters. But it was too late. He had become violent and irritable, which means weak; his manner grew hard and harsh as his temper was *verde* (green, sour); and he flogged women whom he dowered on his death-bed. He established the *tres vias de successam*—by direct nomination, indirect appointment, and provisional charge. After restoring tranquillity to Cochin, he sent Jeronymo de Souza with Manoel de Macedo to sweep pirates from the Malabar

[1] "Correa," Introd. xxii.–xxiv. The Pilot in those days was held hair-brained as the *maître d'armes* under Napoleon I.

coast, especially the "Moorish" captain, known as Cutiale,[1] of Coulete (x. 55). He was desirous of visiting Calicut in person, but the infirmities of age forbade. He charged Sampaio with the expedition; committed Goa to Menezes, and, assembling his officers, ordered them to obey his nominee till a successor should be formally appointed. During his last illness two of his sons were present.[2] He received the Sacraments of the Church, and died at Cochin (x. 53) at 3 A.M. on Christmas Day, 1524. As has been said, the same year witnessed the death of Da Gama, and possibly the birth of Camoens.

The viceroy was provisionally buried in the cathedral of Cochin (Castanheda), or in the high chapel of the Franciscan convent, St. Antony. A single flagstaff-tower, amidst a square mile of ruins, now shows where the former one stood. His son, Paulo, carrying out a last request, transferred the remains to the Convento do Carmo, Vidigueira (1538). The epitaph ran *Aqui jaz o grande Argonauta, D. Vasco da Gama,* 1ro *Conde da Vidigueira, Almirante das Indias Orientaes, e seu famoza Descubridor.* The tomb was rifled by the French marau-

[1] Kuwwat Ali (?) also written Cutialla (Kuwwat Allah). Barros mentions a Captain Cutialla in the Samiry's service (Correa, p. 339).

[2] His sons by Catharina de Ataide were: (1) Francisco, born before A.D. 1497 (?); (2) Estevam, the Viceroy, about 1504; (3) Paulo, killed in a sea fight near Malacca; (4) Christovam, the "Martyr"; (5) Pedro da Silva, who became Captain of Malacca; and (6) Alvaro d'Ataide, named after his maternal uncle, who also served in Malay-land. A list of their descendants is given by the Editor of "Correa," Introd. xii.-xv.

der; and, when the sarcophagus was last opened (1838), a single skeleton and two skulls were found. The recognised remains may be pronounced not proven.[1]

It is easy to draw the physical picture of this notable explorer. His full-sized statue stands in a blue and white niche of the Porto da Ribeira, Old Goa. This "Rivergate," which admitted the Portuguese captors (?), has an archway opening upon the quay; hence the Goanese declare that every viceroy must pass under Da Gama's feet. The admiral, a man of middle stature, inclining to stout, and of florid complexion, resembles not a little bluff English Harry (VIII.). It is not an original; the Goanese, outraged by the tyranny of D. Francisco da Gama, an unworthy grandson, pulled down the first marble and gibbeted its quarters: we now see the second voted by the Municipal Chamber in 1609. The following extract, borrowed (with permission) from A. E. I. (p. 311), describes the figure and its costume:—

"I will begin at Vasco's head, which carries a large grey wide-awake, turned up; say a 'Gainsborough,' under which are his jolly red cheeks and iron-grey long

[1] Snr. J. Silvestre de Ribeiro, Civil Governor at Beja (1838), answers for the two skulls; and the tomb was again violated, it is said, by the populace in 1840. That it was in a sad condition in 1853 we knew from the work of Snr. Caldeira before quoted (ii. 47–9). The Abbé A. D. de Castro e Souza long prayed the Government in vain that the Discoverer's ashes be remóved to the Belem Convent, Lisbon. This, as has been shown, took place during the Tercentenary Festival, the "imposing ceremony," of June 8, 1880.

beard. His legs, which stand far apart, wear brown knickerbockers; he has brown vest and dressing-gown, with chain armour peeping out here and there,—especially about the loins. His right hand grasps a sword and the left a *bâton*, and he is surmounted by a figure of St. Catharine."

Barros (iii. 9, 2) describes Dom Vasco as a man of middle stature, inclined to corpulence; of a noble deportment, daring in every enterprise, harsh in command, and of fearful violence in anger; patient in arduous undertakings, and severe in inflicting punishment for the sake of justice." Faria y Sousa adds, "He is painted with a black cap, cloak and breeches edged with velvet, and all slashed, through which appear the crimson lining; the doublet of crimson satin, and over it his armour inlaid with gold." The portraits, taken in early manhood, have been compared with those of Sir Walter Raleigh: the face is our Elizabethan before the unfortunate change, "German and ordinary" (as Horace Walpole says), which produced the typical modern "John Bull." The high and marked features are somewhat Israelitic; with large eyes, heavy eyebrows, hooked nose, and beard of moderate length and thickness. Count Lavradio's picture, in Hakluyt's "Correa," shows straight features, a long white beard, and a rather mild expression. The dress is mostly a large *pelote* (fur-trimmed robe), covering an arabesqued breastplate with the symbol of the Order of Christ, a cross charged with a cross: when there is a doublet the

sleeves are long, puffed and slashed. The barret-cap, apparently felt, is turned up round the edges like the Italian *Calabresa:* it suggests the Mandarin[1] head-gear, and a button upon the crown adds to the resemblance. Viscount Juromenha (vol. vi.) follows Count Lavradio, but cuts off the hands. The Roteiro republishes that of D. Francisco de Brito, Archbishop of Goa. The face is younger, the beard shorter, and the look is more severe: over the breast-plate is a kind of gaberdine with slashed sleeves; and the cap becomes turban-like with the button at top. D. Manoel (p. 1) wears the normal "Celestial"-looking article.

Contemporaries held Da Gama an honour to his nation: Couto declares that, as America was called after Vespucci, so India should be named "Agama." The Count-admiral, as he signed himself, was a type less uncommon in the north than in southern Europe. He was the model explorer, and all his gifts pointed that way. Of course he was brave, that is the absey of manliness; but he had also moral courage: he feared no responsibility, which makes cowards of so many; and his physical intrepidity was backed by an indomitable constancy and perseverance. This strong and thorough temperament was fierce and passionate—the powder that drives the ball. His horrible cruelties were those of the age, exasperated by religion; but he was a man to be loved as well as feared: his heart

[1] The word is popularly derived from the Port. *Mandar*=to command. But the Malay *Mantrin*=a councillor (from the Egypt. *Men*, to establish, or the Sansk. *Mana*=to think) is better.

was good; he was not only generous but just; and there is something touching in his affection for his brother. He was quick-witted, knowing, and experienced; and he showed considerable tact on more than one trying occasion. As a ruler of men his probity was the characteristic that won for him the respect of the East. His abilities were ordinary, and his education that of the rude soldier of his day: he had none of the quaint and picturesque talent which appears in his more fortunate rival, Columbus. His hot temper was incompatible with the curious feminine persistency of purpose which made the Genoese look upon a rebuff as a hint or an order to try again. He did not improve with age: gouty, stony, and splenetic veterans rarely do. Camoens (end of Canto 5) was not blind to any of his kinsman's shortcomings; yet he has done the "Protagonist" justice by making his distinctives a kind of old-fashioned simplicity; a fresh and vigorous air, and a dignity which recalls to mind the great of ancient days.

The Succession-letters, opened at Cochin, contained the name of D. Henrique de Menezes, *O Roxo* (Rufus), son of the Count of Castanheda. This courageous and capable officer was still at Goa, but Sampaio preserved tranquillity till his arrival. He forbade the usual rejoicings till the last honours had been paid to his predecessor:—"It was meeter to bewail so great a loss than to revel over a new appointment."

Easterns are prone to test the quality of newly appointed rulers; and in every change they hope to find

an opportunity. At once Melique Yaz (Malik Iyás), still Governor of Diu under Mahmud Shah Begarrah, sent simultaneously an embassy to Goa, and two craft to his brother Turks at Jeddah. The plot was discovered and the ships were seized. The Viceroy then proceeded to abate the pirates who infested the Coast, one link of of a chain which began at Bab-el-Mandeb, was perhaps strongest in Malay-land, and ended about Japan. The evil seems bred in the bone: were the English to leave India, the waters would swarm with sea-thieves and the land with "Thugs" within six weeks. After destroying thirty rover-ships, the Viceroy proceeded to Cananor; hanged the plotting "Moor Mamalex"; and made Heitor da Sylveira, "Portuguese Hector" (x. 60), Governor of the Citadel.

Menezes then turned his arms against Coulete, the Arsenal of the Samiry, where lay forty well-armed ships defended by 20,000 Nayrs. He attacked and almost destroyed these disproportioned numbers (x. 53–4). Returning to Calicut (March 11, 1523), he punished the extortionate Captain of the Citadel, Jayme de Mello; and made over to the Hospital the rich presents sent to him by the terrified Samiry and the Governor of Diu. These displays of audacious valour; of justice, impartial and severe, and of disinterestedness, perhaps the most singular virtue, made a lasting impression upon Hindú and Hindí.

Menezes' merits seemed to command success. His Captains, who had grown grey under arms, were not less

fortunate. Brito attacked Dábul and killed 400 Moslems. Antonio de Miranda destroyed the shipping in "Sael" harbour,[1] and returned to Maskat laden with loot. Jorje de Albuquerque and Pedro de Mascarenhas defeated the "King of Bintam" or Bantam,[2] who had attacked Malacca. Joam de Lima held the Citadel of Calicut against 70,000 assailants: the Viceroy sent reinforcements; followed them in person, and compelled the Samiry to sue for peace (Oct. 15, 1525). But Menezes, now convinced that Malabar and the Moplahs would always be hostile, dismantled his Fort, and prepared to capture Diu, intending to make her, after Goa, the chief depôt of Portuguese India.

The Viceroy rested at Cananor to nurse a swollen leg. There gangrene set in: he died (Jan. 2, 1526) aged 28 or 36 according to Mariz; and he was buried in the Chapel of S. Thiago. A man who had "more prudence than years"; who was so jealous of his honour that he refused the smallest gifts, and who even preferred public welfare to private interests, he was deeply regretted. He left only 100 ducats,—not enough to pay for his funeral,—and won honourable mention at the hands of Camoens (x. 54–5).

During this Viceroyalty, Portugal and Spain met in

[1] "Sáhil" (the shore) is the Sachalites Kolpos of the Greeks, and the old "Frankincense Country," now the Seaboard of Hadramaut, whose chief places are Shahr and Makalla. Aloys Sprenger, pp. 89–93, *Alte Geographie*, &c.

[2] See chap. iv. § 4.

the far East. After Magellan was killed in an obscure islet, the two remaining ships, of which the "Victoria" is mentioned by Camoens (Rejected Stanzas *sub fin.*), received assistance from Brito, then commanding the Forts of Timor and Ternate. Presently a dispute arose about the "Demarcation line": it was settled by the union of the two royal houses; the Philippines remaining to Spain and the Moluccas to Portugal.

The succession-letters nominated first D. Pedro Mascarenhas, and, second, Lopo Vaz de Sampaio. The former being in the field, conquering "Bintam" (x. 56) and slaying Malays (x. 57), the latter was provisionally installed after an oath of loyalty. He broke it by throwing Mascarenhas into jail (x. 58): the prisoner, however, escaped by connivance of Simam de Menezes, Commandant of Cananor; returned home to demand justice, and was received with unusual honours by the King.

"Fierce Sampaio" (x. 56–61)was thus a usurper, but he did good service in war and peace. He concluded a treaty with Shah Mahmúd of Gujarát; defeated the Calicut Rajah, to whom the Narsingha had sent a reinforcement of 20,000 men, and again destroyed the piratical power of Malabar. He wasted Porcá or Chembe, now Parrakád[1] in Travancore; slew the "King" of Tidor, and poniarded with his own hand Rais Ahmed, alias Cutiale, who had commanded 150 ships in the

[1] See chap. iv. § 3.

Persian Gulf. He strengthened Hormuz, Chaul, and Cananor; surrounded Goa with a strong wall, of which parts still remain, and increased her fleet to 126 sail.

Presently Sampaio was ordered to Portugal, whence, after two years in irons, he was banished to Africa: he was also condemned to indemnify Mascarenhas for the Indian salary, and fined 10,000 cruzados. These pains and penalties were remitted by a Royal Alvará[1] (rescript); and his energetic address to D. Joam has been printed by Couto. He died April 18, 1538, and Camoens has praised his virtues, not his crimes.

Nuno da Cunha, the next viceroy, a son of the navigator Tristam Vaz da Cunha, had voyaged with his father in early years; first carried arms in Africa under Nuno Fernandez de Athaide; was knighted by Albuquerque on the Eastern Coast, and took a prominent part in Almeida's attack on Diu. Accompanied by his brothers, Simam and Pero, he left Lisbon (April 18, 1529) with eleven ships and 200 men-at-arms. On the voyage he destroyed Mombasah, which had attacked Portuguese Mozambique; and, arriving at Goa on Oct. 22, he was formally installed at sea, off Cananor (Nov. 18).

Da Cunha's rule, which lasted nine years instead of the normal three, was a succession of successes. Hector da Silveira made tributary the "kings" of Aden (?) and of "Panane";—Port Ponani in Malabar. Antonio de

[1] Arab. "El-Barat" (the Letter, Brevet, Warrant, Patent); the Span. equivalent is Albalá.

Saldanha (1530–31), annexed Gogo, the harbour of Kathiáwád (Kattywar), captured Damam, and twice burnt Bassein. Martim de Souza and Antonio Brito defeated the combined forces of Calicut and Cochin. Then came the occupation of Diu,—the dream of Cunha's later life.

Goa had long intended to capture this Pirates' stronghold, a den on Diu Point, the southern extremity of Kathiáwád, between the Gulfs of Cutch and Cambay. Sampaio had already spent large sums upon preparations; and Cunha sailed (1531) with the most powerful armament yet collected. Bahadur Shah, tenth ruler and successor of Mahmud Shah II., the Melíque of Camoens (x. 61, 72), repulsed the attack. During this affair a soldier's head being struck off by a cannon-ball, Cunha exclaimed to the startled bystanders, *Humiliate vestra capita Deo*, the well-known words of the Roman liturgy: the double entendre, we are told, comforted them,—usually it has a contrary effect. In 1533 Bahadur Shah engaged in hostilities with the "Grand Mogor,"—Humayun, the Moghul,—yielded the place which he so much prized, on condition of assistance. The Governor, Malik Tokan, son of Malik Iyas, was also absent fortifying Bassein. Finally, Bahadur Shah, who came peacefully on board to visit Cunha at Diu, was killed.[1]

The cruel Diogo da Sylveira made a remarkable raid in 1533. He seized the Island of Mahim (now Bombay),

[1] The story is differently told: one thing, however, is certain, that the King, who in apprehension threw himself into the sea, was slain by the Portuguese with a halbert.

burnt Bassein, where Cunha built a fort in 1536; and captured a strong place on the Nagotni River despite its artillery, 1,000 infantry, and 500 cavalry. Marching back to his ships, he routed 3,000–4,000 horsemen, commanded by Halissa (Ali Shah), war-captain of Cambay. Tháná, near Bombay, bought herself off with a yearly tribute of 4,000 ducats. Sylveira returned to Chaul, loaded with honour and glory, plunder, and 4,000 slaves.

The First Siege of Diu was a memorable triumph for the Portuguese. Sultan Sulayman (II.), the Magnificent,[1] resolving to sweep Portugal from the Eastern Seas, commanded a fleet to be built at Suez, carrying a park of siege-artillery, 4,000 Janissaries, the "Rumés" of The Lusiads (x. 62), and 16,000 picked men. The powerful Armada was placed under command of Sulayman, Pasha of Cairo. On Sept. 4, 1538, the Turks made Diu, whose "black" or "native town" was at once deserted. Miran Mohamed Shah Farrukhi, the new king of Gujarát (1536–53), commissioned his minister, Coje Çofar or Sophar (Khwájeh Safar), with 20,000 men to aid the Rumés. The Fort-commandant, Antonio da Sylveira, with 200 gentlemen and 500 Portuguese men-at-arms, retired to the Citadel and despatched a brigantine to Goa reporting their condition. The Pasha ordered furious attacks (Oct. 6 and 20), which only strewed the shore with the bodies of brave men. The defenders, seeing the enemy dispirited, made a gallant sortie with 150 swords,

[1] The learned Editor of Hakluyt's "Varthema" (p. 65) makes this attack take place under Sultan Selim, in A.D. 1516.

entered the hostile camp and killed 250, with the loss of only three. A second craft was sent southwards, and reached head-quarters when Cunha was being relieved by Noronha.

The assailant then ventured upon a general assault (Nov. 1), and Sylveira commanded the post of danger. Fifty Moslem barques and twelve galleys were moored along the seaface while the troops attacked by land. The "forlorn hope" of some 3,000 Turks was hurled back into the moat. They were followed by 2,000 Janissaries, who also failed to take the place after killing several of the bravest officers. The Pasha lastly pushed forwards his battalion of veterans, who gained the Castle-court; night, however, ended the mêlée, and the assailant retired with a loss of 2,500 head (?). On the evening of the next day Cunha's relieving fleet sailed into port. Sulayman Pasha embarked precipitately, leaving his artillery and his wounded: a thousand foragers also remained in the hands of the infuriated country people. The Viceroy thereupon made a triumphant entrance.[1]

[1] Hindus declare that they have discovered the secret of prolonging life by hybernation and other methods: fifty years ago we should simply have derided the pretension; now we inquire into it. Chroniclers relate that Cunha, when entering Diu, was greeted by a patriarch, who declared his age to be 335 years, and that of his son 80. He had thrice changed teeth, hair, and beard, the latter each time returning from white to black. This "Indian Phœnix" received from the victors the pension granted to him by Bahadur Shah, and died after his 400th year. Ibn Batutah (p. 98) saw at Kabul a man 350 years old; but the traveller "very much doubted" the story. At

Cunha had been profoundly impressed by the imprisonment of his predecessor, foreseeing for himself a similar fate. After a long and glorious administration he also became the victim of calumny: D. Joam listened to his enemies and ordered him home in irons. This was his death-blow. He embarked in January, 1539, and, on March 5, he died off The Cape. When the chaplain asked if his remains should be carried to Portugal, he replied :—"Since God hath been pleased thus to send me afloat, let the sea be my grave: Earth hath so badly received my services that she refuseth me a tomb." He ended with Scipio's words, *Ingrata Patria*, etc., which, as we have seen, were quoted by Camoens.[1] In his will he ordered that the price of the iron which sank his corpse should be paid to D. Joam, as the only

Sivastan (Sehwan in Sind) he met Shayhh Mohammed of Baghdad (p. 102), and did not doubt his being 140 years old; also in Sind at Bakar (p. 103) he found a Shirazi Shayhh upwards of 120. Again (p. 257) he saw a Shayhh Salih of 150, and (p. 195) a Shayhh Jelal el-Din of the same age. At Dwarka (chap. xxiii.) he heard of one who had reached 250: I was shown a man apparently in late middle-age who claimed that number of years when I visited that great place of Hindú pilgrimage. Santos (iii. 7) notices a man 380 years old. "Varthema" (Hakluyt's, p. 78), when at Reamu (Yerim in El-Yemen), "conversed with many persons who were more than 125 years old." This longevity he attributes to the climate, which "here is most perfect and singular." Nuts for Mr. Thom to crack!

[1] A list of meritorious Portuguese, who in those heroic days had reason to repeat these words, is given by José Silvestre Ribeiro (pp. 220-23, *Estudo moral*, etc., *sobre os Lusiadas*, Lisbon, 1852.

debt wherewith his conscience charged him. If the King could have blushed it must have been when the good soldier's aged father, the navigator Tristam, came into the presence and offered to pay the little bill.

The first letters having nominated D. Martim Affonso de Souza, an absentee, and the second, Da Gama's cadet son, Estevam, the latter became Viceroy. On the opening day (April 4, 1540) he publicly ordered an inventory of his large inheritance, a hint that he would be disinterested as his father. He sent his brother, D. Christovam, with 600 men against the troublesome Rajah of Porcá (Parrakad). Antonio de Faria was commissioned to sweep the seas. Manoel de Vasconcellos cruised with success off Malabar, and Antonio de Castel-Branco (x. 101) made a visitation to Cambay.

The Viceroy now resolved to attack Suez in person, and to strike at the heart of Moslem naval power. His fleet of eighty sail, carrying 2,000 soldiers, not including a number of gentlemen, bore down everything on the Red Sea shores. D. Estevam assumed the arms of Knighthood at the shrine of St. Catherine in the so-called "Mount Sinai."[1] He bestowed the same distinction upon sundry of his officers; and Charles V. esteemed the honour higher than a victory gained by him over Savoy. The object of the expedition, however, the attack on Suez, failed: its only results are to be found in The Lusiads (x. 98–99).

[1] Details are given in A.E.I., p. 450.

Followed the romantic episode in which Portugal saved Abyssinian Christendom. Claudius, Emperor of Æthiopia, was threatened with destruction by Mohammed Grayne or Guray, the "left-handed" Sultan, or King of Adel or Azania, whose capital was Harar Gay, and whose chief port was Zayla'. D. Christovam, despatched by his brother, landed (June 15, 41) in Abyssinia with 400 to 500 men, mostly harquebussiers; and was joined by the Iteghe (Empress-mother), who led a host of Christian half-savages. Two important actions were won by the Portuguese, when the Arabs and Turks hastened to the assistance of their negroid co-religionists. D. Christovam, who had rejected in a high-handed way the royal overtures for peace, was wounded and taken prisoner. Greased threads twisted round his beard were set on fire; he was plunged into boiling wax; and, lastly, he was decapitated by the Left-handed himself (x. 96). D. Joam ordered the body to be brought home with the view of canonising the "martyr." The remnant of the Portuguese rejoined Claudius; and, in the next battle Mohammed was shot by a soldier, Pedro Leam. I have elsewhere related how his gallant wife, Talwambara, concealed his death and drew off the Moslem army.[1] Many of the Portuguese married and settled in Abyssinia, where the Pope presently sent a legate.

[1] "First Footsteps in East Africa" (310–19). "Grayne" appears in European history as "Grandamar, General-in-Chief of the Armies of the King of Adel." Compare Mungo Park's "Ludamar" = Wuld (sons of) Amru.

Saddened by these reverses, D. Estevam abstained from other expeditions. He embellished Goa, and built the Collegio de Santá Fe, in imitation of the Moluccan seminary.[1] On May 6, 1542, he gladly gave up charge to his successor, and retired to Pangim (New Goa), where a second inventory showed that his property had diminished by 50,000 xerafins. After returning to Portugal he offended D. Joam by refusing a wife; settled at Venice, and died in obscurity, leaving only one natural son.

The twelfth Viceroy, D. Martim Affonso de Souza, was well known in India. As Captain-General of the seas he had destroyed the fort of Damam; supported Bahadur Shah against the Moghul; captured Repelim City (x. 65) from Malabar; beaten the Samiry's fleet when it attacked the Rajah of Cota,[2] a vassal of Portugal; conquered Pachi Marcar, saved the ruler of Columbo and again abated the pirate-nuisance. His name is more famous in the Brazil, where, between 1531 and 1533, he introduced order and a new administration. He left Lisbon, to which he had retired during the inert rule of Noronha, wintered at Mozambique till March 15 (1542), and took charge from D. Estevam at Goa. He brought with him the great Jesuit, D. Francisco Xavier, whose labours, now so celebrated, are not even mentioned by Camoens,

[1] A.E.I., p. 450.

[2] Meaning "the Fort": it is the Cotta of D'Anville and the Kotacull of Buchanan and Arrowsmith. The then Capital of the Singhalese Emperors was a Cotta near Columbo.

the conclusion being that the "Apostle of the Indies"[1] was not so highly prized then as now. The "namesake of Mart" (x. 67) did little worthy of his Brazilian fame, or of Camoens' five stanzas; possibly his hands were tied by a corrupt administration. He reduced Beadála and Baticala forts (x. 66), and lost the battle of Tebilecari; he subjected the Moluccas, and encouraged communication with Japan. The peninsulas of Bardesh to the north, and Salsete south of Goa Island, were annexed; and raised its population, without including the suburbs, to 300,000 souls, one-fourth Gentile. After three years, ending Sept. 10, 1545, he returned to Portugal.

D. Joam, now realising the danger of his splendid Eastern Empire, resolved to govern it through his noblest subject, D. Joam de Castro, *o ultimo heroe Portuguez no Oriente.*[2] Born of illustrious family, he had studied under the celebrated Pedro Nunez; his first campaign (æt. 18) was made with Menezes; and he had shown courage

[1] He now ranks with the "Apostolic Missioners," S. Martin of Tours (A.D. 347–96); Ulphilas among the Goths (341–88); St. Patrick (432–93); St. Augustine (596–605); St. Boniface in Germany (716–55); St. Anschar in Scandinavia (826–65); Gaisa of Hungary (994); the Martyr Adalbert among the Poles (983–87); Otto of Pomerania (1124–39); and Raymund Lully in the Balearics and North Africa (1291–1315). The "Palladium of Goa," say the Goanese, drove away the English occupants of the City in 1800; and, while St. Francis Xavier rests there, no one shall be able to wrest the city from H.M.F.M. of Portugal.

[2] Couto (Decades) described his administration; and Jacinto Freire de Andrada wrote his biography.

and conduct in the Mediterranean, the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. Appointed Governor and Captain-General, he left Lisbon, March 17, 1545, with his two sons, Alvaro and Fernando: he was nearly wrecked off the Guinea coast, and he took charge at Goa on Sept. 10.

His first move was upon the "Balagate,"[1] or land of Bijapur. "Mealecan" (Miyan Ali Khan) being in danger from his nephew, "Idalxá" (Adil Shah), fled to Goa; and his extradition was demanded with a bribe of 150,000 gold pardaos,[2] and the significant hint that, if the Shah had gold diggings for his friends, he had also mines of iron for his foes. Martim Affonso, unwilling to engage in such a struggle, had temporised: Castro at once rejected the disgraceful offer. Unwilling to honour his enemy by commanding in person, he sent his son, D. Alvaro, with 900 Portuguese, and 400 Hindu "Sepoys," in six ships. The port of Cambre,[3] despite its strong garrison, was compelled to surrender, and Adil Khan, to sue for peace.

Castro then applied vigorously to reform. In ghostly

[1] Meaning the Deccan plateau; from *Bálá* (Pers.) above, upper; and *Ghát* (Hind.) a step, flight of stairs, the Coast-range.

[2] The Pardáo is the golden Hun of the Váyás of Ikkui, the Narsinghas of those days, who inscribed it with the Sanskr. "Shri Pratápa (valiant) Krishna Vaya." Hence the Pers. Partáb, a gold coin=1 Dinar, described by Varthema (pp. 115, 116, 130) as stamped with "two devils"—Shiva and Parbati. As it usually bore a pyramidal temple upon the reverse, Europeans called it a Pagoda; and hence the far-famed "Pagoda-tree."

[3] Probably the Chemonbay of Barbosa (p. 152), between Cananor and Calicut.

matters he was assisted, at the instance of the King, by D. Francisco Xavier; and the results are described as quasi-miraculous.[1] A powerful expedition was prepared for the Moluccas (1546), when a storm arose which well-nigh wrecked the power of Portugal in the East. This was the second, *the* Siege of Diu (1546).

Miran Mahommed, Shah of Gujarát, seeking a pretext to recover the stronghold, sent an army to enforce his treaty-right of separating by a wall the "Black Town" from the Portuguese Citadel. The Governor of the latter bluntly refused; this was Joam Mascarenhas, an old soldier, famed for his intrepidity. In after-years he opposed the Maroccan expedition of D. Sebastiam, who assembled a medical committee to sit upon the question —"Does not age diminish bravery?" A revival of Cyneas and Pyrrhus, Echephron and Pichrocole! When the young king asked him his years, the veteran replied: "I, Sire, have twenty-five of serving you, and eighty for advising you not to attack Africa!"

Mascarenhas mustered only some 250 men and 40 barrels of powder when he was invested by "Coje Çofar" with 8,000 Indian regulars, 1,000 Turkish Janissaries and 60 pieces of artillery (x. 67). The Moslems showed unusual ballistic skill, and amongst other engines they had a moveable *testudo*, which sheltered 200 sappers and miners. The Governor, sending an Aviso to Goa, resolved to sell life at the highest price (x. 60). After some weeks of

[1] A.E.I., chap. xvi.

fighting suddenly appeared a fleet of nine ships and 200 men, under D. Fernando de Castro, whom his father had sent on this enterprise, animating him with heroic words. Prodigies of gallantry were performed on both sides; Isabel Fernando fought in the ranks, and her sisterhood carried cartridges to the ramparts under fire. "Coje Çofar" lost his life by a spent ball; but his son, Rumi Khan, showed only increased rage for revenge. A mine, sprung under S. Joam, the chief fort, killed D. Fernando (æt. 18) and many of his brave companions (x. 69). The next assault of 500 Turks was beaten back by Mascarenhas in person with twenty men,—a deed worthy of Leonidas, Cocles, or Scæva.

But the garrison, reduced to 150, was beginning to lack munitions and ammunition. Already Mascarenhas had prepared a general sortie, in which he might die fighting, when D. Alvaro de Castro, the second son, delayed by adverse weather (x. 69), landed his 600 men from forty sail. Thus reinforced, the garrison of 750 swords sallied out against 40,000 (?); and the result of so far carrying *De l'audace*, "Be bold, be bold!" was the loss of half their number. Rumi Khan was at once joined by the neighbouring Rajahs, and the defence of Diu appeared hopeless.

Castro, hearing the disaster, sailed in person (Oct. 18). Goa had responded bravely to his call, and a fleet of twelve galleons and sixty rowing-galleys took the sea. The land force joined by that of D. Manoel de Lima, lately from Portugal, amounted to 4,000 men. They

were secretly disembarked during the night, and a Council of war was assembled. As usual, it hesitated to fight, when a veteran, Garcia Sá, stood up and said in laconic style:—"I have heard: we must attack!" The decisive affair began on the morning of Nov. 11; and the conduct of the chief, backed by the courage of the men, won the day. Rumí Khan was slain by a stone; the Moslems lost 5,000 men and 40 guns (x. 70); and the power of Gujarát was broken for many a year. We cannot wonder that *O Assedio* (siege) *de Diu* has been sung by Portuguese poets.[1]

Castro rebuilt the place, and the present fortifications show his good work.[2] It was carried on under difficulties, some 20,000 xerafins being required from an exhausted treasury. His letter, still extant, shows that he had intended pledging the bones of his son, D. Fernando; but they were found in an unfit condition. Thereupon having "neither land nor goods by way of security; nothing but the mere and pure sincerity which God had given him," he sent one of his mustachios;[3] and the bankers of Goa accepted this unusual pledge. Heroes make heroes: the ladies of the capital and of Chaul offered even their jewels.

[1] Jeronimo Corte Real's Epic (Cerco de Diu) is the best known. He wrote two others, the Shipwreck of Sepulveda, in 17 Cantos, and the Austriada, 15 Cantos, in Spanish, on the battle of Lepanto. He died in 1593.

[2] I visited Diu many years ago, and found the works stronger than the then defences of Bombay since demolished.

[3] Some say a whisker; others some hairs from his beard.

The victor's return to Goa was kingly: the description suggests a triumph at the Capitol.[1] It is said that when the Queen heard of it she ignorantly exclaimed,—"He has conquered like a Christian: he has triumphed like a Heathen!" Castro well knew the impression which such pomp and pageantry produce over the Eastern world. But, not content to rest upon his laurels, he sent Jorje Menezes to attack Baroch (Broach, near Surat), and Nunez to extend Portuguese dominion in Ceylon; he made Malacca submit, and his occupation of Acheh (Achin) led to that of north-western Sumatra. Lastly he set out in person, beat the king of Gujarát; burnt Dabhol; and, finally, dispersed the army of "Hydalcham" (Ibrahim Adil Shah) at the famous battle of Sam Thomé (x. 72).

Shortly afterwards (æt. 48) he fell into a "malady of languor." He wished only to revisit his home at beautiful Penha Verde (Cintra);[2] but the King notified that Portugal required his services. When upon his death-bed (Oct. 1547)[3] he received despatches conferring upon him the title of Viceroy, and reappointing him for another term. Hearing the people's hurrahs, he turned to the director of his conscience, Xavier, who was sitting at his side, and said:—"How deceitful is this world which offereth three years of honours to one

[1] A.E.I., p. 451.

[2] Penha Verde still belongs to the Castro house: it is said that the gardens grew the first oranges in Europe.

[3] Some place his death on June 6, 1548.

who hath but a few minutes of life!" His last moments[1] were worthy of himself; and he died so poor that the city was compelled to pay for his funeral. After some years his remains were transferred from the Goanese Convent of Sam Francisco to that of S. Domingo de Bemfica,[2] near Lisbon. Four grandsons carried his bier, and the obsequies were performed by a fifth, Bishop and Inquisitor-General D. Francisco de Castro.

Albuquerque had founded Portugal in the East: Castro had consolidated and completed the Empire-edifice. With the latter ends the description of Indo-Portugal in The Lusiads (x. 72): it must be confessed that the Poem could not end better.

The following viceroys are more or less connected with the career of Camoens. Castro was succeeded by Garcia de Sá, under whom the Tanore (Tanur)[3] Rajah publicly embraced Christianity at Goa. He died on June 13, 1549, and was succeeded by Jorje Cabral (Nov. 15), who built the new chapel of St. Catherine, and was preparing to attack certain Malabar chiefs when his successor arrived.

D. Afonso de Noronha, with whom Camoens was to have sailed in the ship "Sam Pedro dos Burgalezes," left Lisbon on May 1, 1550. During his rule the fortified

[1] Details are given in A.E.I., pp. 451–52.

[2] Now a manufactory; the church and tombs are, however, preserved.

[3] Some Camoensian commentators made this port, south of Calicut, a "village on the Melinde Coast."

town Califah was taken from the Turks, and a signal defeat was inflicted upon the Javan Kings who blockaded Malacca. In 1552 Sepulveda and his fair wife bequeathed a sad and favourite story to Portuguese poets (x. 46–7). During the same year (Dec. 2) Xavier died on the island of San-Cian (Sancháo), off Canton: the remains were removed first to Malacca and thence to Goa.[1] In 1553 Camoens reached India in company with a personal friend, the Jesuit Gonçalo da Silveira (x. 93), who was murdered by the Caffres in 1561.[2] The expeditions to Porcá (Parrakad) and the "Straits of Meca" have been noticed. D. Afonso ruled four years till Sept. 23, 1554, when his successor arrived; retired to Pangim, and thence embarked for Portugal (Jan. 15, 1555).

D. Pedro Mascarenhas governed between Sept. 23, 1554, and the following June, when he died (æt. 70). Goa had now time to rest: the Viceroy was too old and infirm to undertake expeditions. Francisco Barreto, his successor (June 16, 1555), added the forts of Açurim and Manorá[3] to the Goanese. Under this unfriendly viceroy

[1] A.E.I. (p. 309) describes this tomb. Formerly the body was visible under a glass case, and the stout old Protestant Captain Hamilton ("New Account of the East Indies") who, half merchant half pirate, infested the Indian Seas, in the early eighteenth century, compares it with "new scalded pig." Now it is exposed only at certain times, the last being in 1878.

[2] Chap. iv. § 2.

[3] In 1665 both were "Praganas" (departments) of Bassein. Dr. J. Gerson da Cunha: Art. xviii., Bo. R. Asiatic Soc., read Sept. 12, 1874.

Camoens, as has been shown, was appointed to Macáo (1556) and prematurely recalled (1558). During the last year of this governorship the king of Gujarát ceded several places about Cambay. Barreto left Goa on Sept. 8, 1558, and his gallant death in Caffraria has been mentioned elsewhere.[1]

Meanwhile, on July 11, 1557, died, deeply regretted by the lieges, D. Joam III., after a short life of fifty-five years, and a long reign of thirty-six. Without performing any great personal act, he saw Portugal rise to the zenith of her splendour; and, if in his later days clouds gathered over the sky, they were forgotten during the hurricane which overwhelmed his successor. Not the less, however, we perceive that Portugal had now entered upon a course of decline, the turning point being generally placed about 1548. The orbit of her fortunes had been too vast: "the building was much too large for the base." Action was followed by reaction: the "universal idea" was a sore travail resulting, as it always happens, in prostration and exhaustion. The high spirit of the Conquistador was merged in the egotism and self-interest, the insouciance and self-satisfaction of the colonist, so often and so sternly rebuked by Camoens. The deceitfulness of riches began to sap the foundations of her empire in Europe, Asia and Africa; and, as in Rome, luxury avenged a conquered world. Hence a single shake sufficed to bring down the building. Kingdoms which,

[1] Chap. iv. § 2.

like England, Holland, and Portugal, live and thrive by colonising and by foreign commerce, may be compared with a pyramid standing upon the apex. It is the reverse with those based like France and Russia, not to speak of the United States and the Brazil, upon broad lands which supply in abundance every necessary and comfort of life.

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§ 4.—D. Sebastiam

(1571–1578);

And the Annals of Portugal till the Death of Camoens.

D. JOAM III. left as only direct heir a grandson, D. Sebastiam, the sixteenth who sat upon the throne of Portugal. The general course of his life and his tragical death are probably better known to foreigners than the reigns of his predecessors and successors: certain details, however, must be supplied to the student who would appreciate the exordium and the epilogue of The Lusiads.[1]

[1] I have often been asked how Camoens could address a mere lad as "Thou Monarch dread" (i. 8); or allude to "That awful Majesty of thine" (i. 9); and so forth. Dryden's absurdity, "Don Sebastian" brought out in 1690, making Almeyda marry *her* half-brother the King, only confused history.

D. Sebastiam (æt. 3 in 1557) was virtually an orphan. His father, the Infante D. Joam, died eighteen days before his birth. His mother, the Infanta Juana, daughter of Charles V., returned to Spain in the earliest days of her widowhood. During the first part of his fourteen years' minority (1557–1571) the Regency was entrusted to his grandmother, D. Catharina, who chose for his tutor the excellent Aleixo de Menezes. Her administration, though somewhat feeble, was popular, and not without prudence. But she had to contend against the uncle of her charge, Cardinal, afterwards the Cardinal-King, D. Henrique, a weak-minded ecclesiastic, whose only strength lay in his obstinacy and vindictiveness. After five years' struggle she was compelled to surrender her powers (1562), and to leave the country: the last words she spoke (1578) were, "Let not the King pass over to Africa!"[1]

The Cardinal, now Regent, was controlled by the *Parti prêtre*, and by the courtly parasites who always cluster upon an incompetent ruler (x. 138–9). He committed the young King's education to PP. Montoya and Luis Alvares; and especially to the Jesuit brothers, Luis and Martim Gonçalves da Camara. This was the par nobile to whom the good and learned Bishop Jeronymo Osorio addressed his indignant and patriotic letter. The former was Dom Sebastiam's preceptor, confessor and private secretary. Martim, a bold, skilful, and ambitious

[1] Cartas Portuguezas, etc. Paris: 1819.

statesman, became Prime Minister of the realm: after 1576 he fell into disfavour, and made way for the excellent Pedro de Alcaçova Carneiro.

Thus the young King's training was mystic, religious, fanatic; and it could hardly be of other nature. Charles V., bequeathing his ambitious designs, and the carrying out of his device, "Plus ultra," to his son Philip II., was ending his earthly career in the mortifications of the Yuste monastery (1558). Northern Europe was ranging herself under the banner of the "arch-heretic Luther." In England Elisabeth ("good Queen Bess") was burning Papists and Nonconformists; as her sister ("bloody Mary") had burnt Protestants and schismatics. Germany was arming for that thirty years' war between Catholics and Evangelists which, beginning with the murders at Prague (May 23, 1618), and ending with the Peace of Westphalia (Oct. 24, 1648), crippled her progress for sundry generations. France was torn by the religious dissensions which led to the massacre of the "Huguenots"[1] at Vassy (1562), and to the Eve of St. Bartholomew (1572). Spain was no friend to Portugal; and the "Moors" had landed more than once in Algarve. Hence, the chivalrous bigotry, the religion of the sword, carefully inculcated by D. Sebastiam's tutors, was, perhaps, a fatal necessity of the times.

A permanent civil contest separated State and Church; and the palace became the battle-field of selfish intrigue

[1] The derivation of the word is still undetermined: *Eidgenossen* = oath-bound, hardly suffices.

and unpatriotic struggle for place, wealth, and power. We can hardly wonder that Camoens detested this condition of things, a pestilent clericalism doubled with laical corruption (vi. 95 to end): he foresaw that it would ruin the land he loved. Hence his rage against the *cafards* (dissembling missionaries, x. 119); his bold prayer that the King would assume the reins of empire (i. 18); his protest against priestly rule (x. 150), and his harping upon the theme, *ne clericus ultra ecclesiam.*

D. Sebastiam, who chose for motto the significant Petrarchian line—

Un bel morir tutta la vita honora,[1]

appears in history as no vulgar prince. His presence was peculiar; and, despite his affected simplicity of dress, it showed distinction and dignity. His figure, of middle stature, was broad-shouldered and well-knit. His high Gothic features; blue eyes, blond hair and clear white skin would have been pleasant to look upon, but for a certain austerity and the pendent lower lip which he had inherited from the Hapsburgs.[2] After his death the neces-

[1] Camoens ends Sonnet ccxcv. with this sentiment, which, somehow, smacks of Newgate.

[2] The feature probably came from Margaretha Maultasch (*la Mafflée*, pocket-mouth), last Countess and "furious She-bear" of the Tyrol, who left her country to Ferdinand Duke of Austria (1359), and died at Vienna (1369). Her full-length portrait, probably not an original, in the Ambraser-Sammlung (Salle iv. No. 171), shows the peculiarity which appeared even in the beautiful Marie Antoinette. It has been popularly accounted for

sity of unmasking a series of false Sebastiams brought to light some curious bodily marks, of which sixteen have been described.[1] Agile and delighting in athletic exercise, he devoted himself with a kind of phrensy to hunting, the mimicry of noble war. He enjoyed jousting, and when his warlike projects bade fair to be realised, he led a life of training better fitted for a captain than for a commander-in-chief. He was fond of solitude; and his long lone rambles in park and forest fired a train of inflammable stuff with dangerous day-dreams. He had visions of raids in Africa, of an Indian expedition after

in two other ways. Some suppose it to be Jewish; and that the Hapsburgs were originally Hebrews of Tunis ("Tu es Carthago"?) who, emigrating to Switzerland in the ninth and tenth centuries, traded for a time; bought the castle and domain, at Brugg in the Aargau), which named the house, and were made Counts of the Empire. Hence the Kaiser-blau eye for which the family is noted. The vulgar declare that one of the rulers, when attacked by an infantile malady, was placed for warmth in the body of a freshly-killed pig; and thus the small breed which yields the favourite hams of Graz is vulgarly termed *Kaiser-fleisch*.

[1] One tooth wanting in the lower jaw; (2) face and hands slightly pitted with small-pox; (3) the right hand longer and broader than the left; (4) the same formation in the corresponding arm; (5) in the flank; (6) the leg and (7) the foot. The difference was about one inch, and it gave (8) a peculiarity of gait. The trunk was so short from shoulder to waist that the doublet fitted no man of the same size (9); whereas the length from girdle to knee was abnormal (10). On the right shoulder a dark spot, probably a mole (11): the feet small with an unusually high instep (12); toes of equal size (13), and a sixth or false toe on the right foot (14). Nos. 15 and 16 were secret.

the manner of the wise Macedonian, and of doing El-Islam to death within the walls of Stamboul. His glorious reign was to be a succession of military triumphs in the cause of religion.

D. Sebastiam was grave, taciturn, cold in manner and devout, or rather fanatic. History does not bear out M. D'Antas[1] in asserting that he despised women, a "remarkable trait in a southron of so fiery a nature." On the strength of a portrait, he proposed for Margaret, daughter of Henri II. of France. He showed a decided "inclination" for a maid of honour, D. Juana de Castro; and for D. Juliana, daughter of the Duke of Aveiro. When at Tangier, he had an affair with a "Moorish Princess," possibly of the Sherif's family: this continued in Lisbon, where the nightly interviews, kept carefully concealed, were generally known. Lastly he was engaged after a fashion to one of his cousins.

D. Sebastiam was a Teuton in his lust for the *Wunderbar*, the marvellous, the chimerical, which predisposed him to rash and impossible undertakings (x. 95). And there was an ugly blot upon this fair outline. His firmness of character, or rather tenacity of purpose, even in small matters, knew no bounds; and his violent temper was rebellious to counsel. In government nothing would satisfy him but positive absolutism; and, Tyranny breeds Tyrants (ix. 93). He had much of that arbitrary caprice which mostly accompanies autocratic rule. Such

[1] Les Faux Don Sebastien (why not Dom Sebastiam?). Paris: Durand, 1866.

in youth were the defects and foibles, which the adulation of courtiers converted into vices equally dangerous to King and kingdom. His minority ended (æt. 17) in 1571; and it led to a reign characterised by despotism; by violent reforms, and clerical rigourism; and by wild projects of campaign and crusade.

An attack upon El-Islam was then out of date. The crusading movement, which began with Hildebrand (Gregory VII., 1073–80) had definitively ended with the eighth crusade (1270–90), the death of Saint Louis and the expulsion of the Christians from the "Holy Land" (1291). Even the Capture of Constantinople could not restore life to the corpse. Some energy was shown earlier in the century (1513–22), when John de' Medici (Leo X.), the worst of Christians, and the best of boon-companions, was preaching his "holy war." The proposed general and concerted advance broke up, however, into futile detached expeditions. In 1535 Charles V. landed at Tunis, captured La Goletta, the stronghold of piratic Barbarossa, sacked the town, and freed 30,000 Christian slaves. But, in 1541, he was driven from Algiers by a storm which severely injured his fleet.[1] A single-handed attack upon Marocco by one who,

[1] The Moslem tradition is that the Dey sent for the head Rabbi, Simon Zemach Zedek, and commanded him to prevent the landing. This noted Cabbalist threw, during the night, a parchment-roll into the sea, and caused a violent hurricane which dispersed the Spanish Armada. The modus agendi was the Shem ha-mphorash (Ism el-mufarrash) or the "explained name" *i.e.* of Jehovah,

knowing nothing of her power, despised the enemy, was to court misfortune. The Moors could bring a large force into the field. These North-Africans were ever an eminently fighting and fanatic, a fierce and even a ferocious race; and modern events prove that they have not degenerated.[1]

Before describing D. Sebastiam's baptism of fire, we must return to the government of Portuguese India after the death of D. Joam III. Baretto was succeeded (Sept. 3, 1558) by D. Constantino de Bragança, fourth son of D. Jayme, fourth Duke of that name. He was a personal friend of Camoens, who addressed to him the *Estancias Segundas* (epistolary octaves) imitated from Horace (epist. ii. 1), and written at Goa, in 1561. His many good qualities endeared his name to the colony: unhappily, the Inquisition was introduced under him into Portuguese India; and religious scruples made him reject the 300,000 (400,000 ?) cruzados, offered by the king of Pegu, for a bit of ivory preserved at

happily known to few. The Talmud explains the miracles of Isa' bin Maryam to a knowledge of this mystery, the results of a peculiarity of birth.

[1] Marshall O'Donnell captured Tetuan in 1859-60; but only the greatest prudence saved him from the repeated attacks, especially from the supreme effort of the enemy. Had the Maroccans been discreetly commanded, supplied with artillery by the late Major Blakeley, and directed by another person who shall be nameless, the campaign might have ended differently. As it was, the victorious General did not permanently occupy his conquests; and their only result is that the modern "Moors" hate the Spaniards and are friendly to the Portuguese.

Jafnapatam (Ceylon) as a tooth of Buddha.[1] The Archbishop and the Jesuits highly approved of this proceeding, and inscribed a scutcheon with c c c c c; that is,—

Constantinus Cœli Cupidine Cremat Crumenas;

an alliteration as puerile as the whole proceeding. He fell into disfavour, and was calumniated by the Goanese, who charged him with corruption; especially with building, at the public expense, the ship Constantino to carry him home. In truth he made her with his private means and made her well: she weathered The Cape seventeen times and lodged four viceroys during her life of a quarter-century. D. Constantino headed an expedition to Damam and sent, as has been seen, D. Alvaro da Sylveira to the coast of Arabia. He refused the viceroyalty for life offered to him by D. Sebastiam; and, after the usual term of rule, returned to Portugal in Jan. 1562. Whereupon the king said to his successor, "Go, and govern like Dom Constantino!"

D. Francisco Coutinho, Count of Redondo, reached Goa on Sept. 7, 1561. He released from a debtors' jail the Poet, who at once set out with an Armada to the Samiry's country, and lost his friend, D. Tello de Menezes, in the duels at Cochin. After two years the Count died (Feb. 19, 1564), greatly to the regret of his

[1] For details and references the reader will consult A.E.I. (p. 453). My friend, Dr. Gerson da Cunha of Bombay, has also published a monograph upon the subject.

protégé. The first nominee, D. Antam[1] de Noronha, being absent, Joam de Mendonça, the second, succeeded (Feb. 4, 1564), and ruled till September of the same year.

Noronha then came to power; and, during his viceroyalty, the great Brahminical (Hindu) kingdom of the Carnatic fell (1565) by the battle of Talikot. He built the long wall along the creek, surrounding the Eastern shore of "Tissuary,"[2] or Goa Island. He also befriended the Poet, with whom he had carried arms in Africa. He sent D. Leoniz Pereira to Malacca and fortified Mangalore. Noronha, says Couto, was one of the most honourable of viceroys; yet his enemies caused his recall (Sept. 10, 1568). He passed to Cochin and died of disgust before reaching Mozambique: as has been said, Camoens voyaged home in the viceregal ship.

[1] Antam and Antonio must not be confounded as by foreigners generally (see our charts and maps of the Cape Verdean Archipelago). The first is Már Antún of the Fayyum and Thebes, who, with Már Búlos (S. Paul) of that ilk, founded monastic life when Constantine had given peace to the Church. His portraits, common in Coptic convents, are in episcopal dress, whereas Paul appears in hermit's attire. His convent on the Galalah Block, west of the Suez Gulf, is the oldest cloister in Christendom ("Gold mines of Midian," chap. iii.), and supplies the Abúna or Patriarch of Abyssinia. I need hardly speak of St. Anthony born at Lisbon, and buried in bits at Padua: he is represented with a lily and accompanied by the pig, alluding to one of his miracles. Hence the "Tantony pig" of Catholic England.

[2] Barros "Tiswady" (ii. 5, 1); and the "Tis Vadi" of Couto (iv. 10, 4); because it contains thirty (tis) villages (Wadi).

D. Luis d'Athaide, of the Athouguia house, reached Goa (Sept. 10, 1568) when the capital was suffering from a plague. This "last giant of Portuguese glory" utterly defeated Ali Adil Shah (Idalchan), fifth king of Bijapur, who relied upon the opportunity for recovering his power. After governing with honour till Sept. 6, 1571, D. Luis returned to Europe and was magnificently received. He was succeeded by D. Antonio de Noronha: a royal letter of March, 1572, the year in which The Lusiads was published, recalled this Viceroy and also caused his death. The next was Antonio Moniz Barreto, who governed for three years (1573–56) till relieved by D. Diogo de Menezes.

Meanwhile D. Sebastiam had begun campaigning in the famine year of 1574. The times, I have shown,[1] appeared out of joint, and Portugal was suffering all manner of miseries. The King, however, had levied a force of 400 cavalry and 1,200 pikemen and harquebussiers, with which he landed at Tangier, under the pretext of visiting his African possessions. Viscount Juromenha believes, as has been noticed, that he was accompanied by the tried and trusty sword which had so often been drawn in the wars of Asia and Africa. The king probably aimed at recovering Alcacerseguer,[2] Azamor,[3]

[1] Chap. i. § 1.

[2] "The small Fort-Palace" opposed to Alcacerquivir (El-Kasr el-Kabír) the Great.

[3] Azamor or Azamúr was "built by the Berbers, in whose language it means olives, which are produced in great perfection in the neighbourhood. Leo Africanus says that in his time it contained

Arzilla (Asíla), and Zafim (Saffi), the outposts abandoned in 1549. But the "Blessing of the Banners" at Belem, and the penitential processions of the Brotherhoods little availed so inadequate a force. The *jornada* (raid) was a mere *coup de tête*, at best a reconnaissance. The "Virgin Knight" retired after a few skirmishes, in which he had shown the greatest bravery. The blood-hound had now tasted blood.

Returning from his poor conquest, D. Sebastiam applied himself with equal vigour to the task of violent reform. Loose and luxurious living in court, camp and church, was to be abolished by the anachronism of sumptuary laws. Delicate meats were forbidden, and the lieges were ordered to dine on plain roast and boiled. But the spices of India had banished for ever the noble and republican simplicity of the Past. The orders were derided; and the King was probably confirmed in his belief that war must work the practical reformation of his country.

Circumstances precipitated a campaign. In the earlier half of the sixteenth century Marocco had been divided between two brother sherifs,[1] Maulá Ahmed and

5,000 inhabitants; but 1,000 would be nearer the truth in the present day." So wrote my lamented friend, Dr. Arthur Leared, who had made the subject of the Maghrib his own; in the pleasant and picturesque little volume—the last he printed—"Visit to the Court of Marocco" (London, Low, 1879). I shall often have occasion to quote from its pages and from the private correspondence of its able and amiable author.

[1] In El-Islam generally, the Sádát (Sayyids) or posterity of Mohammed through his eldest grandson, El-Hasan, are men of the

Mohammed. When they fell out the younger beheaded the elder; and was killed in turn by his own Turkish guards (1556). Mohammed was succeeded by his son, Abdullah who, after slaying two of his four brothers, named as heir his bastard Ahmed (1572). Hereupon Abd el-Malik who, as senior of the family, had an indefeasible right to the Masnad (throne), fled to Constantinople. After long years of weary waiting, he obtained efficient aid from the Sultan, landed in Marocco, and put to flight the usurper, Maulá Ahmed bin Abdillah.

The latter, when refused asylum by Phillip II., addressed himself to D. Sebastiam, who at once rose at the bait. But his wiser Council was unanimous in the

pen, of religion, of politics, while the Shurafá (Ṣherífs) descended from El-Husayn martyred at Kerbela (D'Herbelot "Meccah"), are men of the sword, the ruling and executive branch. See my "Pilgrimage" &c. (ii. 257), where the Arab idea of the Sherif being the offspring of El-Hasan is given. In Egypt the word "Sayyid" is generic, chief or leader; while the Sherif always derives from Mohammed: thus all Sherífs are Sayyids, but all Sayyids are not Sherífs. The Sherif or Prince of Meccah was formerly styled Amír. Few of the Apostle's so called descendants are now genuine. In the Sunni Sect they are held to be Husaynís; and many declare the race of El-Hasan to be extinct: among Persian Shiahs, however, we find, although rarely, the agnomen El-Hasaní.

Maulá (lord, master, leader) is the imperial title in Marocco; and we often find it, notably in Robinson Crusoe, perverted to "Muley." Dryden has Muley Moloch, the usurping emperor of Barbary, also in love with "Almeyda" (proh pudor!). The Sherif of Marocco, who is independent of the Sultan, wears green robes, as a scion of the apostolic tree, and appears at levees upon a charger with green trappings.

conviction that Portugal, single-handed, could not command a sufficient force. Even the Jesuits and the priest-party saw that it was no longer possible to destroy El-Islam by a Catholic league, and to found a Universal Church. This visionary Crusade,[1] which is continually

[1] I am sorry upon this point to differ toto cœlo from Viscount Juromenha (i. 142–46 and 507), who sees only one side of a great question, and whose Utopian dreams are those of a churchman not a statesman. He is right in asserting that the "Protestants" (Wickliffites, Hussites, Lutherans, &c.) preferred the Moslem to the "Mass"; many do so still, and *au Turc plutôt qu'au Pape* is a cry not yet forgotten.

Turk, Jew or atheist
May enter here, but not a Papist.

Our day, however, has also witnessed the monstrous phenomenon of the Vatican siding with the Seraglio; and objecting to its Latin co-religionists that a war of independence might benefit "Greek Christianity." The "Universal Church," intended to fuse Orthodox with Romanist, is a chimæra which has deluded Anglican as well as Catholic. In matters of faith, of sentiment, the smaller the difference the greater is the division. When a man proves that two Churches hold *almost* the same tenets, he also proves that they are separated by a long interval; the near in blood being often the most bloodthirsty.

Luther was *not* a "genius of evil": this is a mere surface view. He embodied the spirit of free thought that belongs to the northern races. Superior physical strength had enabled them to conquer their old conqueror, Rome: was it to be expected that they would submit their minds to the despotism of a Roman bishop and of an Italian conclave, especially in an age of ecclesiastical corruption? "Protestantism," like the discoveries of Columbus and Da Gama, was part of a new and mighty movement of the human mind: the printing-press, the revival of classical learning, and the opening of

cropping up in Camoens, was by no means popular: men everywhere felt that it was no man's affair. The Papal power itself was lukewarm. Gregory XIII., canonist and calendarist, who was at war with Calvinism, —"The Institutes" having been published in 1534,— and who was busy with the Council of Trent (1545), had neither men nor money to spare: he issued, however, a Bull, and presented the young King with a talisman (*Estancias Terceiras*), an arrow of St. Sebastian, who is buried at Rome, Soisson, Narbonne and Peligny, near Nantes. By mere accident a contingent of 700 "Papalini" was pressed into the Portuguese service, while en route to support the Irish rebellion, led by one Thomas Stukeley, created by His Holiness, "Marquis of Leinster."

the eastern and western worlds expanded a "quarrel of friars" into a religious revolution. Again, Protestantism has *not* "hindered for centuries the civilisation of Europe." She has, on the contrary, protested against progress somewhat less violently than the older faith. She suggests, despite herself, that true Protestantism which protests against any Church taking the lead of affairs in any civilised State. Lastly, by breaking up the formidable solidarity of the *corpus ecclesiasticum*, and by reverting to the true ἐκκλησία, the *vox populi*, she will lead to the greatest revolution human society has yet seen, a revolution which will transform the world.

Finally, the Portuguese commentator's charge against England, that she aggrandises herself by dividing and ruining her friendly neighbours, is a touching proof, among many, of that ingratitude which results from national favours. France, who beat Portugal and drove out her court, figures in modern Lusitanian literature as her friend: England, who freed Portugal, as her foe. Such benefits are twice unblest; they curse those who give and those who take.

D. Sebastiam then sent his well-known minister, Carneiro, to open three points with his uncle Philip. These were: Co-operation in invading Africa, marriage with one of the Infantas and a personal interview. All was satisfactorily arranged—after a fashion. The offensive alliance, however, dwindled to a supply of fifty war-galleys and 5,000 men-at-arms for the capture of "Larache" (El-Arish),[1] upon the Atlantic seaboard; and even this was fettered with the condition that the campaign should begin before 1577. Presently the threatening attitude of the Porte, the war of the *Gueux*, the water-Guesen, water-beggars, or Flemish adventurers in the Netherlands, which eventually brought about the downfall of Portuguese India, and the supremacy of the Hollanders, severely taxed the strength of the empire. The Duke of Alva, who petitioned for his recall from the Netherlands, had declared that Portugal required, besides her own slender force, at least 15,000 troops tried in the wars, Spaniards, Germans and Italians. Moreover like all the ablest advisers, he deprecated an attempt to penetrate beyond the African litoral.

Historians differ in their judgments of the part played on this occasion by the son of Charles V., *llamado* (called) *con justa razon, el prudente.* A man who "pieced the lion's force with the cunning of the fox"; a politician who firmly believed in the moral law, *pecuniæ obediunt omnes*, and who acted upon the principle *qui nescit*

[1] Dr. Leared, p. 61. It must not be confounded with El-Arish (Mediterranean Rhinocolura).

dissimulare, nescit regnare; a king so deeply versed in the egotism, the art and the mystery of intrigue called statecraft, may well have said, as was reported, of his nephew's warlike projects, If he win we shall have a good son-in-law; if he lose, a good kingdom. His game, in fact, was certain. The success of Portugal would free Spain from the African Corsairs that harried her coast. Failure would throw back the enfeebled state into the arms of an empire from which, some two centuries before, she had been severed by the sword of Afonso, the Brave. The correspondence clearly shows that the uncle did his best to dissuade a head-strong youth from personally commanding the expedition. "A perfidious tenacity!" cry those who suspect D. Philippe.

The interview took place at Guadalupe (Dec. 14, 1576), four years after the publication of The Lusiads. The uncle favoured his kinsman with the title of "Majesty";[1] the marriage, it is believed, was settled; and arrangements for the pseudo-Crusade were combined. Meanwhile the gallant bastard, Ahmed bin Abdillah, who was labouring for the cause at Tangier, corrupted the Kaid (Governor) placed over Asíla by the reigning Sherif

[1] The earliest Portuguese kings were styled *vossa mercê* (your Goodness, your Honour), now addressed to a peasant. It became *vossa Senhoria* (your Lordship), under Ferdinand-Isabella and D. Manoel. Portugal then promoted it to *vossa Alteza* (your Highness); and "your Majesty" was imported into Spain by Charles V. from Germany, the land of "crown princes," "archdukes," "serenities" and so forth. *Vossa Maestà* was definitively adopted by D. Joam IV. after the Restoration (1640).

Maulá Abd el-Malik; and the town opened her gates to the Portuguese. This turn of the tide excited D. Sebastiam to the prejudice of patience and prudence. The treasury containing no wherewithal to hire troops in Tuscany or Nassau; new taxes and benevolences were imposed, nay, almost enforced upon the people, causing abundant discontent; and the futile hurry of the preparations took much from their efficiency.

The flower of Portugal's fighting-force was in India. The officers and gentlemen of the Court, instead of laying in stores of junk, biscuit and water, filled their canteens with bonbons and sweetmeats. To arms and armour they preferred rich suits of silk and gold brocade; and their tents were furnished with precious stuffs and silver vases. Chauvinism was rampant: one carpet-knight, wont to "caper in a lady's chamber," swore to fry and eat, with oil and vinegar, the Moorish Emperor's ears. The King, whose head was "full of the fumes of Marocco," ordered a sermon for preaching on the occasion of his conquest, and prepared the Imperial, which which was to supersede the Royal, Crown. But his soldiers, who were little cared for and poorly rationed, could hardly have liked their prospects.

Portuguese writers absolve the nation by charging the whole imprudence upon the King. Yet he seems to have galvanised the country into an enthusiasm which began with himself. Padre Luiz Alvares is compelled to cast blame, not upon one party, but upon the general. "Who killed thee?" asks the celebrated orator, apostrophising

the Monarch in a funeral eulogium: "Killed thee the Bishop; killed thee the Regulars; killed thee the Seculars; killed thee the Grandees; killed thee the citizens; killed thee the plebeians; killed thee I; killed thee all of us, since no hand was put forth to withhold thee from thy doom." They all were in fault and, consequently, no one was to blame.

The hall is still shown in the Cintra Palace where Dom Sebastiam held his last levée, and where the crown fell from his head. On March 14, 1578, the King wrote to the Prior of the Coimbra Convent, begging the loan of the sword carried in battle by "the great and valiant first king of this reign, El Rei Dom Afonso Anrriquez."[1] Three months afterwards (June 14) the Archbishop blessed, in the Cathedral of Lisbon, the Royal Banner, which showed, for the first time, the Cinques of Portugal, capped by an Imperial Crown yet to be won. This was the flag which, when the fate of battle turned against him, the unhappy King strove to recover as his shroud. He left the building with his suite in the order of their entrance; refused to return to the *Paço do Ribeiro* (Strand-palace); and boarded his galley in order to hasten the movements of his captains.

At last! On June 24, the Armada of some 940 keel, under Admiral D. Diogo de Sousa, sailed over Tagus' bar. It was led by the King, who had constituted himself Commander-in-Chief of his 17,000 men or 24,000,

[1] The letter is printed in facsimile by the *Antiquario Conimbricense.*

including 6,000 to 7,000 mercenaries. Despite this precipitate departure, invaluable time was wasted upon the voyage at Lagos, at Cadiz and at Tangier, this port being made only on July 6. Ample leisure was thus given to the enemy for mustering and concentrating his forces. The rash young general should at once have attacked Larache (El-Arish), the harbour lying immediately to the South: he amused himself with hunting for three days (again Actæon!); and with skirmishing about the environs. He then embarked for Asíla, and lay twelve days about the town, disdaining even to fortify his camp. A reconnaissance in force, commanded by the Sheríf's brother, was readily repulsed; D. Sebastiam taking an active part in the mêlée which he reported to Lisbon with some emphasis. Abd el-Malik made overtures for peace, actually offering to cede Larache. They were not honoured with a reply.

On the 29th of July, one of the hottest months in a climate of extremes, the expedition marched from Asíla on the Atlantic main: its objective was "Alcacerquivir" (El-Kasr el-kabír) so called from the legend of its foundation.[1] The townlet surrounded by its gardens, lies twenty miles from Larache, on the high way to Fez[2]

[1] Gerhard Rohlfs ("Adventures in Marocco," London, 1874) assigns to it a population of 30,000, which Dr. Leared, who tells the legend, reduces to 6,000–7,000. Like all these places in Atlasland, it is almost a ruin.

[2] Ibn Batutah explains the name of his native city by "Fás" (a battle-axe), the weapon found there when digging the foundation.

and Mequinez, distant some seventy miles. The advance was harassed by continual attacks; and the soldiers, who carried rations for only five or six days, suffered from heat, hunger and thirst.

At a bridge, still spanning the Wed[1] M'Hassan (Muhassan), to the north of El-Kasr, took place the affray called the "Battle of the Bridge." The enemy retired and the King advanced. On the night of Aug. 3, he took up what he considered a strong position, fronting his objective. In rear, or south of the town El-Kasr, runs the Lucos[2] or Larache river, here some eighty yards broad, and receiving lower down the Muhassan influent. Thus both flanks were completely exposed.[3] The experienced Sherîf, Abd el-Malik, noting the position, exclaimed that the Portuguese King was

[1] "Wed," for Wady (a fiumara, a winterbrook) in the debased Arabic of North-Western Africa, has been adopted under the form "Oued" by French, Spanish and Portuguese. Dr. Leared (p. 5, etc.) calls the Wady "M'Hassen": others Mokhazem.

[2] Pronounced by the people El-Kús, and corrupted by Europeans to Lucos and Louccos. It is the Mulucha of Camoens (iii. 105), and the Lixus flumen placed by Pliny (v. 1) and P. Mela (iii. 10) in Mauritania Tingitana. The Maroccans would term it a "Milyáneh" (full) because it flows all the year round, as opposed to a "Wady."

[3] M. D'Antas (loc. cit.) has confused the topography by giving two influents to the Lucos, the Portuguese standing between them. This capital error which defends both flanks has been duly corrected by Dr. Leared (Appendix A., pp. 65–68). The MS. map which my late friend kindly sent me shows the Muhassan, after receiving a small influent, falling into the Lucos below El-Kasr; and he places the battle in the "Doab" of the Muhassan-Lucos, he great plain extending south to El-Kasr.

lost. Misfortunes were also foreseen by Maulá Ahmed, who, however, could not persuade D. Sebastiam to delay battle till the afternoon, when the great heat had passed.

At dawn, on Aug. 4, 1578, began the terrible drama known to history as the "Battle of Alcacerquivir." D. Sebastiam, after expending time upon his devotions, behaved with characteristic ardour and wilfulness. He forebade any of his captains to take the offensive against the opponent without his formal orders. Thus the small Portuguese force of 15,000, mostly pikemen, with 36 guns and 2,400 horses, had not even the poor chance of a general charge. The day has often been described: Its details belong to another place, and the merest sketch must here suffice. Maulá Abd el-Malik, who had, they say, been poisoned, commanded from a litter, and died "in the arms of victory." According to Portuguese annalists, he led 54,000 men, besides hosts of Báshbuzuks or irregular horsemen. He disposed his force in crescent form, the cusps or wings being extended to outflank and overlap the enemy: this tactic failed three centuries later at the Battle of Isly, and succeeded only too well at Isandula of the Amazulu. The Moslem centre was on high ground, masked and ready to attack at a moment's notice. The invader's flank was turned; a few brilliant futile charges were easily repulsed by numbers at least treble; the gunners were either cut down or compelled to fly; the fatal *sauve qui peut* was heard; and, after four hours, some 9,000 Portuguese strewed the field.

D. Sebastiam, instead of directing his army, had in-

dulged himself in sabreing Moors. He now fought, not for victory, but for a soldier's death; and his last moments are full of tragic interest. Maulá Ahmed offered to escort him to Tangier: he refused. He rejected the enemy's offers of life at the price of honour; he might have been saved by yielding himself prisoner. Sword in hand, and followed by only 300 men, he flung himself upon the Moors; and, finally, he plunged desperately into the enemy's ranks at the head of his diminished band of gentlemen. There he was lost to sight. Maulá Ahmed, who had shown great bravery, was eventually drowned when swimming the Wed Muhassan. Three kings in one day!

The newly acclaimed Sherîf, Ahmed bin Muhommed, assembling the Portuguese prisoners immediately after the battle, demanded intelligence concerning their King. Sebastiam de Rezende, a gentleman of the bedchamber, offered to show the remains; and was sent with an escort to fetch them. The corpse, found stripped of armour and raiment, was covered by a cloth, and carried by a horseman across his saddle-bow, the hands being tied to prevent frightening the animal. When it was placed upon a mat in the presence of the Moslem, he could hardly master his emotion; and the Christian nobles showed by tears and sobs that no mistake had been made. A deep and mortal scimitar-cut seamed the right side of the head, evidently after the helmet had fallen off; there were others of minor importance, and one of the upper arms had been ploughed by a ball.

The body was provisionally buried with due honour

at El-Kasr, in the Palace of the Káid, Ibrahim el-Sofyani.[1] The Sheríf allowed it to be exhumed during the ensuing September at the instance of the Cardinal-king, D. Henrique. It was deposited at Ceuta till 1582; when Philip II. removed the coffin with great pomp to the Church of the Hieronymites, Belem. About a century afterwards, D. Pedro II. (of Portugal) opened the shell that still contained the bones, built a tomb and inscribed it with the following unhappy lines:—

> Conditur hoc tumulo, *si vera est fama*, Sebastus
> Quem tulit in Libycis mors properata plagis.
> Nec dicas falli regem qui vivere credit,
> Pro rege extincto mors quasi vita fuit.

The italicised words, a purpureus pannus, evidently borrowed by the latinaster from the "Georgics" (iv. 43), read as if there were some doubt concerning the tenant of the tomb, when none was intended.

D. Sebastiam's history after death is a curious episode in the national annals. He began by appearing in the form of many claimants: he ended with becoming a *re-divivus*. The latter class is found all the world over: it is usually the birth of great triumphs or national reverses which stir and fever the public mind. The Portuguese in the sixteenth century, depressed by the

[1] The "one Abraen Sufiane" of that model failure, Murray's "Handbook of Portugal" (xxiv–xxvi). The writer tells us that the body was never ransomed," and therefore (!) the probability is that it could never be authenticated." Mr. J. J. Aubertin did wrong to quote such rubbish (note to Canto i.).

loss of their liberties, and inflamed by the memories of a glorious past, refused to believe in the death of their King. They may not have liked the young despot, but they must have regarded him with the fondness of pride when they dubbed him The Regretted. Surely Dom Sebastiam will some day come to his own again, will raise from the dust his people Portingall. Hence every pretender was eagerly acclaimed by a host of ardent believers: four came forward before the century expired, and all were easily put out of the way by Spain.

But when years ran on, and D. Sebastiam's term of life had expired, he became a *redivivus* proper. The history of these supernaturals is curious on account of the causes which produce them. Thus the Jews hold that holy David sits in the cave under his tomb; that his flesh will not see corruption and that he will re-appear as the Messiah. Thus Saint John the Evangelist, like Enoch and Elijah, did not die, the base of the story being a misunderstood text (John xxi. 21–22): hence, "habited in priest's garments, he descended the steps of an altar into an open grave, in which he laid himself down, not in death, but in sleep, until the coming of Christ." Nero, last of the Cæsars, was another. Mostly these phenomena hybernate in magic antres, as the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus (fifth century), and the Hohenstaufen F. Barbarossa.[1] Others dwell in enchanted islands like

[1] Drowned (A.D. 119) during the Cœur-de-Lion Crusade in the River Kalykadamus (*hod.* Selef) of Seleucia. Prof. Sepp had a mania for finding his bones in Tyre; but he did not find them.

Saint Borondon and his suite. Others simply disappear like the Moslem Mahdi in our ninth century: he is expected to return; and so is Hindu Vishnu in form of Kalki. D. Sebastiam became *O Principe Encuberto* (the hidden Prince); and his "second coming" a tenet, a belief, a religion. The "Sebastianistas," as they were called, looked forward to a manner of Messiah, rather Judæan, however, than Christian. Their austere lives have at times been thrown away in acts of terrible fanaticism, especially in the sacrifice of women and children to hasten the advent.[1]

Again, the "Redivivus" is often kept alive for political purposes. The Braganza House used the Sebastianist legend to strengthen Portuguese nationality; and the superstition caused great difficulties for Marshal Junot. In those times a quarter of the population, it is computed, were believers. Some day the Greek priest, who, carrying the Pyx, disappeared with the column of St. Sophia whilst Mohammed, the Osmanli, was urging his charger

The cave is in the Kyfhâuser mountains of Thuringia, whence Rufus at times sends forth his dwarf slave:—

> Geh vor das Schloss, O Zwerg!
> Und schau ob noch die Raben
> Herfliegen um den Berg.

Go, dwarf, the Schloss before, And see if Ravens still; Cry round the mount and o'er.

[1] Every history of Portugal and the Brazil notices these horrors. Nor is the sect extinct as some believe: I have spoken with them at Brazilian S. Paolo and the "Sertam" (interior), where they still linger.

up to the high altar, will keep his word and reappear: when he does appear the Turk will finally pass the Hellespont. Even Maximilian, first Emperor of Mexico, may be seen again. His body was identified as carefully as that of D. Sebastiam; yet many of the Istrian vulgus, especially at Trieste and Pola, believe that their beloved Archduke still lives beyond the seas, under the charge of three jailors, captains in the English, French and Austrian navies.

The crowning disaster of El-Kasr led to the downfall of Portugal in the East. D. Luis d'Athaide, named Viceroy for the second time (Aug. 31, 1578), died of grief on March 10, 1581. The ruin was precipitated by internal disorganisation, and by the neglect of the Spanish conquerors. The intruders were attacked by the Turks, the Persians and "the Moghul": Holland, revolting from Philip II., seized their Indian colonies, and was followed by England. The Prince of Maskat drove them from Arabia, Diu (1668) and East Africa, where their scanty garrisons were massacred. Siam and Ava, China and Japan were not slow to follow suit; and the result was a general and total collapse. D. Joam IV., who restored independence to Portugal (1640), could not save her Oriental empire.[1]

[1] The subject does not belong to the life of Camoens: for details see Introductions to Hakluyt's "Correa" (pp. li.-lxvi.), and Hakluyt's "Varthema" (ci.-cvi.).

D. Henrique.

(1578–80.)

"The Chaste," who is described as "uniting the sceptre with the ring" (to the damage of both), was sixty-eight years at his accession, and so infirm that he was suckled like a babe. Painfully unlike the first of his name, he died in the year which may have witnessed a far greater loss, Camoens (?); and the lieges sang of him:—

Viva El Rei Dom Henrique
Nos infernos muytos anos,
Que deixou no testamento
Portugal aos Castelhanos.

(May the King Dom Henry live | Many years in Satan's reign | Who by will and testament | Left our Portugal to Spain.)

With D. Henrique expired the house of Viseu; and the unimportant event gave rise to momentous consequences. The succession had not been settled, and a host of claimants took the field. The six principals presently resolved themselves into two. These were D. Antonio,[1] Prior of Crato, illegitimate son of D. Luis, the brother of D. Joam III.; and Philip II., whose claim through his mother, the Infanta Isabella, sister of D. Joam III. and the Cardinal, was null and void by her marriage. But the latter had with him the "God of big

[1] "Don Antonio" was acknowledged by the English (Hakluyt's "Lancaster," p. 7).

battalions." The others were the Pope, Gregory XIII.; the Prince of Parma; Elizabeth of England and D. Joam, Duke of Braganza, who headed the national party. Some preparations for defence were organised by D. Francisco de Almeida, who was encouraged by Camoens, another of the "patriot poet's" failures: even The Lusiads could not light the spark of patriotic enthusiasm. So depressed was the national spirit that rejoicings, instead of opposition, met the Duke of Alva when he marched upon Lisbon and proclaimed D. Philip I. of Portugal. This monarch presently visited in person what had become once more a mere province of his empire. At the capital he honoured himself by asking after Camoens; and expressed his regret when told that the Arch-poet had passed beyond human aid. The death had been so far happy that it spared a weary spirit the last misery which can afflict a lover of his native land. This national degradation was the opening scene of the "sixty years' captivity"; and it reduced the unfortunate country to her lowest ebb—*donde*, says a Portuguese writer in 1836, *atè hoje não ha podido mais levantar-se.*

END OF VOL. I.

WYMAN AND SONS, PRINTERS, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON.